CHURCH HYMNS
WITH
TUNES.

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CHURCH HYMNS

With Tunes.

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PREFACE.

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Also to the Rev. W. WALSHAM HOW, one of the Editors of *Church Hymns*, for his kindness in undertaking the work of inserting the Expression Marks, a work which the Editor cannot but think he has carried out with great discretion and taste; to LIONEL H. LEWIN, Esq., for much valuable aid; and lastly to his friend J. W. ELLIOTT, Esq., for the use of his tunes and for the very valuable assistance he has rendered by his good counsel, his sound judgment, and his untiring energy in the more laborious department of manual work.

The Editor also begs to express his hearty acknowledgments of the cordial goodwill shown towards him by composers to whom he has made suggestions as to alterations of harmony, &c. Such suggestions have always been made with great diffidence, and only after careful consideration, and they have invariably been met in the frankest and most friendly spirit.

Adaptations from popular works are, as a rule, much to be deprecated, as

presenting original compositions in a garbled form only. But exceptions may occasionally be made with advantage, and the Editor accepts without any very grave apprehension, the responsibility of such an arrangement, for instance, as "Come unto Me" (Hymn 351), the original melody, which it closely follows, being so linked with the feeling of the words, that separation would seem almost unwarrantable.

In the majority of cases where the words are set to an unison tune, a harmonised version is given as well; but in some instances this has not been thought necessary, notably in the Children's Hymns, where a bright, taking melody has been the first consideration—a melody that children can learn easily and willingly, and which requires only a simple Organ, or, for school use, Harmonium accompaniment.

The marking of the divisions of the lines in the music is an important question, upon which no settled rules have ever yet been laid down. In the present work the following plan has been adopted:—The Long Metres are distinguished by a single *broad* bar at the end of the first and third lines, and a *double* bar at the end of the second line and at the close; and, the great aim being to guide the eye as far as possible, a similar principle has been acted upon in other metres, wherever it seemed likely to facilitate that object.

While acknowledging how greatly his work has been lightened by the earnest labour of previous workers in the same field, the Editor nevertheless trusts that this book may prove one more step towards the advancement of good and worthy music in the service of God.

Easter, 1874.

EXPRESSION MARKS.

F	signifies	Forte—Loud.
M	„	Moderato—Moderate.
P	„	Piano—Soft.
cres.	„	Crescendo—Swelling out.
dim.	„	Diminuendo—Softening.

A Black Capital signifies the general character of the *whole hymn* to which it is prefixed.

A Small Capital signifies the character of the *verse* to which it is prefixed.

A Small Letter signifies the character of the *line* or *words* to which it is prefixed.

Wherever there is no mark of expression, M is to be understood. M is accordingly never given except for the purpose of *altering* the expression of a verse or line, where the general character of the hymn is F or P.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	NO.
A few more years shall roll	328
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	329
Above the clear blue sky	565
Again, as evening's shadows falls	17
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	330
All glory, praise, and honour, to Thee, Redeemer, King	113
All glory to the Father be	154
All is bright and cheerful round us	174
All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow	126
All my heart this night rejoices	75
All people that on earth do dwell	331
All praise to Thee, in light arrayed	35
All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept (Part II.)	1
Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise	127
Alleluia! Fairest morning	38
Alleluia! Sing to Jesus	332
Alleluia! Song of sweetness	102
An exile for the faith	163
Angel voices, ever singing	316
Angels, from the realms of glory	76
Another day begun	56
Arise, O Lord, and shine	289
Art thou weary, art thou languid	333
As now the sun's declining rays	14
As pants the hart for cooling streams	334
As the sun doth daily rise	3
As with gladness men of old	94
Ascended Lord, accept our praise	58
At even, ere the sun was set	18
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	128
At Thy Birth, Incarnate Lord	165
Awake, and sing the song	335
Awake, my soul, and with the sun (Part I.)	1
Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee	103
Before the ending of the day	19
Before Thine awful presence, Lord	231
Behold the Lamb	336
Behold, the Master passeth by	183
Behold, they gain the lonely height	337
Behold Thy servant drawing near	202
Behold us, Lord, a little space	53
Behold us, Lord, before Thee met	232
Blessèd City, Heavenly Salem (Part I.)	338
Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise	243
Blest are the pure in heart	339
Bow down Thine ear, Almighty Lord	251
Bowed low in supplication	340
Bread of Heaven! on Thee we feed	203
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	204
Brief life is here our portion	341
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	95
Brightly gleams our banner	566
By Christ redeemed, to God restored	205
By Jesus' grave on either hand	125
By Thy birth, O Lord of all	581
Captain of our salvation, take	255
Children of the heavenly King	342
Christ, above all glory seated	343
Christ is gone up; yet ere He passed	170
Christ is our corner-stone	344
Christ is risen! Christ is risen	132
Christ is the Foundation of the house we raise	307
Christ Jesus lay in Death's strong bands	129
Christ, the Lord, is risen again	133
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	134
Christ, we come before Thee	238
Christ will gather in His own	244
Christ whose glory fills the skies	4
Christian! dost thou see them	104
Christian, seek not yet repose	345
Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn	77
Church of Christ, whose glorious warfare	190
Come, Christian children, come and raise	567
Come forth, O Christian brothers	317
Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire	346
Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One	347
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	348
Come, Lord, and tarry not	349
Come my soul, thou must be waking	2
Come, O Jesu, to Thy table	206
Come to a desert place apart	299
Come to our poor nature's night	350
Come, tread once more the path with song	242
Come unto Me, ye weary	351

	NO.
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	352
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	135
Come, ye thankful people, come	276
Comes once more the awful night	119
Creator of the starry height	65
Creator of the world! to Thee	353
Crown Him with many crowns	354
Day by day we magnify Thee	568
Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning (Part I.)	355
Days and moments quickly flying	88
Dayspring of Eternity	5
Deeply laid, a sure Foundation (Part II.)	338
Disposer Supreme	356
Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord	207
Draw nigh to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord	66
Eternal Father, strong to save	321
Eternal Shepherd, God most high	254
Fair waved the golden corn	569
Far down the ages now	357
Far from my heavenly home	358
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet	105
Father, before Thy throne of light	184
Father, by Thy love and power	20
Father, hear Thy children's call	586
Father, Name of love and fear	233
Father of heaven, who hast created all	220
Father of heaven, whose love profound	359
Father of life, confessing	239
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	228
Father, we humbly pray	140
Father, we love Thy house of prayer	360
Fierce was the storm of wind	361
Fight the good fight with all thy might	362
For all the Saints who from their labours rest	196
For all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful and free	61
For all Thy Saints, O Lord	197
For ever with the Lord	363
For the beauty of the earth	364
For thee, O dear, dear Country	365
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	89
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, we go	6
Forty days and forty nights	106
Forward go in glad accord	318
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	283
From all that dwell below the skies	366
From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest	157
From East to West, from shore to shore	78
From Egypt's bondage come	367
From Greenland's icy mountains	290
From hidden source arising	195
Giver of the perfect gift	107
Glad light illumes this day	198
Glad sight! the holy Church	221
Glorious things of thee are spoken	368
Glory be to Jesus	369
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	21
Glory to Thee, O Lord	166
Go forward, Christian soldier	235
Go to dark Gethsemane	370
God, Creator and Preserver	265
God from on high hath heard	79
God hath two families of love	371
God is love; that anthem olden	372
God moves in a mysterious way	257
God of our life, to Thee we call	258
God of mercy, God of grace	373
God of that glorious gift of grace	222
God of the living, in whose eyes	245
God, that madest earth and heaven	22
God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest	262
God the Father, from Thy throne	584
God the Father, God the Word	582
God the Father, seen of none	588
God the Father, throned on high	589
God the Lord has heard our prayer	271
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	570
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	374
Great and glorious Father, humbly we adore Thee	208
Great Gabriel sped on wings of light	171
Great God of hosts, our ears have heard	272
Great God, what do I see and hear	375
Great King of nations, hear our prayer, while at Thy feet we fall	259
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear	313
Guide Thou, O God, the guardian hands	250
Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah	376
Hail! sacred day of earthly rest	43
Hail that Head all torn and wounded	377
Hail the day that sees Him rise	143
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus	378
Hail! Thou Source of every blessing	96
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	379
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	67
Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals	319
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	68
Hark! the herald Angels sing	80
Hark, the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea	199
Harp, awake! Tell out the story	90
He is gone—a cloud of light	144
Head of Thy Church triumphant	161
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	380
Heal us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer	381
Heavenly Father, from Thy throne	583
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	571
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	209
High let us swell our tuneful notes	81
Holy Father, cheer our way	23

	NO.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty	7
Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay	314
Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain	277
Holy off'rings, rich and rare	284
Holy Spirit! come in might	382
Holy Spirit, Lord of glory	234
Hosanna to the living Lord	383
House of our God, with hymns of gladness ring	91
How blessèd, from the bonds of care	300
How bright these glorious spirits shine	384
How long, O Lord, how long we ask	385
How long, O Lord, our Saviour	386
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	387
Hushed was the evening hymn	572
I heard the voice of Jesus say	388
I see the crowd in Pilate's hall	389
In His temple now behold Him	168
In hunger, watch, and prayer	108
In our work and in our play	573
In the Name which earth and heaven	306
In the hour of my distress	390
In the hour of trial	391
In token that thou shalt not fear	227
It came upon the midnight clear	82
Jerusalem, my happy home	392
Jerusalem, my happy home	393
Jerusalem on high	394
Jerusalem the golden	395
Jesu, dwelling here below	587
Jesu, ever present with Thy Church below	210
Jesu, in Thy dying woes	123
Jesu, Life of those who die	592
Jesu, Lord and Saviour	219
Jesu, Lover of my soul	396
Jesu, meek and gentle	397
Jesu, meek and lowly	398
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all	399
Jesu, my Saviour, look on me	400
Jesu, still lead on	401
Jesu! the very thought is sweet	402
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts	403
Jesu, to Thy table led	211
Jesu, we are far away	585
Jesu! where'er Thy people meet	312
Jesu, with Thy Church abide	591
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult	404
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	136
Jesus, high in glory	574
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now	405
Jesus! Name of wondrous love	406
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	407
Joy, because the circling year	149
Joy fills our inmost heart to-day	83
Just as I am, without one plea	408
King, Messiah, long expected	87
King of Saints, to whom the number	182
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	409
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us	410
Let all on earth their voices raise	192
Let all the world in every corner sing	411
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	412
Let no tears to-day be shed	248
Let our choir new anthems raise	200
Let us raise our grateful voices	413
Let us with a gladsome mind	414
Lift the strain of high thanksgiving	311
Lift up your heads, eternal gates	145
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	291
Lo, God is here! Let us adore	415
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	69
Lo, the storms of life are breaking	268
Lo! the voice of Jesus	416
Lord Almighty, God of nations	260
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	51
Lord God, we worship Thee	273
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping	292
Lord, if on earth the thought of Thee	417
Lord, if Thou the grace impart	418
Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead	141
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	419
Lord, in whose eternal counsels	420
Lord, it belongs not to our care	421
Lord Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear	223
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar	115
Lord Jesus, God and Man	563
Lord of life, prophetic Spirit	256
Lord of mercy and of might	422
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	269
Lord of the frost-bound Winter	278
Lord of the Harvest! Thee we hail	279
Lord of the living harvest	301
Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray	44
Lord of the worlds above	423
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	424
Lord, this day Thy children meet	564
Lord, Thy children guide and keep	425
Lord, Thy word abideth	426
Lord, to Thee alone we turn	427
Lord, to whom except to Thee	428
Lord, when beside the grave we mourn	246
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	429
Lord, whose Temple once did glisten	308
Love divine, all love excelling	430
March, march onward, soldiers true! Take through cloud and mist your way	431
Mary at the Master's feet	230
Morn of morns, the best and first	36
My God, accept my heart this day	236
My God and Father, while I stray	432

	NO.
My God, and is Thy table spread	212
My God, how wonderful Thou art	433
My God, I love Thee, not because	434
My sins have taken such an hold on me	435
My spirit longs for Thee	436
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee	437
Nearer, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou my prayer	438
No sign we ask from heaven above	226
New every morning is the love	8
Now are the days of humblest prayer	110
Now dawning glows the Day of days	130
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal	92
Now returns the awful morning	120
Now thank we all our God	439
Now that the daylight fills the sky	9
Now the day is over	24
Now the labourer's task is o'er	247
Now we must leave our fatherland	323
O brightness of the Eternal Father's face	25
O Christ our King, give ear	440
O Christ, the King of human life	240
O Christ, who hast prepared a place	146
O daughters blest of Galilee	304
O day of rest and gladness	45
O everlasting Light	441
O Glory of Thy chosen race	70
O God, enshrined in dazzling light	442
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	443
O God of Jacob! by whose hand	444
O God of love, O King of peace	263
O God of Truth, whose living Word	445
O God, our Help in ages past	446
O God the Son eternal, Thy dread might	185
O God, Thou art my God alone	447
O God, unseen yet ever near	213
O God, who canst not change nor fail	12
O God, who lovest to abide	309
O God, who metest in Thine hand	322
O God, whose Angel stayed his hand	274
O heavenly Fount of light and love	150
O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace	448
O Holy Jesu, Prince of Peace	214
O Holy Lord, content to fill	575
O Jesu, crucified for man	59
O Jesu, ever present	449
O Jesu, I have promised	450
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace	10
O Jesu, our redeeming Lord	158
O Jesu, Thou art standing	451
O Lord, be with us when we sail	324
O Lord, how happy should we be	452
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see	453
O Lord, it is a blessèd thing	54
O Lord of health and life, what tongue can tell	97
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	285
O Lord of Hosts, the earth is Thine	264
O Lord of life and death, we come	261
O Lord our God, in reverence lowly	454
O Lord, refresh Thy flock	215
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	111
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art	455
O Love, who formedst me to wear	456
O merciful Creator, hear	109
O one with God the Father	98
O Rock of ages, One Foundation	179
O shining city of our God	457
O Son of God, our Captain of salvation	175
O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed	162
O Spirit of the living God	293
O Strength and Stay upholding all creation	15
O Thou, before the world began	458
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	459
O Thou in whom Thy saints repose	315
O Thou, the eternal Son of God	121
O Thou through suffering perfect made	297
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight	460
O Thou, who didst with love untold	160
O Thou, who hast our sorrows borne	461
O Thou, who makest souls to shine	252
O Thou, who through this holy week	116
O Thou, whom heavenly hosts obey	270
O throned, O crowned with all renown	142
O Wisdom, who o'er earth below	74
O Word of God Incarnate	462
O ye immortal throng	463
O'er the shoreless waste of waters	224
Of the Father's love begotten	84
Oft in danger, oft in woe	464
Oh, blest was he, whose earlier skill	188
Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant	85
Oh, come and mourn beside the Cross	122
Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing	465
Oh, for a heart to praise my God	466
Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing	467
Oh, happy band of pilgrims	468
Oh, happy feet that tread	469
Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need	470
Oh, let him, whose sorrow	471
Oh Love! how deep! how broad! how high	472
Oh Paradise! oh Paradise!	473
Oh, quickly come, dread Judge of all	474
Oh, Sight for Angels to adore	99
Oh, that the Lord's salvation	296
Oh, 'twas a joyful sound to hear	475
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be	476
Oh! worship the King all glorious above	477
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	71
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move	478
On the Resurrection morning	479
On the waters dark and drear	325
On this the day when days began	37
Once in royal David's city	576

	NO.
Onward, Christian soldiers	480
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	481
Our day of praise is done	42
Our soul shall magnify the Lord	305
Out of the deep I call	482
Pleasant are Thy courts above	483
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high	253
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	484
Praise the Lord, His glories show	485
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him	486
Praise to God, immortal praise	280
Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand	275
Praise to the Holiest in the height	487
Praise we the Lord this day	172
Rejoice, the Lord is King	488
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	489
Rejoice, ye sons of men	169
Ride on! Ride on in majesty	114
Rock of ages, cleft for me	490
Round the Lord in glory seated	491
Sabbath of the saints of old	60
Safe home, safe home in port	492
Saints of God, whom faith united	189
Saviour, abide with us	26
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	27
Saviour, Blessèd Saviour	493
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	28
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	294
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	494
Saviour! who Thy flock art feeding	225
Saviour, whom I fain would love	495
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state	147
Servants of God, awake	39
Show me not only Jesus dying	496
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	497
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory	117
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	498
Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness	499
Sinners, turn! Why will ye die	500
Soldiers of Christ! arise	501
Soldiers of the Cross, arise	288
Son of Man, to Thee I cry	502
Songs of praise the Angels sang	503
Songs of thankfulness and praise	100
Sons of men, behold from far	101
Sound aloud Jehovah's praises	155
Spirit blest, who art adored	590
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	151
Stand, soldier of the Cross	229
Stand up, and bless the Lord	504
Stand we prepared to see and hear	505
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	186
Summer suns are glowing	62
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	29
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	50
Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go	30
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	506
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	507
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	249
The Advent of our God	72
The ark of God in safety rode	326
The Church has waited long	508
The Church's one foundation	509
The City paved with gold	510
The dawn of God's new Sabbath	40
The day is past and over	31
The Day of Resurrection	137
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	32
The eternal gifts of Christ the King	193
The foe behind, the deep before	138
The God of Abraham praise	511
The Heavenly King must come	177
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord	295
The hours of day are over	580
The King of love my Shepherd is	512
The leaders of the Church of Christ, twelve stars of holy light	194
The Lord ascendeth up on high	148
The Lord be with us as we bend	52
The Lord is King! Lift up your voice	513
The ocean hath no danger	327
The radiant morn hath passed away	16
The roseate hues of early dawn	514
The Royal banner is unfurled	118
The Saints of God! Their conflict past	191
The saints on earth, and those above	515
The Son of Consolation	176
The Son of God goes forth to war	201
The splendours of Thy glory, Lord	33
The star of morn has risen	11
The strain of joy and gladness	159
The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia	516
The strife is o'er, the battle done	139
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	241
The year is gone beyond recall	93
The year is swiftly waning	63
Thee we adore, O unseen Saviour! Thee	216
There is a blessèd home	517
There is a book, who runs may read	518
There is a green hill far away	577
There is a land of pure delight	519
There is no night in heaven	520
There's a Friend for little children	578
They come, God's Messengers of love	521
They whose course on earth is o'er	522
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	298
Thine for ever! God of love	523
Thine for ever! Thine for ever	237
Think, kind Jesu, my salvation (Part II.)	355

	NO.
This day, at Thy creating word	46
This is the day of Light	47
This is the day the light was made	41
This is the day the Lord hath made	48
Those eternal bowers	524
Thou art gone up on high	525
Thou art the Christ, O Lord	180
Thou art the Way:—to Thee alone	526
Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness	49
Thou, in whose Name the two or three	57
Thou that sendest sun and rain	266
Thou standest at the altar	217
Thou to whom the sick and dying	302
Thou, who breakest every chain	527
Thou, who camest from above	152
Thou, who didst with love untold	160
Thou, whose Almighty word	528
Three in One, and One in Three	529
Thrice Holy God, of wondrous might	156
Through all the changing scenes of life	530
Through good report and evil, Lord	531
Through the day Thy love has spared us	34
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	532
Thy life was given for me	286
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	533
To-day Thy mercy calls us	534
To Him who for our sins was slain	535
To the Name that speaks salvation	536
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	281
To Thee, our God, we fly	537
Two brothers freely cast their lot	181
Up to the throne of God is borne	13
Upon the holy Mount they stood	303
Wake, awake, for night is flying	538
We are but little children weak	579
We come to Thee, dear Saviour	539
We give Thee but Thine own	287
We love the place, O God	540
We plough the fields, and scatter	282
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour	173
We pray Thee, heavenly Father	218
We saw Thee not when Thou didst tread	541
We sing the glorious conquest	167
We sing the praise of Him who died	542
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth	543
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	544
Weeping, as they go their way	124
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say	131
What our Father does is well	267
When Christ the Lord would come on earth	178
When cold our hearts, and far from Thee	545
When gathering clouds around I view	546
When God of old came down from heaven	153
When I survey the wondrous Cross	547
When our heads are bowed with woe	548
When the Architect Almighty had created heaven and earth	310
When the dark waves round us roll	549
When the day of toil is done	550
When the world is brightest	551
Whence shall my tears begin	112
Where angelic hosts adore Thee	187
Where high the heavenly temple stands	552
Where'er have trod Thy sacred Feet	553
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	86
Who are these, like stars appearing	554
Who is this, so weak and helpless	555
Who trusts in God, a strong abode	556
Why should I fear the darkest hour	557
Winter reigneth o'er the land	64
With broken heart and contrite sigh	558
With glory clad, with strength arrayed	559
With the sweet word of peace	320
Word Supreme, before creation	164
Ye holy Angels bright	560
Ye servants of God	561
Ye servants of the Lord	562
Yesterday with worship blest	55
Zion, at thy shining gates	73

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF TUNES.

The Tunes marked with an asterisk have been composed expressly for this work. Those marked † have been harmonized or arranged by the Editor, to whom all applications for permission to reprint must be addressed.

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
Abbey	C.M.	Old Melody	92
Aberdeen	8.7.8.7. Iambic	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick	171, 512
†Adeste Fideles	P.M.	John Reading	85
†Adoro Te	10.10.10.10.	Old French Plain Song	27 (1st tune), 216
Agathos	7.7.7.3.	J. W. Elliott	345
Agnus Dei	P.M.	Ditto	336 (1st tune)
Alfreton	L.M.		57, 295
*Alleluia	P.M.	Otto Goldschmidt	535
Alma Mater	S.M.	Richard Redhead	221, 361
Almsgiving	8.8.8.4.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	285
Alstone	L.M.	C. E. Willing	579
†Altenburg	7.7.7.7. double	German	149
†Ancient Litany	7.7.7.7.		55
Angel Voices	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	316 (1st tune)
Angels' Song	L.M.	Orlando Gibbons	44, 178, 521
Argyle	7.6.7.6.	E. H. Turpin	173, 217, 296
Ascendit	7.7.7.7.	Dr. John Naylor	143
Ascension	D.S.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	525
Aurelia	7.6.7.6. double	Dr. S. S. Wesley	218, 327, 386, 509
Austria	8.7.8.7. double	J. Haydn	311, 368, 486
Autumn	7.6.7.6.	Frederick Iliffe	63, 462
Avignon	8.8.8.6.		268
†Babylon	L.M.	Dr. Campian	122
Baca	6.6.6.6.6.6.	Rev. W. H. Havergal	286
Baden	8.8.8.8.7.	German	383
Bamberg	8.7.8.7.8.7.	German	168, 420
Bangor	C.M.	Old Welsh Melody	424
Bathurst	8.8.7.8.8.7	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick	413
†Bavaria	L.M.	German	37, 183, 274
*Be not Afraid	7.7.7.7.	Dr. S. S. Wesley	549
*Behold the Lamb	P.M.	J. W. Elliott	336 (2nd tune)
Ben Rhydding	S.M.	A. R. Reinagle	215, 520
Benediction	10.10.10.10.	E. J. Hopkins	27 (2nd tune)
Benison	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Anon.	74 (1st tune), 232, 541
Bethany	8.7.8.7. double	Henry Smart	87, 127, 571
Bethlehem	D.C.M.	Anon.	86
†Bevan	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Sir John Goss	39, 180, 537
†Bohemia	6.5.6.5. double	German	391
Bonar	8.8.7.8.8.7.	J. Baptiste Calkin	206, 377
Bonn	8.6.6.8.6.6.	German	75
Breslau	L.M.	German	254, 507
Bristol	C.M.		48, 68, 530

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
Brockham	L.M.	Jeremiah Clarke	35, 542
†Brunswick	6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6	German	273
Byzantium	C.M.		467, 519
†Caersalem	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Welsh Melody	554
Calvary	P.M.	John Francis Barnett	246
Canaan	6.5.6.5. double	Rev. J. Francis	277
Capetown	7.7.7.5.	German	23, 374, 529
Carlsruhe	S.M.	Ditto	140, 287, 358, 508
Cartmel	7.6.7.6. double	Dr. John Naylor	317
Cassel	7.7.7.7. double	German	243, 495
Castle Rising	D.C.M.	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey	514
Ceylon	7.6.7.6. double	Samuel Reay	239, 450
Chant	P.M.	A. H. D. Troyte	196
Cheddon	9.8.9.8.	F.	179
†Chemnitz	D.C.M.	Adapted from the German	389
Chenies	7.6.7.6. double	Rev. T. R. Matthews	580
†Chesterfield	7.6.7.6.7.7.6.	Moravian Melody	228
*Children's Voices	P.M.	E. J. Hopkins	565
Christ Church	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.	Dr. Charles H. Steggall	394, 463
*Christendom	P.M.	J. W. Elliott	139
*Christus	9.6.9.6. double	Arthur Sullivan	496
Church Triumphant	L.M.	J. W. Elliott	130, 193, 465
*Clarence	7.7.7.7.	Arranged by Editor	64
Cloisters	11.11.11.5.	Joseph Barnby	269
Coburg	P.M.	H.R.H. the late Prince Consort	431, 485
*Cœna Domini	10.10.	Arthur Sullivan	207
Colchester	S.M.		172, 569
†Come unto Me	7.6.7.6. double	From Handel	351
Commandments	L.M.		264, 552
†Congleton	10.10.10.10.	Michael Wise	66
†Conway	10.10.10.10.10.10.	Henry Lawes	77 (1st tune)
†Corde Natus	P.M.		84
*Coronæ	S.M.D.	Arthur Sullivan	354
*Covenant	P.M.	Joseph Barnby	112
*Credo, Domine	10.10.10; 10.10.10.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	435
†Crefeld	8.8.8.8.8.8.	German	456
Croft's 148th	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Dr. Croft	289
*Cross and Crown	8.7.8.7. double	J. W. Elliott	555
Darwall's 148th	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.	J. Darwall	423, 560
†Daughters of Galilee	8.8.8.	H. M. Gayther	304
Dawn	8.4.7.8.4.7.	Goudimel	2
Day by Day	8.7.8.7.	Rev. E. S. Carter	568
*Day of Grace	7.7.7.	J. W. Elliott	380
Day of Praise	S.M.	Dr. Charles H. Steggall	47, 335, 489
Day of Rest	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.	J. W. Elliott	45
Dayspring	7.7.7.7.7.3.	German	5
*Dedication	P.M.	E. J. Hopkins	314
Delhi	8.8.8.	Dr. Edward F. Rimbault	54
Deliverance	7.7.7.7. double	Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne	527
Dies Iræ	P.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	355
Dresden	P.M.	German	282
*Dulce Sonans	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	316 (2nd tune)
Dundee	C.M.		299, 324, 515, 567

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
Easter Hymn	P.M.		136
Eden	6.6.6.6.	Feilden	79, 533
Eden Grove	7.6.7.6. double	Samuel Smith	578
Edgbaston	6.5.6.5. double	Rev. T. R. Matthews	238, 307
Eirene	11.10.11.10.	Frances R. Havergal	175
Eisenach	L.M.	German	10, 156
†Ein' feste Burg	P.M.	Luther	145
Elijah	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Sir George Elvey	280
Ellesmere	L.M.	A. R. Reinagle	118, 415
Ely	L.M.	Turton, Bishop of Ely	322, 559
*Englefield	6.5.6.5.6.5.	J. W. Elliott	210
Epiphany	11.10.11.10.	E. J. Hopkins	95
Eucharistica	8.7.8.7. double	J. W. Elliott	332
*Ever Faithful, ever Sure	7.7.7.7. peculiar	Arthur Sullivan	414
*Evelyn	7.7.7.6.	Ditto	390, 588
Eventide	10.10.10.10.	W. H. Monk	329
Everton	8.7.8.7. double	Henry Smart	90, 292, 310
Ewing	7.6.7.6.	A. Ewing	395
Faber	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Rev. R. R. Chope	226, 458
Falfield	8.7.8.7. double	Arthur Sullivan	294, 430
Farewell	6.6.8.4.	Dr. John Naylor	11
Farrant	C.M.	Adapted from Farrant	470
*Fides	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	Rev. C. C. Scholefield	155
Fons Lucis	P.M.	Samuel Smith	150
Franconia	S.M.	German	72, 229
Fulstow	6.5.6.5.	Rev. T. R. Matthews	219, 397
*Gaudete	P.M.	Samuel Smith	83
Gennesaret	L.M.	Rev. W. H. Havergal	402, 460
German Hymn	7.7.7.7.	From Pleyel	342, 503, 564
Gethsemane	7.7.7.7.7.7.	J. S. Bach	119
Gibbons	7.7.7.7.	Orlando Gibbons	89
Gibeon	S.M.	Anon.	166
Gloria in Excelsis	P.M.	J. W. Elliott	319
Gloucester	C.M.		303, 459
*Golden Sheaves	8.7.8.7. double	Arthur Sullivan	281, 556
Gotha	8.7.8.7.	H.R.H. the late Prince Consort	404, 506
Grange	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick	38 (1st tune)
Gretton	D.C.M.	Ditto	53, 259
Handel's 148th	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Handel	169
*Hanford	8.8.8.4.	Arthur Sullivan	400, 531
Hanover	P.M.	Handel	477, 561
Harston	L.M.	Turton, Bishop of Ely	6, 146
Heathlands	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Henry Smart	94, 271
†Heber	7.6.7.6. double	Bishop Heber	290
*Hebron	7.7.7.7.8.8.	Joseph Barnby	247
Hermas	P.M.	Frances R. Havergal	478
†Hernlein	7.7.7.7.	German	106
†Hezekiah	10.10.10.10.	Orlando Gibbons	91
†Hilderstone	L.M.	Philip Hart	275, 407
Hollingside	7.7.7.7. double	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	396
Holy Church	7.6.7.6. double	Arthur Henry Brown	157, 379

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
*Holy City	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	497
Holy Offerings	P.M.	Richard Redhead	284
Holyrood	S.M.	Author unknown	42
Holy Sepulchre	8.8.8.	E. H. Thorne	125
Holy Trinity	C.M.	J. Barnby	14, 334, 545
Holy Voices	8.7.8.7. double	James Langran	199
Huntingdon	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	154, 255, 474
*Hushed was the Evening Hymn	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Arthur Sullivan	572
Immanuel	8.8.8.8.8.8.	J. W. Elliott	74 (2nd tune)
Innocents	7.7.7.7.		165, 288
Innspruck	8.8.6.8.8.6.	German	452
Irby	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	576
*Irene	7.7.7.5.	Rev. C. C. Scholefield	550
Isaiah	8.8.8.6.6.8.6.	Joseph Barnby	110
†Jam Lucis	L.M.	Gregorian Melody	9
Jersey	7.7.7.7.	Dr. Boyce	60, 418
Jerusalem	P.M.	Old Hebrew Tune	511
Jesu, my Lord	8.8.8.8.8.8.	J. Barnby	399
Jubilee	6.6.6.6.8.8.	F. C. Chattock	488
†Kreuznach	7.6.7.6. double	German	159, 449
Lacrymæ	7.7.7.	Arthur Sullivan	124, 211
Lambeth	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Robert King	245
Lancashire	7.6.7.6. double	Henry Smart	137
Langdale	8.7.8.7.	Richard Redhead	265
Langton	S.M.	Adapted by C. Streatfield	26 (1st tune), 349
Leigh	L.M.	A. R. Reinagle	50, 472
†Leipzig	7.7.7.7.7.7.	German	4, 364
†Leominster	D.S.M.	Anon. Harmonized by Editor	328
†Leonburg	L.M.	German	19 (2nd tune), 70, 448
Lichfield	7.7.7.7.		522
†Light	7.7.7; 7.7.7.		382
Lincoln	7.6.7.6.		340
*Lismore	8.7.8.7.7.8.4.	Alfred Phillips	129
†Litany	7.7.7.6.	Anon.	123
* Ditto	7.7.7.7.7.7.	J. W. Elliott	581
* Ditto	Irregular	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	584
* Ditto	7.7.7.6.	Arthur Sullivan	585
* Ditto	7.7.7.6.	Rev. C. C. Scholefield	586, 587
* Ditto	7.7.7.6.	Frederic Clay	589, 590, 591
* Ditto	7.7.7.6.	Arthur Sullivan	592
London	L.M.	Henry Smart	49
London New	C.M.		291, 348
Lonsdale	7.7.7.7.	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey	233, 582, 583
Lowton	8.7.8.7.	Albert Lowe	237, 260
†Lucerne	L.M.	German	251
Ludborough	L.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews	17, 371
†Luther's Hymn	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	Luther	375
Lux Eoi	8.7.8.7. double	Arthur Sullivan	67, 174
Lux in Tenebris	P.M.	Ditto	409
Lux Mundi	7.6.7.6. double	Ditto	451

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
†Magdeburg	7.6.7.6. double	German	40
Magdalen College	8.8.6.8.8.6.	Dr. Hayes	455
Mainzer	L.M.	Dr. Mainzer	192, 543
Mannheim	8.7.8.7.8.7.	German	164, 234, 410, 499
†Marlborough	11.10.11.10.	Arranged by Editor	15
Martyrdom	C.M.	Hugh Wilson	240, 466
Melcombe	L.M.	S. Webbe	8, 46, 162, 222, 312, 347, 453, 575
Melita	8.8.8.8; 8.8.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	321
Melton	8.7.8.3	C. E. Willing	479
Mendelssohn	7.7.7.7. double	Mendelssohn	80
Merton College	8.7.8.7. double	A. R. Reinagle	182
Metz	8.7.8.7.7.7.	J. S. Bach	38 (2nd tune)
•Midian	6.5.6.5. double	E. J. Hopkins	104
†Missionary	7.6.7.6. double	Dr. Lowell Mason	167, 534
Moravia	S.M.	L. West	441
Moriah	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Rev. W. H. Havergal	510
†Munich	8.7.8.7.8.7.	German	352
Nazareth	7.7.7.7. double	Frederick Westlake	573
†Nearer Home	S.M.D.	J. Woodbury	363
Newton Ferns	8.7.8.7.	Samuel Smith	187, 343
Nicæa	11.12.12.10.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	7
†Noel	D.C.M.	Traditional Air. Rearranged by Editor	82
North Coates	6.5.6.5.	Rev. T. R. Matthews	369, 574
†Nun danket	P.M.	German	439
†Nurnberg	7.6.7.6. double	Ditto	98
O Quanta Qualia	10.10.10.10.	From La Feuillée	476
•Oak Lea	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.	Otto Goldschmidt	20
Old 100th	L.M.		305, 331, 366
†Old 104th	P.M.		356
†Old 137th	D.C.M.		184, 201 (1st tune), 298
†Oriel	8.7.8.7.8.7.		69, 102, 256, 338
Oswestry	12.11.12.11.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	208
Oxford	8.8.6.8.8.6.	Dr. Boyce	461
Palmæ	L.M.	William George Cusins	114
•Paradise	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	473
†Parting	6.6.8.4.	Adapted by Editor	320
Pastor Bonus	8.7.8.7.	Dr. Charles H. Steggall	225
Penitentia	10.10.10.10.	Dr. E. Dearle	105
Pentecost	L.M.	William Boyd	151, 362
Petrox	6.6.6.6.	Ditto	426
•Pilgrimage	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	367
Potsdam	L.M.	J. Schop	270, 359
†Prague	6.6.8. double	German	440
Praise, my Soul	8.7.8.7.4.7.	Sir John Goss	484
Preston	7.7.7.5.	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick	422
Princethorpe	6.5.6.5. double	William Pitts	416, 493
Propior Deo	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	437
•Protomartyr	P.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	161
Quam Dilecta	6.6.6.6.	Bishop Jenner	540

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
*Rachel	8.7.8.7. double	Rev. C. C. Scholefield	306, 378
*Radford	9.8.9.8.	Dr. S. S. Wesley	32 (1st tune)
Ramoth	7.7.7.7. double	J. Baptiste Calkin	427
Realms of Glory	8.7.8.7.4.7.	Dr. John Naylor	76, 376
Redemption	8.8.8.4.	Ditto	205
Rest	8.5.8.3.	Arthur Sullivan	333
*Resurrexit	P.M.	Ditto	132
Requiem	8.7.8.7.7.7.	W. Schultes	126, 302
	7.7.7.7.7.7.	W. Schultes	203, 425
	8.7.8.7.8.7.	W. Schultes	570
†Rising	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	Rev. T. E. Powell	148
Rock of Ages	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Richard Redhead	370, 490
Rockingham	L.M.		59, 212, 242, 293, 323, 547
Rodbourne	7.7.7.5.	Rev. Dr. R. Haking	350
*Rosehill	7.7.7.	Alfred Phillips	419
Ross	7.7.7.7.	Dr. Samuel Wesley	3, 152
Ruth	6.5.6.5. double	Samuel Smith	62
Safe Home	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Arthur Sullivan	492
St. Agnes	10.10.10.10.	James Langran	97, 209, 544
†St. Alban	L.M.	From the St. Alban's book	412
St. Albinus	P.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	405
St. Alphege	7.6.7.6.	Ditto	195, 241, 278, 341
St. Anatolius	7.6.7.6.8.8	Arthur Henry Brown	31 (1st tune)
St. Ann	C.M.	Dr. Croft	58, 309
†St. Ann's	C.M.	Arranged by A. Sullivan	201 (2nd tune)
St. Anselm	7.6.7.6. double	Joseph Barnby	176, 365, 468
St. Asaph	8.7.8.7. double	William S. Bambridge	147, 189, 532
St. Augustine	7.7.7.7. double	W. H. Monk	100
†St. Basil	D.L.M.	Old Tune	498
St. Bede	8.7.8.7.4.7.	Adapted by R. Redhead	372
St. Bernard	C.M.	Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne	434, 577
St. Blandina	9.8.9.8. double	F. C. Chattock	204
St. Bride	S.M.	Dr. S. Howard	108
St. Catherine	P.M.	Dr. John Naylor	214
St. Cecilia	6.6.6.6.	Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne	198, 436, 469
†St. Charles	P.M.	William Pitts	539
St. Chrysostom	7.7.7.7.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	266, 548
*St. Clement	9.8.9.8.	Rev. C. C. Scholefield	32 (2nd tune)
St. Crispin	8.8.8.6.	Sir George Elvey	408
St. Cyprian	6.6.6.6.	Rev. R. R. Chope	398, 551
St. David	C.M.		417, 444
St. Flavian	C.M.	Ravenscroft	160, 231, 429, 518
*St. Francis	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	220
St. Gabriel	8.8.8.4.	Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.	16
St. George	7.7.7.7. double	Sir George Elvey	128, 276, 318
St. George	S.M.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	163, 339, 562
St. Gertrude	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	480
St. Godric	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	344
†St. Gregory	L.M.	German	13, 263, 403
†St. Hilary	8.7.8.7. double	Ganther	190, 224
St. Hubert	P.M.	Leicester Darwall	401
St. Hugh	C.M.	E. J. Hopkins	52, 141, 421
†St. James	C.M.		33, 227, 393, 445, 526

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
St. John	P.M.	Otto Goldschmidt	438
St. John Baptist.	6.5.6.5.	Feilden	471
St. John Damascene	6.5.6.5. double	Mrs. E. Barker	524
St. Jude	C.M.	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick	170
St. Kevin	7.6.7.6. double	Arthur Sullivan	135, 200
St. Lawrence.	8.7.8.7.8.7.	Dr. Charles H. Steggall	117, 536
St. Leonard	C.M.	Henry Smart	78
St. Lucy	7.7.7.7.	J.	230, 428
St. Luke	L.M.	Jeremiah Clarke	103, 553, 558
St. Magnus	C.M.	Ditto	81, 326
St. Mary	C.M.		111
St. Mary Magdalene	7.7.7.7. double	Arthur Sullivan	494
St. Millicent	7.7.4.	Ditto	248
St. Michael	S.M.		56, 197, 357, 504
*St. Nathaniel.	C.M.	Arthur Sullivan	257, 272, 443
*St. Nicholas	10.6.10.6.	Rev. C. C. Scholefield	25
St. Patrick	7.7.7.7. double	Arthur Sullivan	144
St. Peter	C.M.	A. R. Reinagle	202, 236, 387
St. Philip	6.5.6.5.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	24
St. Philip	8.8.8.8.8.8.		279, 315
St. Raphael	8.7.8.7.4.7.	E. J. Hopkins.	51
St. Sepulchre.	L.M.	George Cooper	65, 93, 297, 385
St. Stephen	C.M.	W. Jones	188, 283
†St. Sylvester	P.M.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	88
*St. Theodulph	7.6.7.6. double	German.	113, 235
St. Theresa	6.5. six	Arthur Sullivan	566
St. Thomas	7.7.7.7.	E. H. Thorne.	73, 244
St. Ursula.	D.C.M.	Frederick Westlake	142
St. Vincent	L.M.	Adapted by C. E. Willing	115, 353
*St. Vincent, or St. Matthias .	7.6.7.6.8.8.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	31 (2nd tune)
St. Werburg	8.8.8.8; 8.8.	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	223, 546
*Saints of God	8.8.8.8; 8.8.	Arthur Sullivan	191
Salisbury	C.M.		181
Salvator	8.7.8.7. double	Sir John Goss.	28
Salve Festa Dies	11.11.11.11.11.	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick.	131 (2nd tune)
†Salzburg	7.7.7.7. double	German.	483, 500
Sanctuary.	8.7.8.7. double	Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes	308
Sandford	S.M.	J. Stephenson	177
Sarum	7.6.7.6. double	T. E. Aylward	301
†Saxony.	L.M.	German.	109, 258
Scartho	7.7.7.7.	Rev. T. R. Matthews	101
Sheba	6.6.6.6. double	Rev. W. H. Havergal	517
Sleepers, Wake	P.M.	German.	454, 538
Soldiers of Christ	S.M.	J. W. Elliott	501, 563
Son of Man	8.8.7.8.8.7.	Joseph Barnby	120
Southam	C.M.		250, 360
Southwell.	S.M.		482
†Springtime	P.M.	Arranged by Editor.	61
Stafford	C.M.	Dr. S. Howard	384
Stobel	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	German.	528
†Stockport.	10.10.10.10.10.10.	John Wainwright	77 (2nd tune)
Stoneleigh	8.7.8.7.7.7.	C. S. Jekyll	34
†Stuttgardt.	8.7.8.7.	German.	96
†Submission	D.C.M.	Michael Haydn	392

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO. OF HYMN.
Sudeley	C.M.	Dr. John Stainer	153, 381
*Sun of my Soul	L.M.	Rev. H. Percy Smith	29 (1st tune)
†Sunrise	L.M.	Anonymous	12
Sunset	D.L.M.	Meyer Lutz	18
Tallis's Canon	L.M.	Tallis	1, 21
Tallis's Ordinal	C.M.	Ditto	116, 213, 442
†Te Lucis	L.M.	Gregorian Melody	19 (1st tune)
Temple	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	E. J. Hopkins	22
Tenbury	P.M.	Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.	185
The Foe behind	P.M.	John Hullah	138 (1st tune)
Ditto	P.M.	Dr. John Naylor	138 (2nd tune)
The Long Home	7.8.7.8.7.7.	Arthur Sullivan	249
The Strain upraise of Joy and Praise	P.M.	Ditto	516 (1st tune)
Ditto	P.M.	A. H. D. Troyte	516 (2nd tune)
Trisagion	10.10.10.10.	Henry Smart	186
Troyte, No. 1	8.8.8.4.	A. H. D. Troyte	432
Tryphena	8.8.8.	Frances R. Havergal	557
*Ultor Omnipotens	P.M.	Arthur Sullivan	262
*Undique Gloria	P.M.	Sir George Elvey	411
University College	7.7.7.7.	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	134, 464, 523
*Valete	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Arthur Sullivan	30
*Veni Creator	L.M.	Ditto	346 (1st tune)
† Ditto	L.M.	Old Melody	346 (2nd tune)
†Verona	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Italian Melody	267, 373, 502
†Vesper Hymn	8.7.8.7. double		491
Vespers	L.M.	J. W. Elliott	29 (2nd tune)
Vienna	7.7.7.7.	German	36, 325, 406
Vox Jesu	D.C.M.	Spohr. Adapted by J. Barnby	388
Wainwright	L.M.		253, 337
Wareham	L.M.	Knapp	252, 447
†Wearmouth, or Old 81st	D.C.M.		99, 194
Welcome, Happy Morning	11.11.11.11.11.	Arthur Sullivan	131 (1st tune)
Westminster	C.M.	James Turle	433, 487
Weston	D.C.M.	C. J. Frost	300
Wigan	7.7.7.7.	T. Graham	107
Winchester New	L.M.	Crasselius	71, 513
†Winchester Old	C.M.		158, 313
Windsor	C.M.	Kirby	121, 261, 446
Wirkworth	S.M.	Dr. Greene	26 (2nd tune)
Wirtemberg	7.7.7.7.4.	German	133
Wreford	8.6.8.4.	Rev. E. S. Carter	43, 481
York	C.M.		475
Zoheleth	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	Rev. W. H. Havergal	505
†Zwingle	C.M.	Knecht	41, 330, 457

MORNING.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

"*Awake up, my glory; I myself will awake early.*"—Ps. lvii. 8.

PART I.

F 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talent to improve take care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-tide clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

F 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King. Amen.

PART II.

F 1 ALL praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!

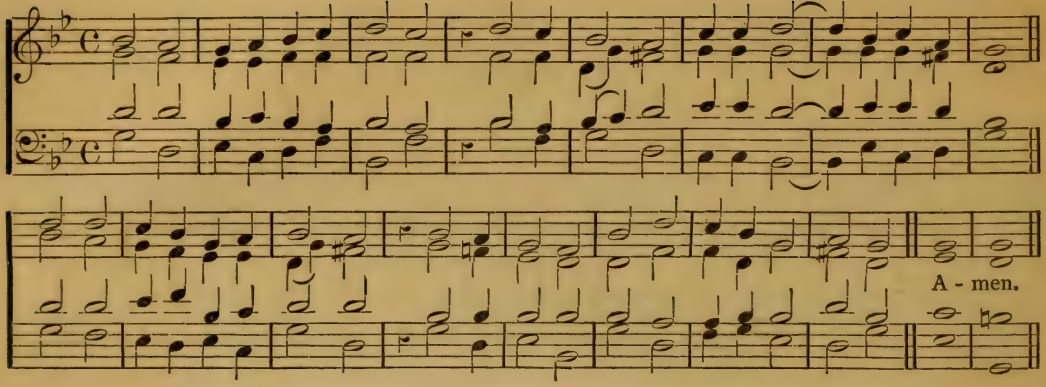
2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

F 4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

MORNING.

DAWN. 8.4.7.8.4.7. GOUDIMEL.



2

"*In Thy Light shall we see light.*"—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

F 1 COME my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come; to Him, who made this splendour,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

F 2 Gladly hail the light returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

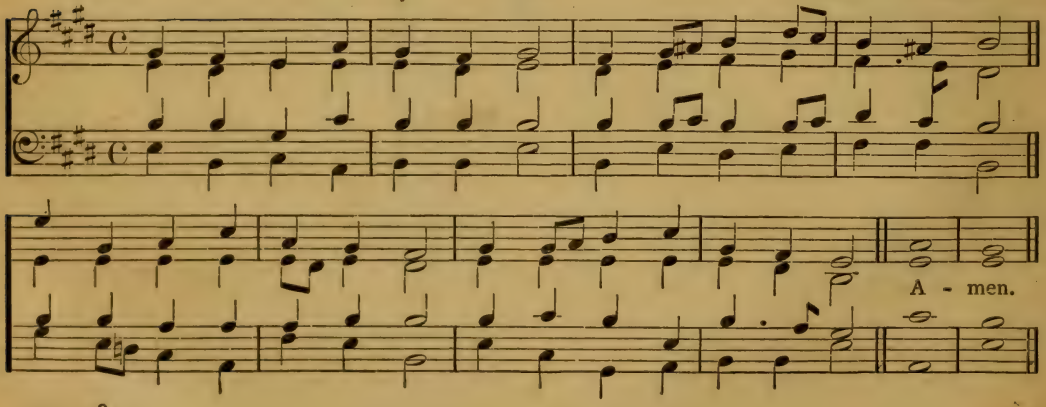
P 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey:
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F 7 Glory, honour, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the Eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise and merit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

ROSS. 7.7.7.7. SAMUEL WESLEY.



3

"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. v. 14.

F 1 As the sun doth daily rise,
Brightening all the morning skies,
So to Thee with one accord
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord.

3 Quickened by the Spirit's grace,
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

4 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our rest at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

P 5 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured,
Save the tempted ones, O Lord!

F 6 Praise we, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord! Amen.

LEIPZIG. 7·7·7·7·7·7. GERMAN.

Not too fast.

4

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."—St. Luke i. 78.

F 1 CHRIST whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear!

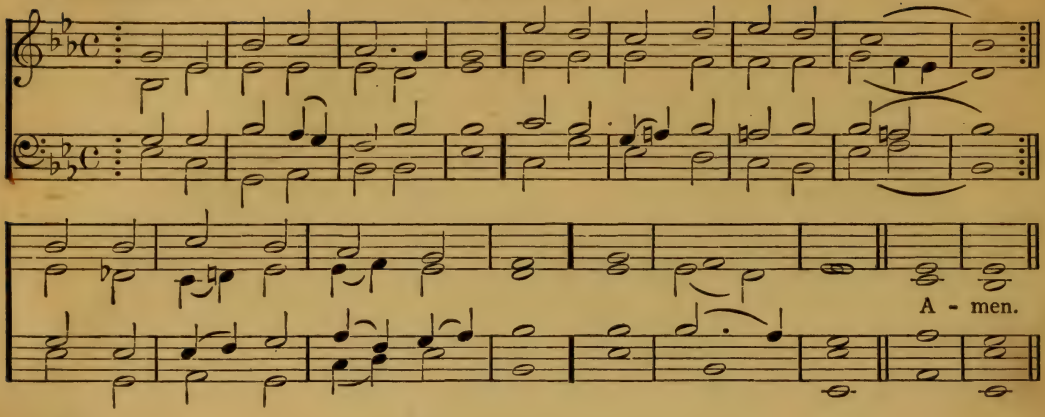
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad our eyes and warm our heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill us, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

F 4 Glory, Father, be to Thee;
Glory to the Blessèd Son;
Glory to the Spirit be;
Glory to the Three in One;
As it was, is now, shall be,
Filling all eternity. Amen.

MORNING.

DAYSPRING. 7·7 7·7·7·3· GERMAN.



5

"I am the bright and morning star."—Rev. xxii. 16.

1 DAYSPRING of Eternity,
Brightness of the Light divine,
As the daylight fills the sky,
Let Thy beams upon us shine,
Scattering with their glorious might
All our night.

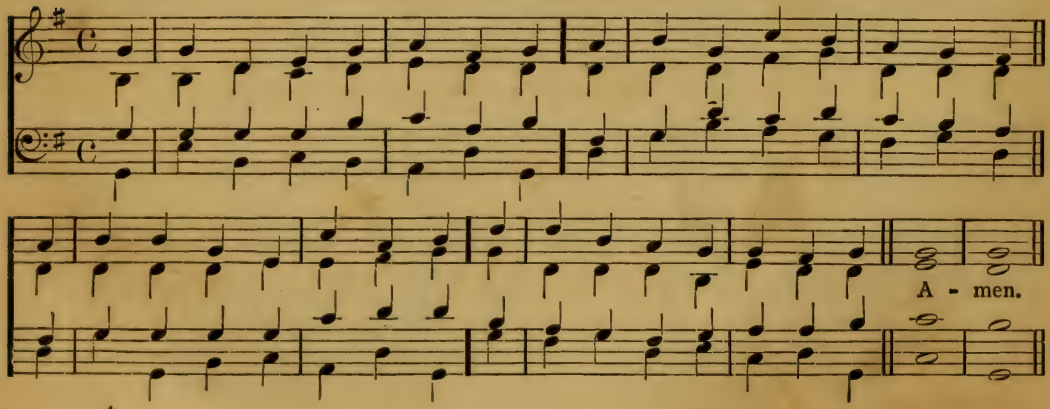
2 As on drooping herb and flower
Lies the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's freshening power
Dry and fainting hearts renew;
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3 Let Thy fire of love destroy
All our earthly taint and leaven;
Wake our souls to love and joy,
Kindling like the eastern heaven;
Let us truly rise ere yet
Life hath set.

4 Dayspring of eternal skies,
Grant that on Thine Advent-morn,
From the dust our flesh may rise
To a nobler being born,
Strong in heaven its course to run
As the sun.

5 Sorrowing here we seek Thy face;
Guide us with Thy cheering ray:
Lead us, glorious Sun of grace,
To the land of endless day,
Where the joy that bids us rise
Never dies. Amen.

HARSTON. L.M. T. TURTON, Bp. of Ely, 1858.



6

"I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God."—Ps. lxxi. 16.

1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

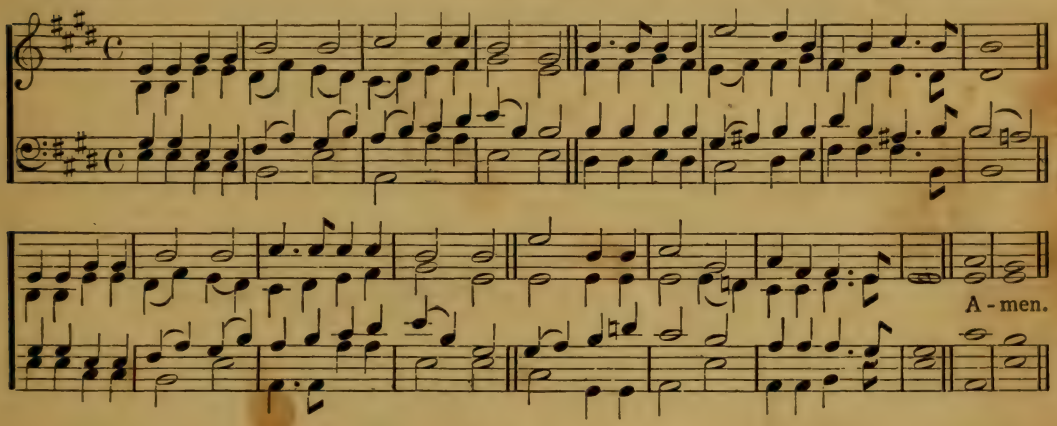
2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all our works to Thee.

4 Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven. Amen.

NICÆA. 11.12.12.10. J. B. DYKES.



7

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. iv. 8.

F 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

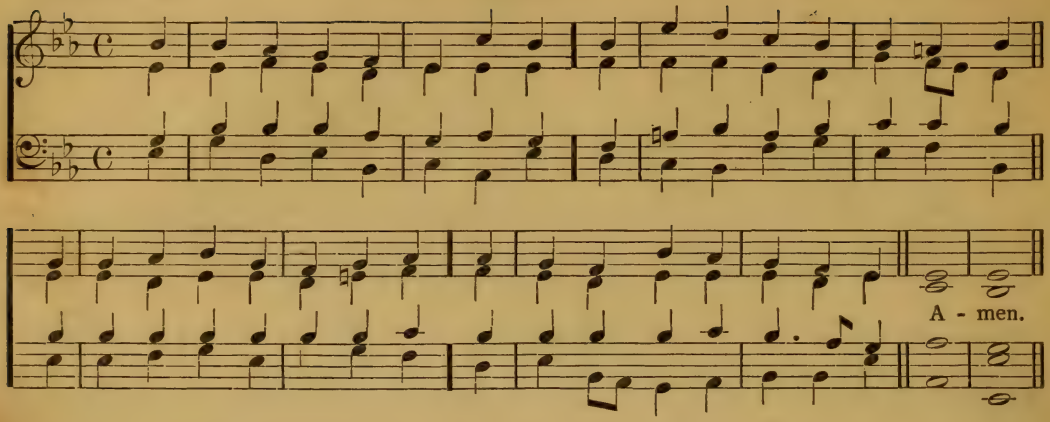
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

p 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
p Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!
Amen.

MORNING.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



8

"His compassions fail not; they are new every morning."—Lam. iii. 22, 23.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

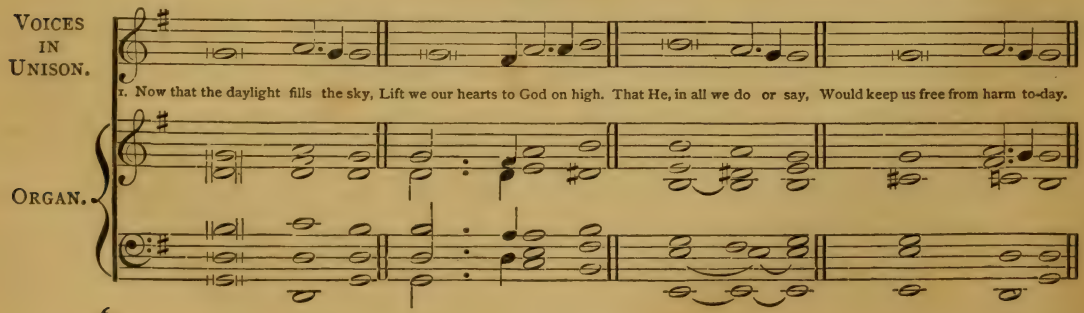
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovlier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

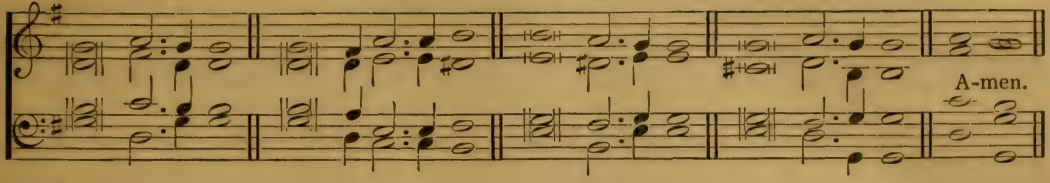
6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

JAM LUCIS. L.M. GREGORIAN MELODY.


VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Now that the daylight fills the sky, Lift we our hearts to God on high. That He, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day.
ORGAN.

MORNING.

Vocal Harmony in four parts.



9

"The Lord is thy keeper."—Ps. cxxi. 5.

1 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
Lift we our hearts to God on high,
That He in all we do or say
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

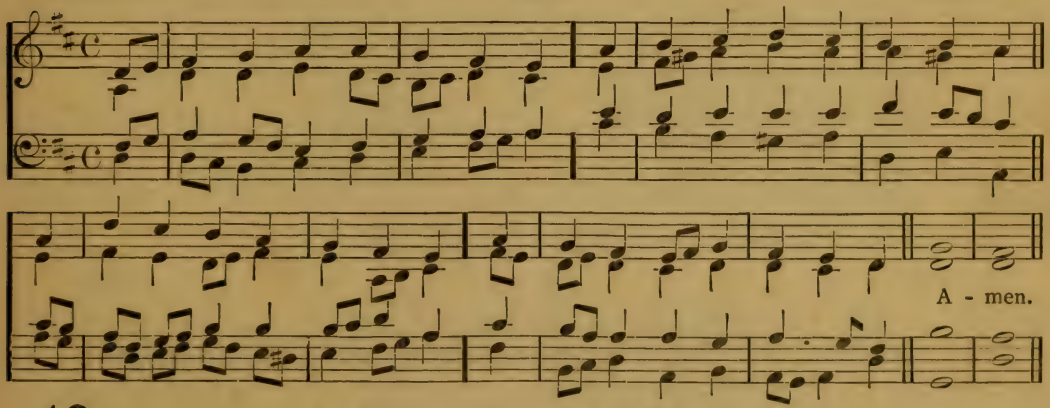
2 May He restrain our tongues, lest strife
Break forth to mar the peace of life;
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3 Oh, may our inmost hearts be pure,
Our thoughts from folly kept secure,
The pride of fleshly sense subdued
By temperate use of drink and food.

4 So when the daylight leaves the sky,
And night's dark hours once more are nigh,
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
Sing glory to our God again.

F 5 All praise to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
One God, both now and evermore. Amen.

EISENACH. L.M. GERMAN.



10

"In Thy light shall we see light."—Ps. xxvii. 9.

1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

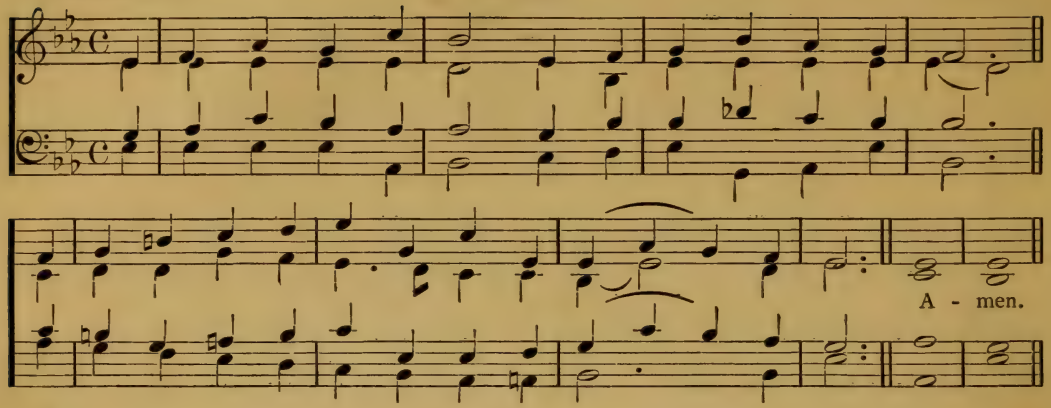
3 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 So gladly let us pass the day,
With meekness for its morning ray,
Our faith like noontide shining bright,
Our souls undimmed by shades of night.

F 5 Dawn's glory gilds the earth and skies:
Rise on us, Heavenly Glory, rise:
O Father in Thy Son made known,
Son, sharer of Thy Father's throne! Amen.

MORNING.

FAREWELL. 6.6.8.4. J. L. NAYLOR.



11 *"He will be our guide even unto death."*—Ps. xlviii. 14.

1 THE star of morn has risen;
O Lord, to Thee we pray:
O uncreated Light of Light,
Guide Thou our way.

2 Sinless be tongue and hand,
And innocent the mind,
Let simple truth be on our lips,
Our hearts be kind.

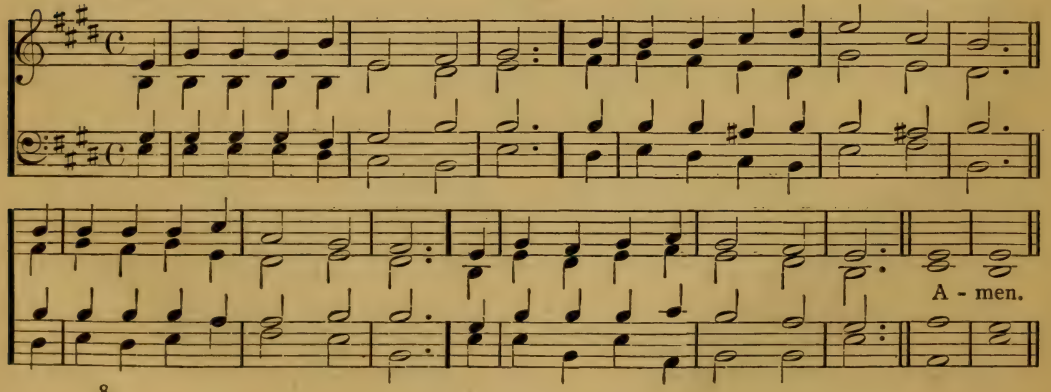
3 Let not the flesh prevail,
But all be ruled by good;
The gift of temperance bestow
In drink and food.

4 As the swift day rolls on,
Still, Lord, our Guardian be,
And keep the portals of our hearts
From evil free.

5 Grant that our daily toil
May to Thy glory tend;
And as our hours begin with Thee,
So may they end. Amen.

MID-DAY.

SUNRISE. L.M. *Anonymous.*



MID-DAY.

12

"He ruleth by His power for ever."—Ps. lxvi. 7.

1 O God, who canst not change nor fail,
Yet rulest each change that passes by,
Whose brightness gilds the morning pale,
Whose fires light up the mid-day sky;

2 Quench Thou the fire of hate and strife,
That wasting fever of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

3 Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
f To whom all glory, Three in One,
f Be given in every time and place! Amen.

ST. GREGORY. L.M. GERMAN.

13

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud."—Ps. lv. 17.

1 UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

2 Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide;
Then here to Him our souls we raise
In songs of gratitude and praise.

3 Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

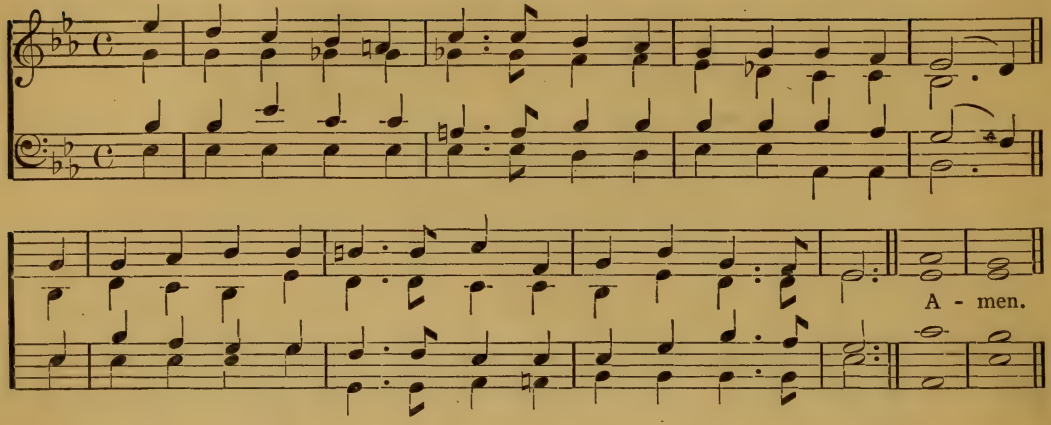
4 Look up to heaven! The unwearied sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

5 Lord! since his rising in the East
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

6 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way:
And glorify for us the West,
When we shall sink to final rest. Amen.

AFTERNOON.

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. J. BARNBY.



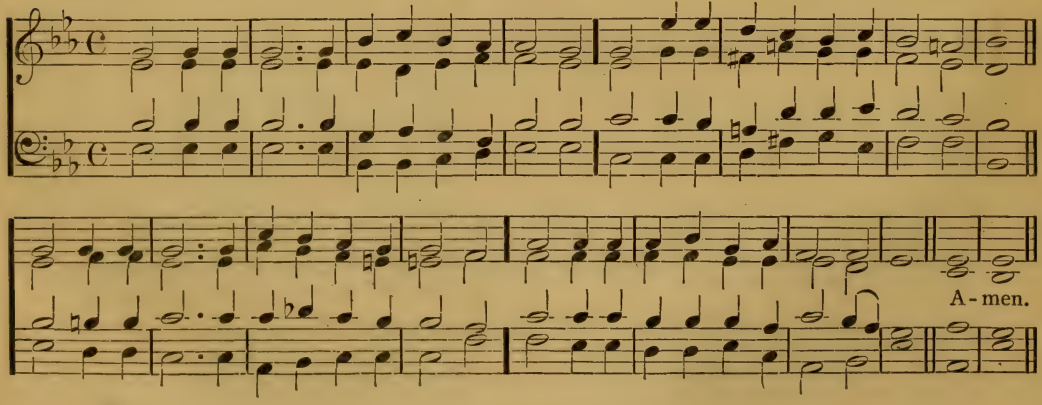
14 *"The shadows of evening are stretched out."*—Jer. vi. 4.

P 1 As now the sun's declining rays
Towards the eve descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2 Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
Oh grant us then Thy Cross to love
And in those Arms to die!

F 3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

MARLBOROUGH. 11.10.11.10. *Arranged by the Editor.*



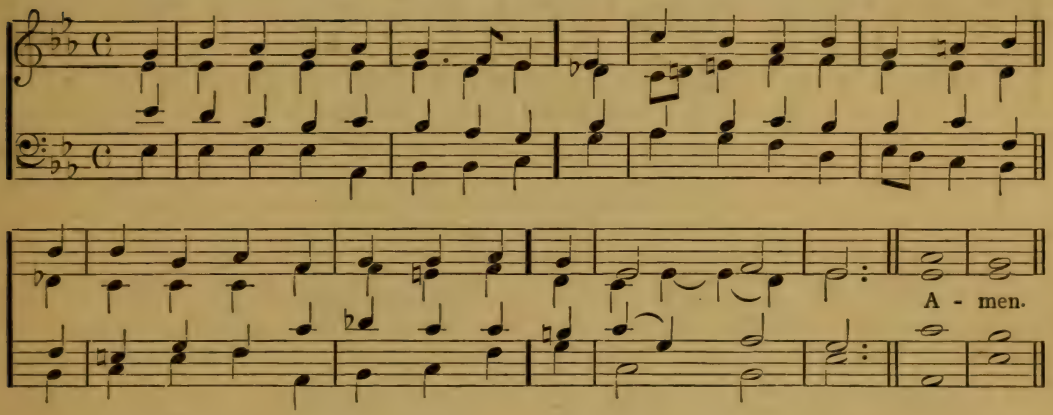
AFTERNOON.

15 "*The Lord was my stay.*"—2 Sam. xxii. 19.

1 O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
With dawning glories of the Eternal Day. Amen.

ST. GABRIEL. 8.8.8.4. FREDERICK A. GORE OUSELEY.



16 "*Begotten again unto an inheritance that fadeth not away.*"—1 Pet. i. 4.

1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
f And thronging Angels never cease
f Their deathless strain;

F 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all! Amen.

EVENING.

LUDBOROUGH. L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.

17 *"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."*—Ps. xci. 1.

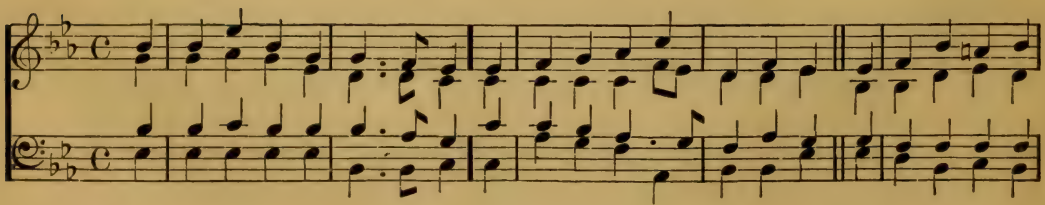
1 AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these sacred walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Cast off their burden and their care.

3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot in Thy courts remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell. Amen.

SUNSET. D.L.M. MEYER LUTZ.



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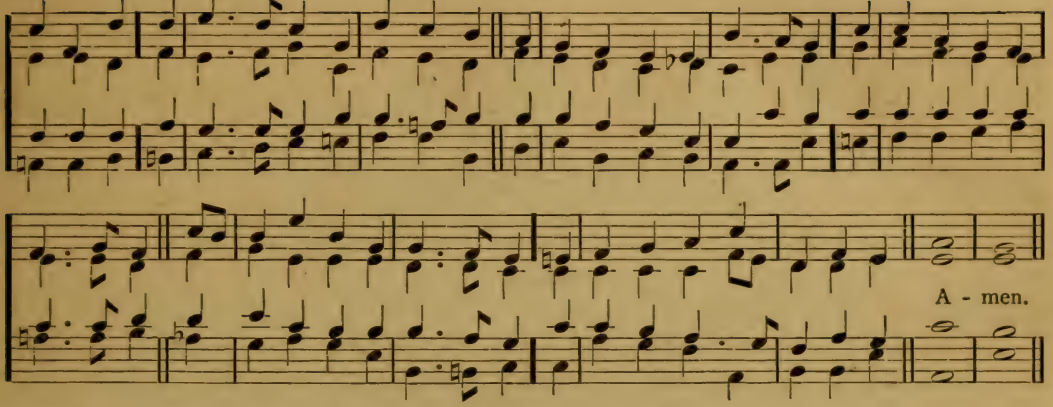


18 "*At even when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased.*"—St. Mark i. 32.

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay:
p Oh, in what divers pains they met!
f Oh, with what joy they went away!
Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

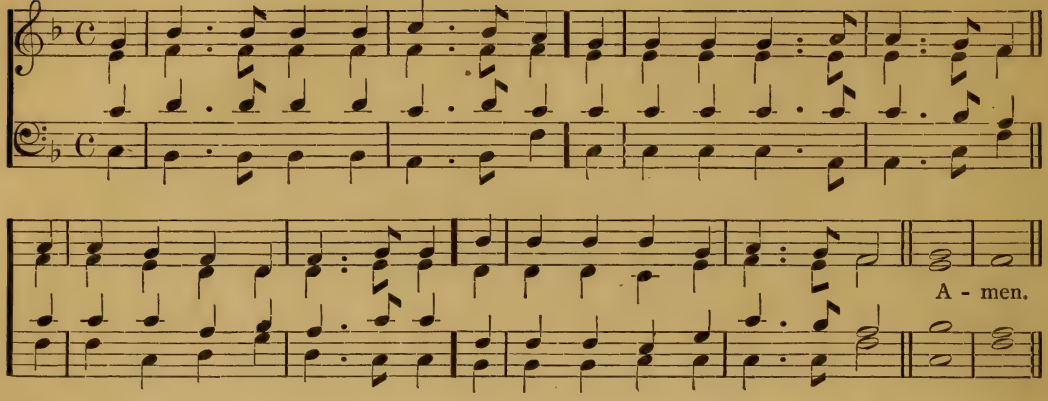
2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

3 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

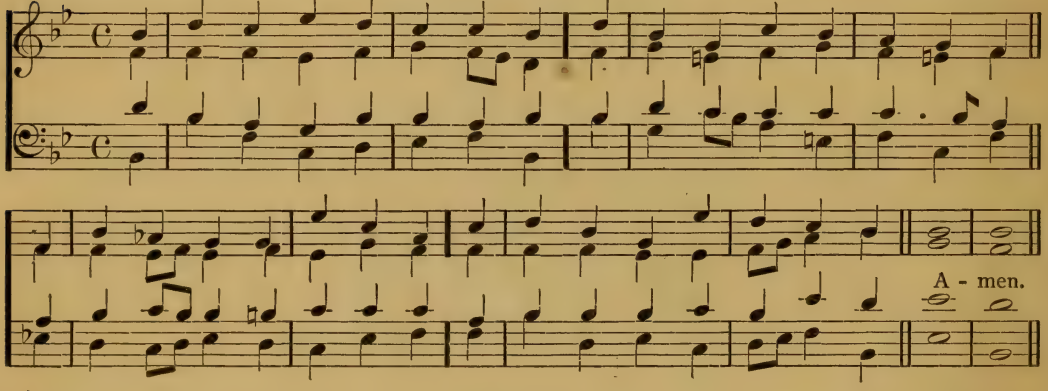
4 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

EVENING.

TE LUCIS. [*First Tune.*] L.M. GREGORIAN MELODY.



LEONBURG. [*Second Tune.*] L.M. GERMAN.



19

"*Thy Name is near.*"—Ps. lxxv. 1.

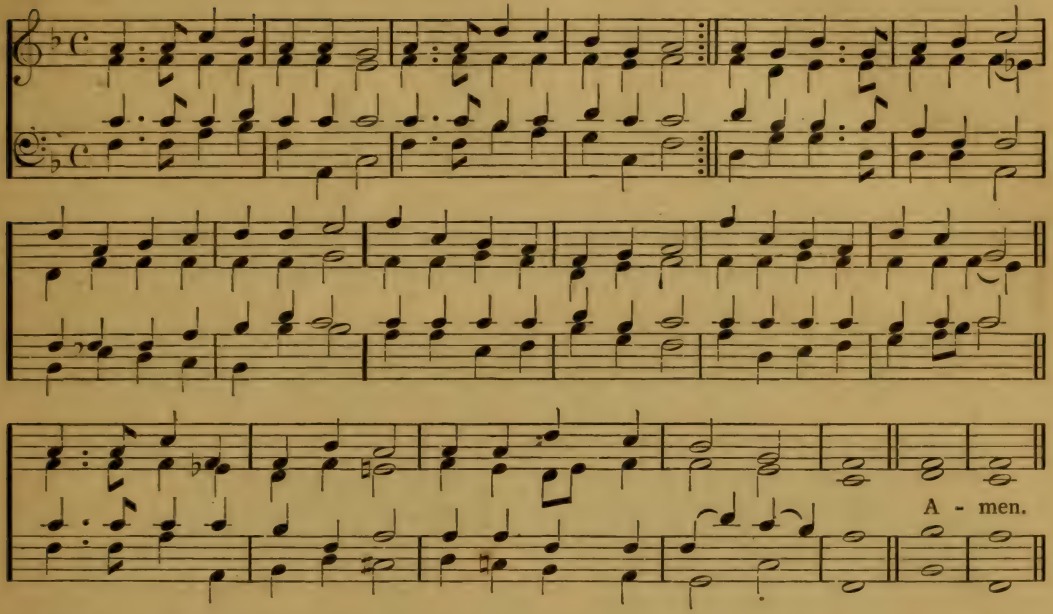
1 BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That thou with wonted love wouldst keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

2 Our souls from evil dreamings keep
Through all the unguarded hours of sleep;
Our ghostly foe do Thou restrain,
So may no sin our bodies stain.

F 3 Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!
Hear Thou our praises while we sing,
Adoring with the heavenly host
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

EVENING.

OAK LEA. Ten 7's. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.



20 *"The sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose."*—Eccles. i. 5.

1 FATHER, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our bed from ill,
Lull Thy creatures to repose.
We to Thee ourselves resign;
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts, and schemes of pride,
Wishes to Thy Cross untrue,
Secret faults, and undescried,
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee
Grant that these may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, let Thy balm
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blessèd Trinity, be near,
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou more clearly present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless heads,
Let Thy Angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our beds,
f Till the flood of morning rays
f Wake us to a song of praise. Amen.

EVENING.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

21

"*Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.*"—Ps. xvii. 8.

F 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

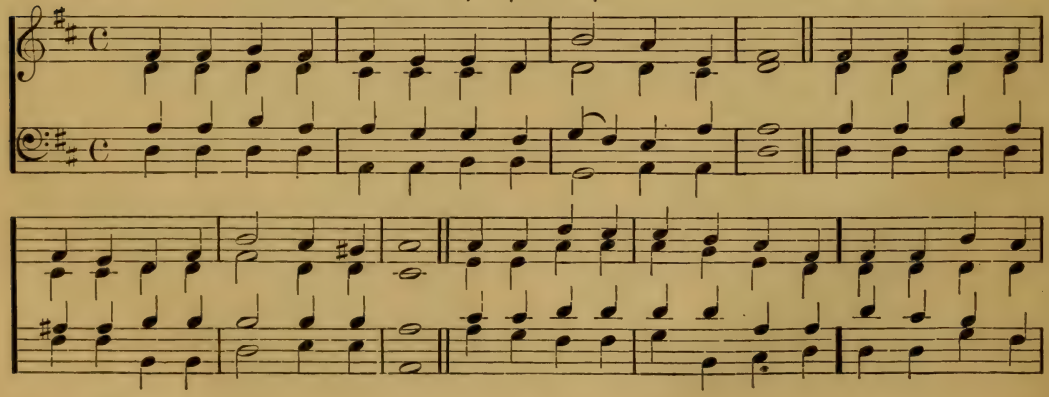
P 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
p Teach me to die, that so I may
p Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

F 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

TEMPLE. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. E. J. HOPKINS.



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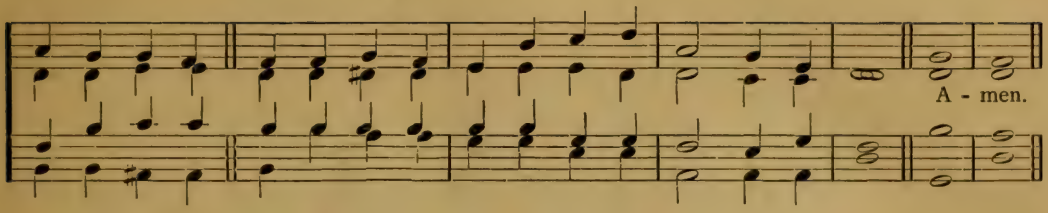
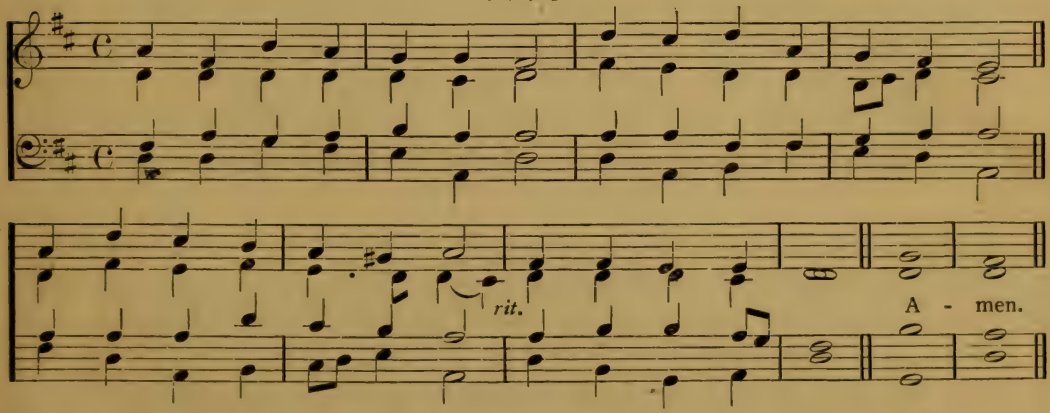


22 *"I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness."*—Ps. xvii. 15.

1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high! Amen.

CAPETOWN. 7·7·7·5. GERMAN.



23 *"At evening-time it shall be light."*—Zech. xiv. 7.

1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at Evening-time.

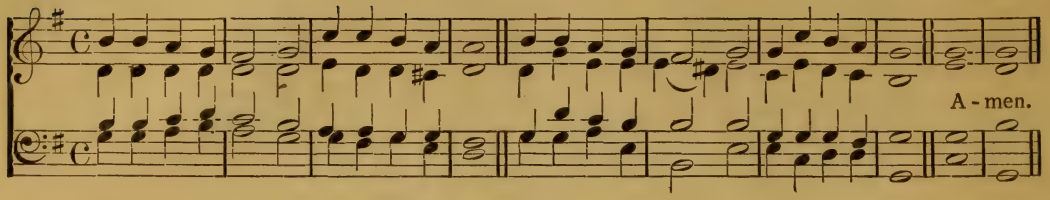
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our latter years
Light at Evening-time.

P 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie:
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at Evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with Thee,
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at Evening-time. Amen.

EVENING.

ST. PHILIP. 6.5.6.5. J. B. DYKES.



24

"Even the night shall be light about me."—Ps. cxxxix. 11.

P 1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;

2 Jesu, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

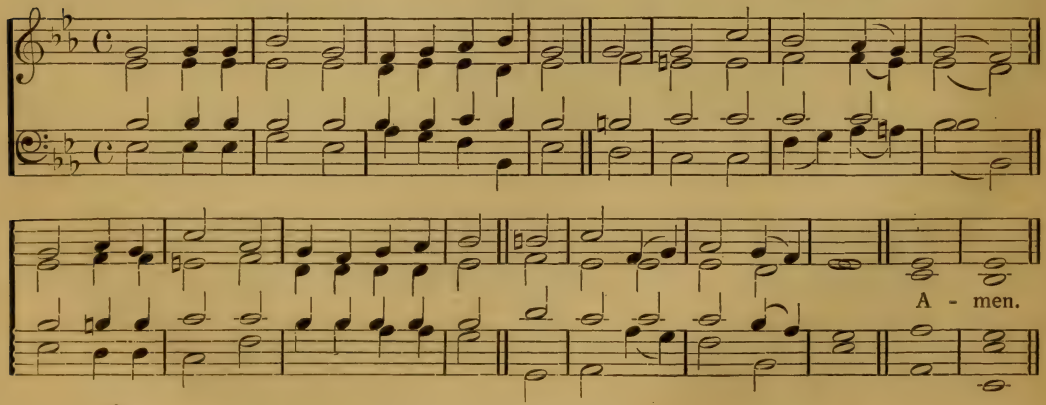
4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Standing round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

F 7 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

ST. NICHOLAS. 10.6.10.6. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



25

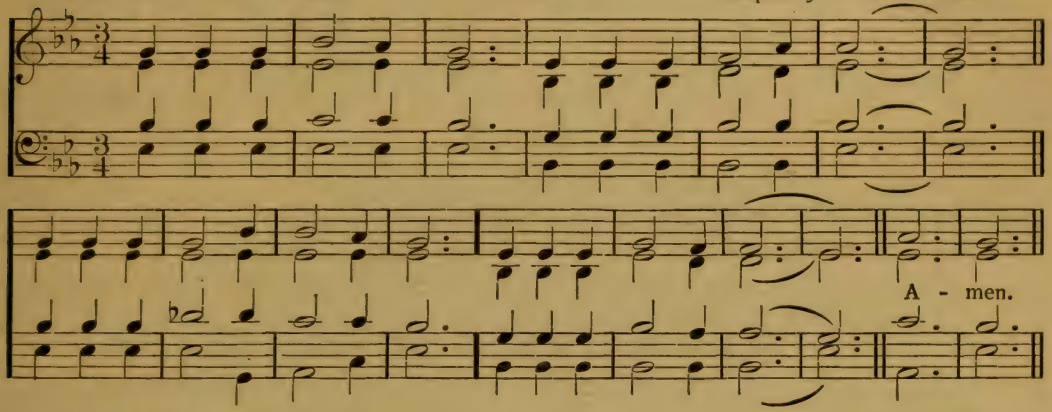
"Being the brightness of His glory."—Heb. i. 3.

1 O BRIGHTNESS of the Eternal Father's Face,
Most holy, heavenly blest;
Lord Jesu Christ, in whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed;

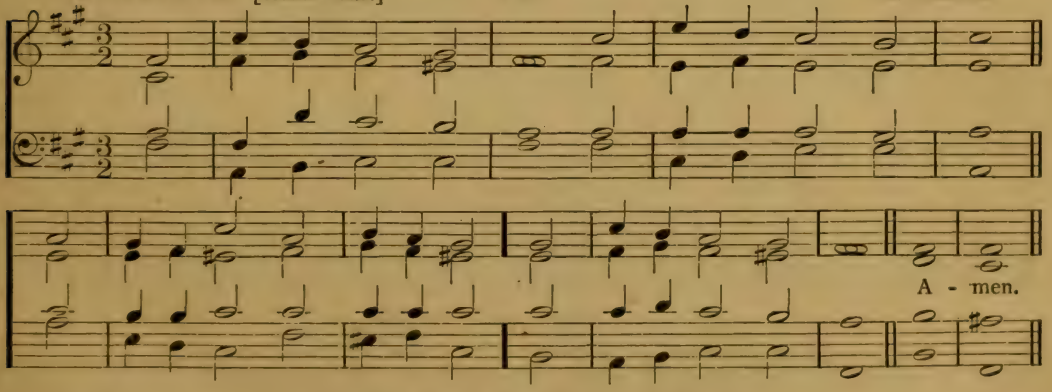
2 Now that the daylight fades, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
We praise once more the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost Divine.

3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Praise from Thy saints, O Lord;
Be Thou, O Son of God, in whom we live,
Through all the world adored! Amen.

LANGTON. [*First Tune.*] S.M. *Adapted by* C. STREATFIELD.



WIRKWORTH. [*Second Tune.*] S.M. DR. GREENE.



26

"The sun shall no more go down."—Isa. lx. 20.

P 1 SAVIOUR, abide with us!
The day is now far gone:
We would obtain a blessing thus
By coming to Thy throne.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land as yet,
Where holy Angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

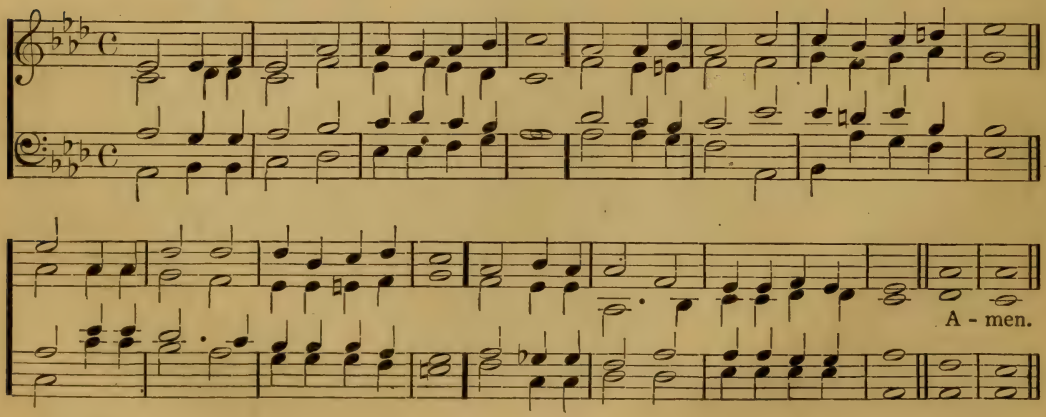
3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
f O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore! Amen.

EVENING.

ADORO TE. [*First Tune.*] 10.10.10.10. OLD FRENCH PLAIN SONG.

VOICES IN UNISON.
ORGAN.
1. Sa - viour, a-gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our part-ing hymn of praise:
rall. . . . . .
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease; Then, low - ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

BENEDICTION. [*Second Tune.*] 10.10.10.10. E. J. HOPKINS.



EVENING.

27

"The Lord will bless His people with peace."—Ps. xxix. 11.

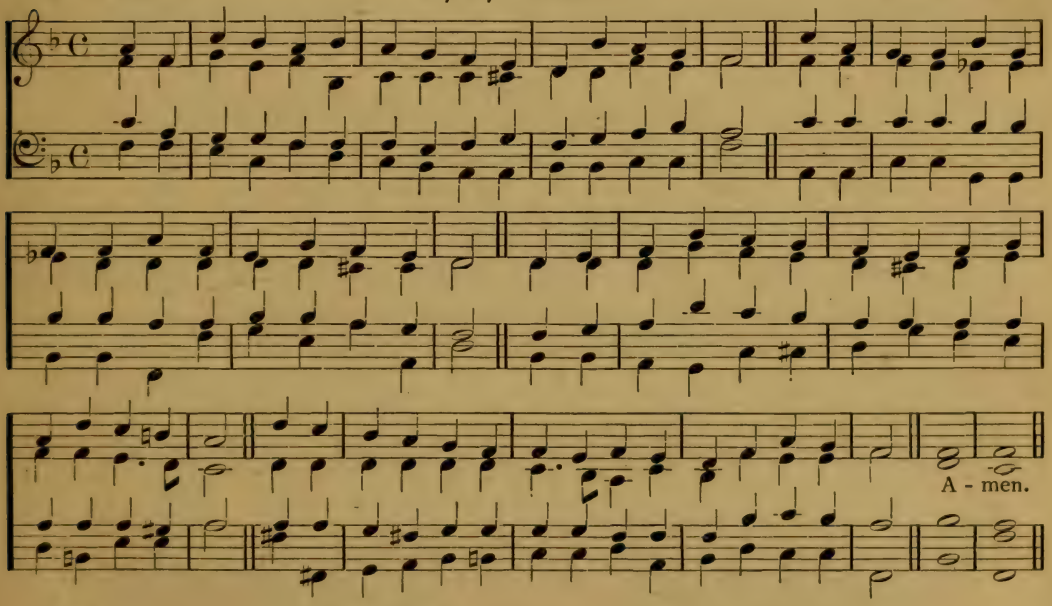
P 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

SALVATOR. 8.7.8.7. DOUBLE. JOHN GOSS.



28

"God fainteth not, neither is weary."—Isa. xl. 28.

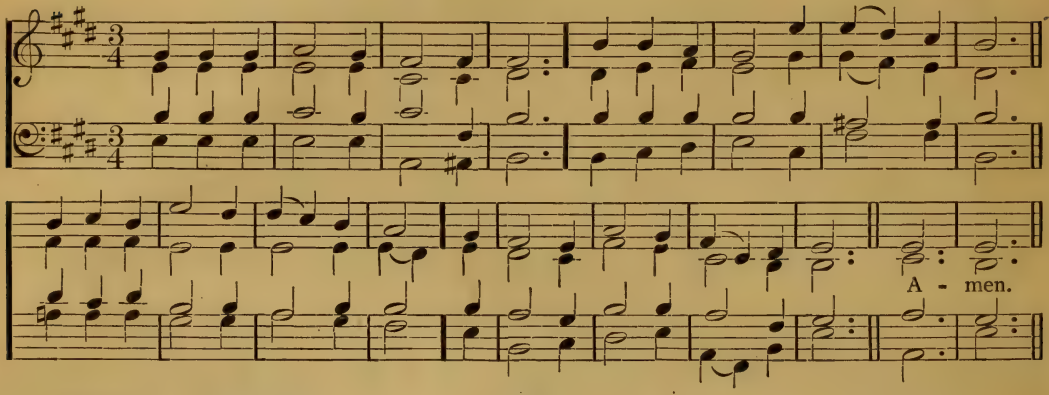
P 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

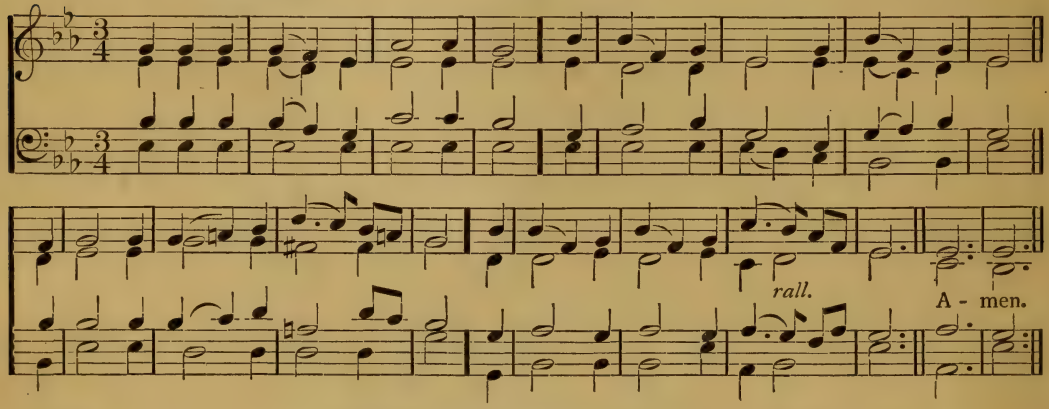
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

cres. 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
dim. May the heavenly morn awake us,
p Clad in bright and deathless bloom. Amen.

SUN OF MY SOUL. [*First Tune.*] L.M. H. PERCY SMITH.



VESPERS. [*Second Tune.*] L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



29

"*The Lord God is a sun.*"—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

P 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

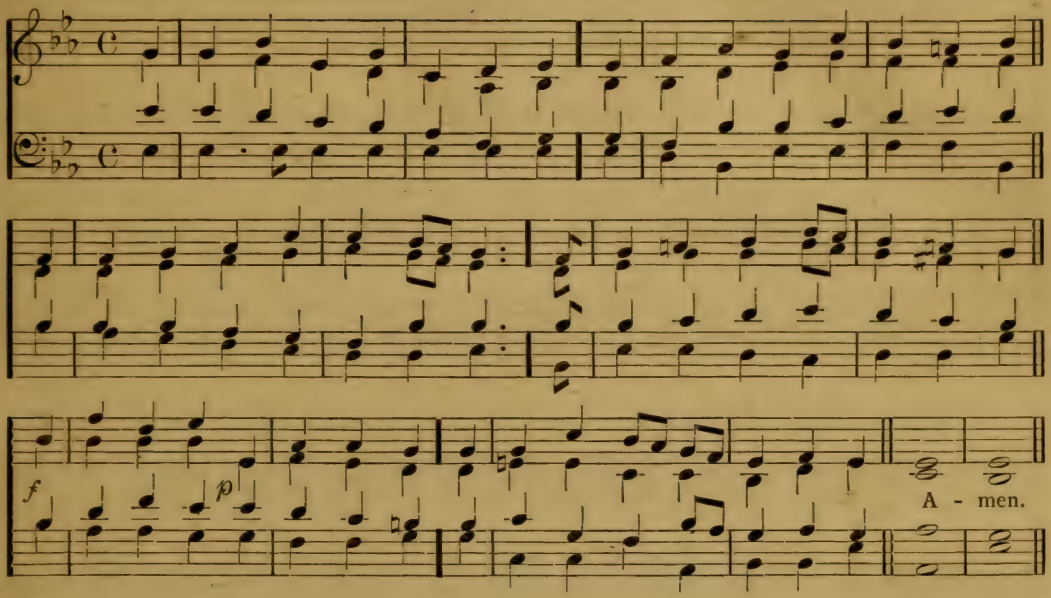
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
cres. Till in the ocean of Thy love,
f We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

EVENING.

VALETE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



30

"*The Lord is my Light.*"—Ps. xxvii. 1.

P 1 SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

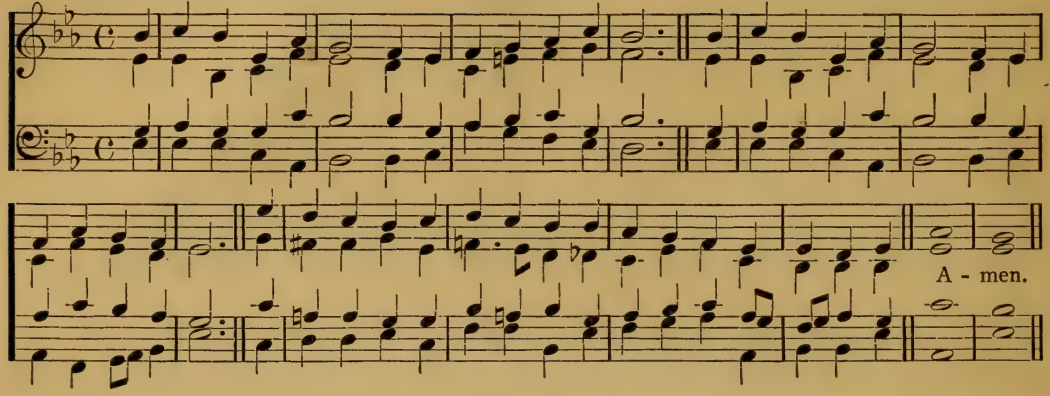
3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

4 All toil is blest, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Let not our works by strife be soiled,
Or by deceit our hearts ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Saviour, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

6 Sweet Saviour! bless us! Night is come,
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee!
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light. Amen.

ST. ANATOLIUS. [*First Tune.*] 7.6.7.6.8.8. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



ST. VINCENT (*or* ST. MATTHIAS). [*Second Tune.*] 7.6.7.6.8.8. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

31

"*It is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety.*"—Ps. iv. 9.

1 THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over:
We lift our hearts to Thee;
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

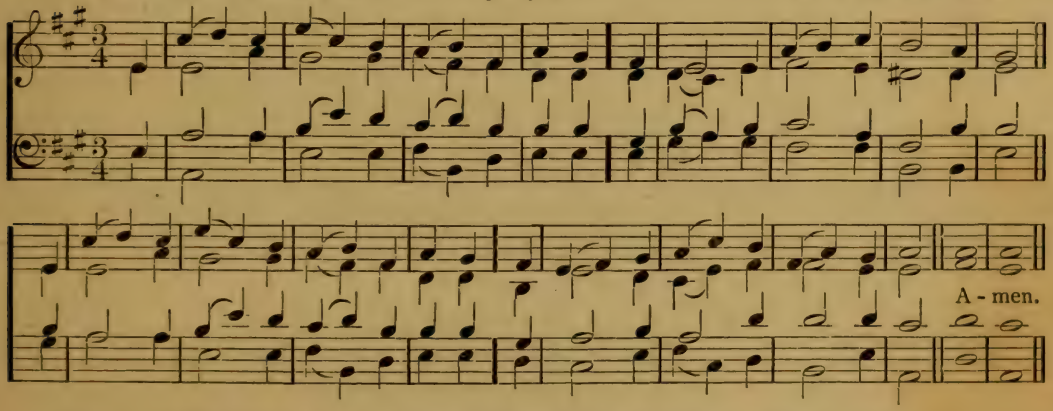
3 The toils of day are over:
We raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

4 Be Thou our soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.
O loving Jesu, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all! Amen.

EVENING.

RADFORD. [*First Tune.*] 9.8.9.8. S. S. WESLEY.

ST. CLEMENT. [*Second Tune.*] 9.8.9.8. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



32

"Their office was to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even."—1 Chron. xxiii. 30.

1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

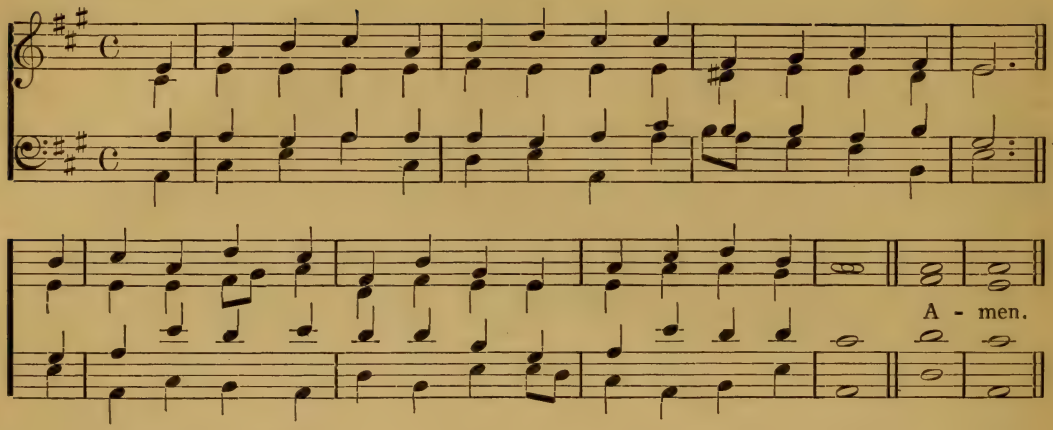
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

EVENING.

ST. JAMES. C.M.



33 *"And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord."*—Exod. xvi. 7.

1 THE splendours of Thy glory, Lord,
Hath no man seen nor known;
And highest Angels veil their eyes
Before Thy shining throne.

p 2 Here we in darkness sit forlorn,
Death's shade upon us lies;
f But night will wane, and o'er our heads
The eternal dayspring rise.

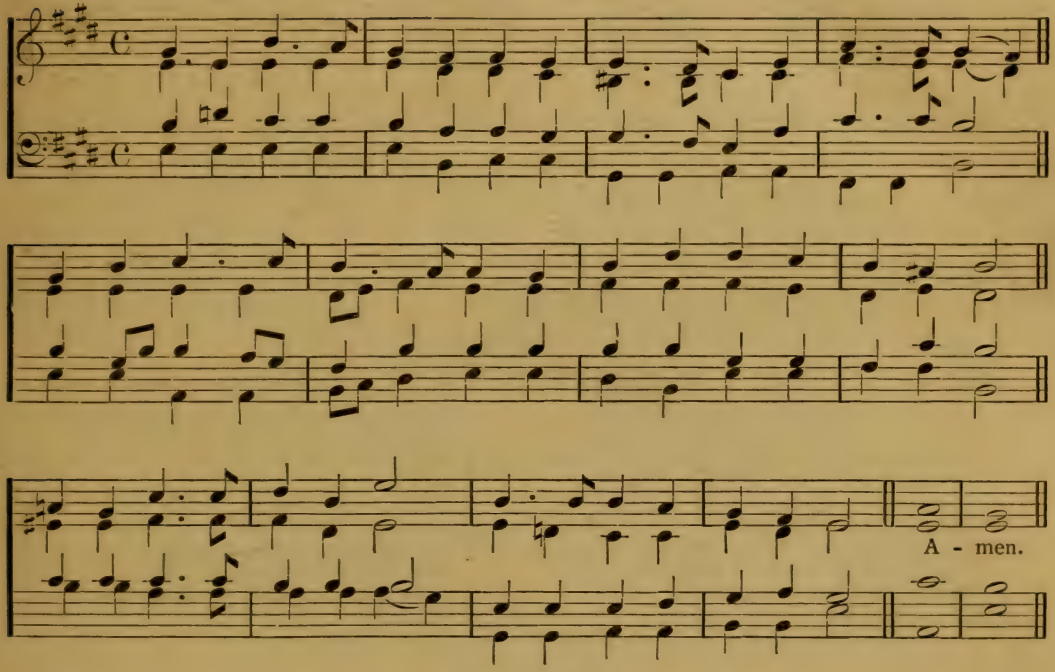
F 3 So bright a day for us prepared,
O Lord, Thou hast in store,
That this all-glorious sun shall fade
Its sevenfold light before.

P 4 But, ah! too long thou lingerest,
Thou long-expected day;
And ere we see thee we must cast
This mortal coil away.

cres. 5 But when our bonds are rent, O God,
Our souls to Thee shall soar,
f And see Thy face, and praise Thee well,
And love Thee evermore.

6 Grant us Thy peace, blest Trinity,
Fair love and saintly might;
And for this dim and fleeting day
Give us immortal light. Amen.

STONELEIGH. 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. S. JEKYLL.



34

"I will make them to lie down safely."—Hos. ii. 18.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

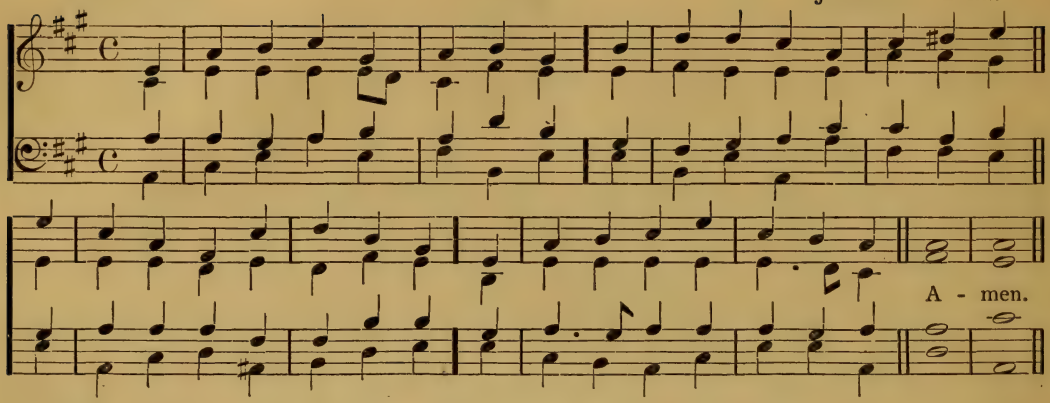
2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

Also the following:—

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide (329).

MIDNIGHT.

BROCKHAM. L.M. JEREMIAH CLARK.



35 *"The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."*—Ps. cxxxix. 12.

1 All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made:
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thee, all glorious Godhead, streams.

2 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight:
My soul, oh, lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great Name!

3 Shine on me, Lord; new life impart;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

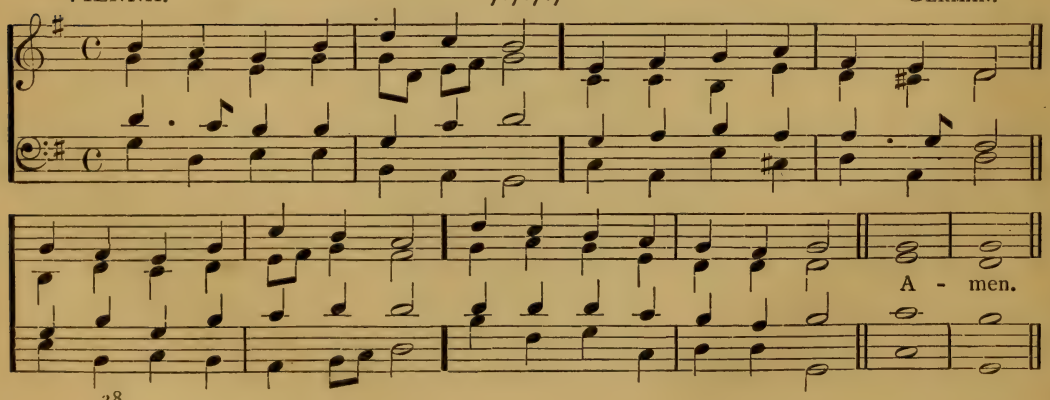
4 Oh, may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand:
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

F 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Also the following:—O God, Thou art my God alone (447).

SUNDAY.

VIENNA. 7·7·7·7· GERMAN.



SUNDAY.

(Early Morning.)

36

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."—Gen. i. 3.

F 1 Morn of morns, the best and first!
When the light from darkness burst;
When the world's true light broke through
Death's stronghold, and rose anew!

2 Darkness heard, and fled away;
Death obeyed, and loosed his prey;
m Oh! shall we, more deaf than all,
m Still refuse our Master's call?

3 No: while earth in shadow lies,
Let the sons of light arise,
And outstrip the morning rays
With their thankful notes of praise.

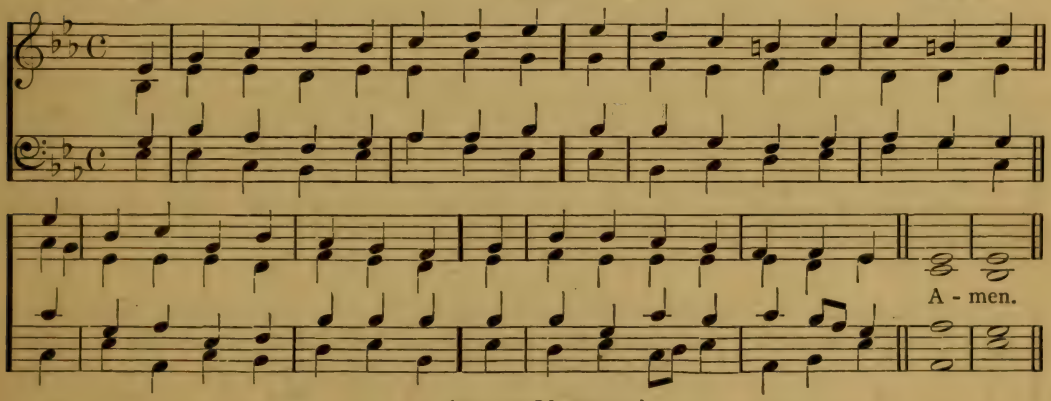
4 Other homes in sleep lie stilled:
Let the House of God be filled;
Law, and prophet, psalm and hymn,
Echoing through the twilight dim.

5 Let the heavenly trumpet's sound
Waken souls in slumber bound;
Bid them rise renewed, restored,
Partners with their rising Lord.

M 6 Fount of mercy! At Thy feet,
Such the blessings we entreat:
Thou the written word didst give,
'Tis Thy Spirit makes it live.

F 7 Praise the Father; praise the Son;
Praise with Both the Holy One,
Spirit, by whose breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine. Amen.

BAVARIA. L.M. GERMAN.



(Early Morning.)

37

"In the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out . . . and prayed."—St. Mark i. 35.

1 On this the day when days began,
When first the light through darkness broke,
The day when God, for us made Man,
Arose from death and burst its yoke;

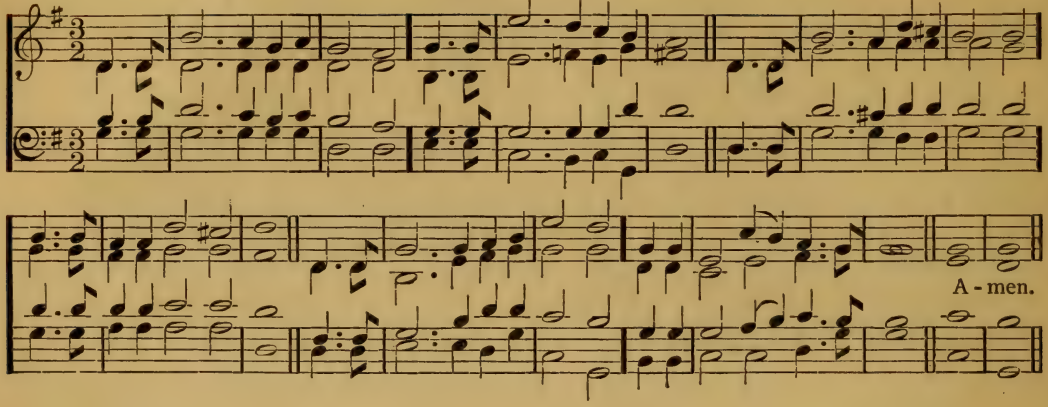
2 With sloth cast off, we early rise,
As David rose by night to praise,
And ask from God's right hand supplies
Of pardoning and restoring grace.

3 On each who in this solemn hour
Of morning stillness comes to pray,
Father of lights, vouchsafe to shower
The fulness of Thy gifts to-day.

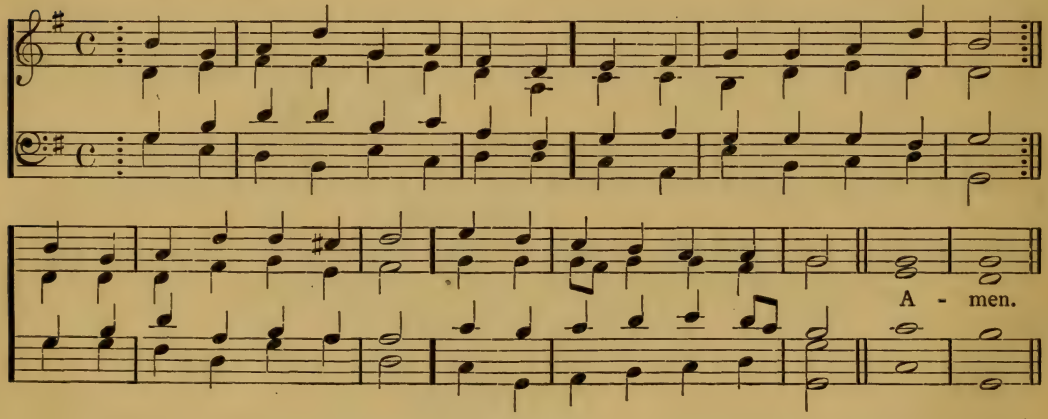
4 Cleanse Thou our heart from thoughts of sin;
Restrain our life from all offence;
Let no unhallowed fire within
Be kindled through the gates of sense.

5 That this may be, to Thee we cry:
Saviour, blot out our guilty past,
And grant us in Thy clemency
The gift of life with Thee at last. Amen.

GRANGE. [*First Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.7.7. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



METZ. [*Second Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.7.7. J. S. BACH.



(MORNING.)

38 "*Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.*"—Ps. cxxxiv. 2.

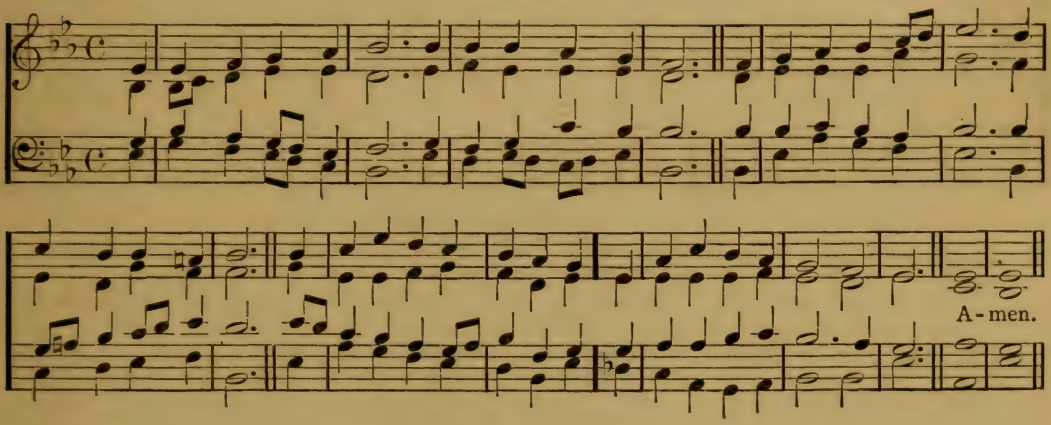
1 ALLELUIA! Fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigour from above.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blessèd moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of His worship
We will seek our joy to-day:
It is then we learn the fulness
Of the grace for which we pray,
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last Thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day. Amen.

BEVAN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. JOHN GOSS.



(MORNING.)

39

"*Praise God in His sanctuary.*"—Ps. cl. 1.

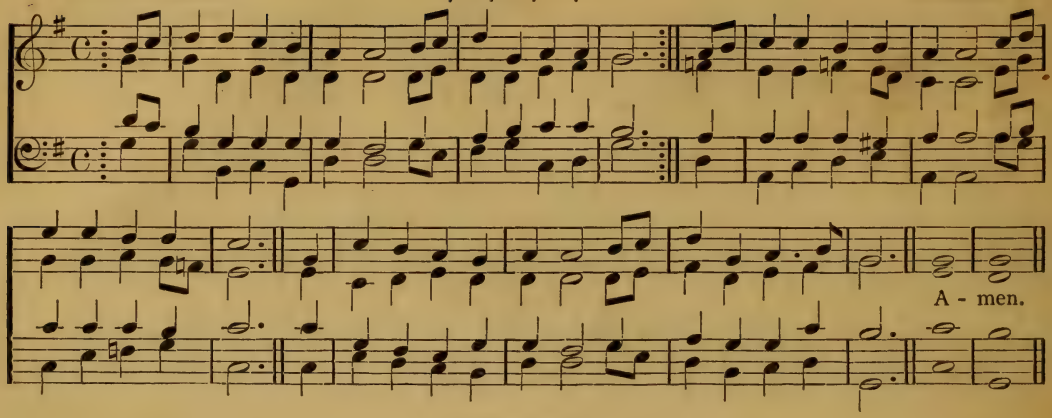
F 1 SERVANTS of God, awake,
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign! Amen.

SUNDAY.

MAGDEBURG. 7.6.7.6.7.6. GERMAN.



(MORNING.)

40

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. xxiii. 2.

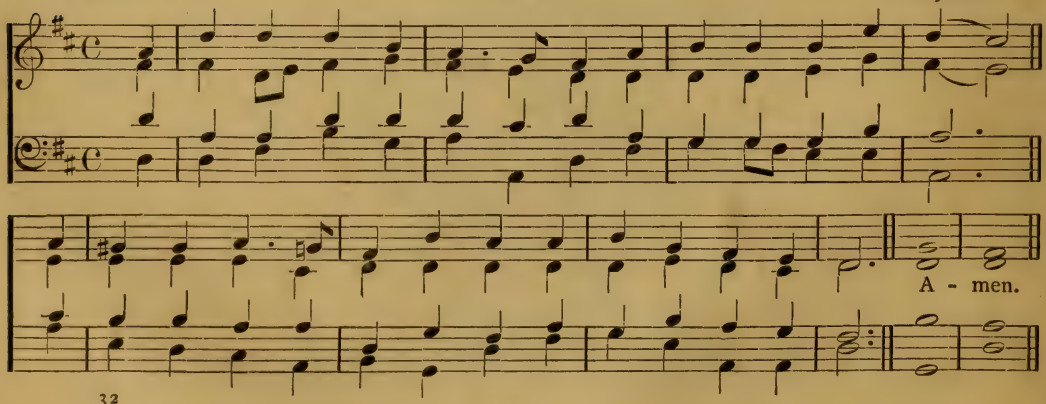
1 THE dawn of God's new Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To cheer a thirsting land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

P 2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all our work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few true conquests won.

3 Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,
Still grant us in our need
Here in Thy holy presence
The saving Name to plead;
And on Thy Day of blessings,
Within Thy temple walls,
To foretaste the pure worship
Of Sion's golden halls:

F 4 Until in joy and gladness
We reach that Home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity! Amen.

ZWINGLE. C.M. *Anonymous.*



SUNDAY.

(MORNING.)

41 *"Ye are all the children of light."*—1 Thess. v. 5.

1 THIS is the day the light was made,
That glorious gift of heaven;
This is the day the Lord arose;
The best of all the seven.

2 This is the day the darkness fled,
And death to life gave way;
And evermore to light and life
God calls His saints to-day.

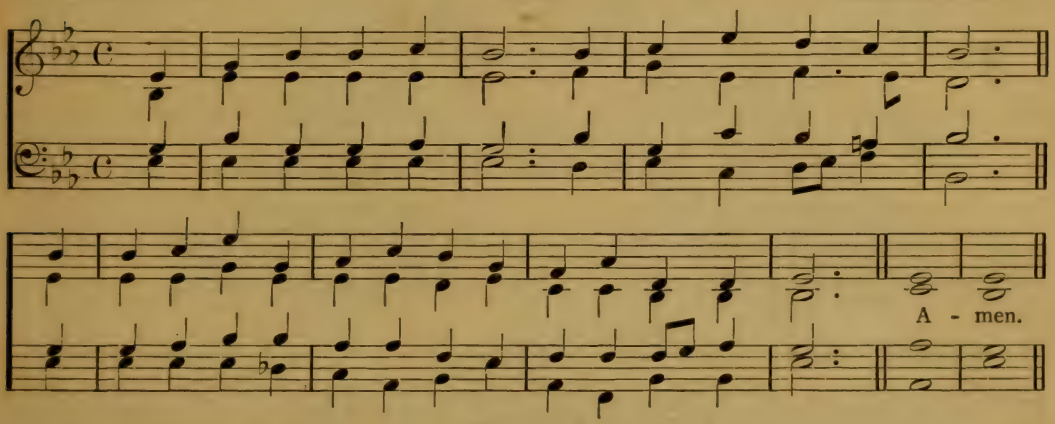
3 Then wake, ye children of the light,
And hearken to His voice,
With early songs of praise draw nigh,
And in His courts rejoice.

4 Let carnal sloth and faithless fear
From every heart be driven,
Spend we this day as they that hope
To spend their rest in heaven.

5 So shall our souls, most holy God,
Thy gracious influence prove,
Enlightened by Thy saving word,
And quickened by Thy love.

F 6 Praise to the Father and the Son:
And equal praise be Thine,
Blest Spirit, who our hearts dost fill,
With light and life divine. Amen.

HOLYROOD. S.M. *Author unknown.*



(EVENING.)

42 *"Praise Him, all His Angels."*—Ps. cxlviii. 2.

1 OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

2 Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

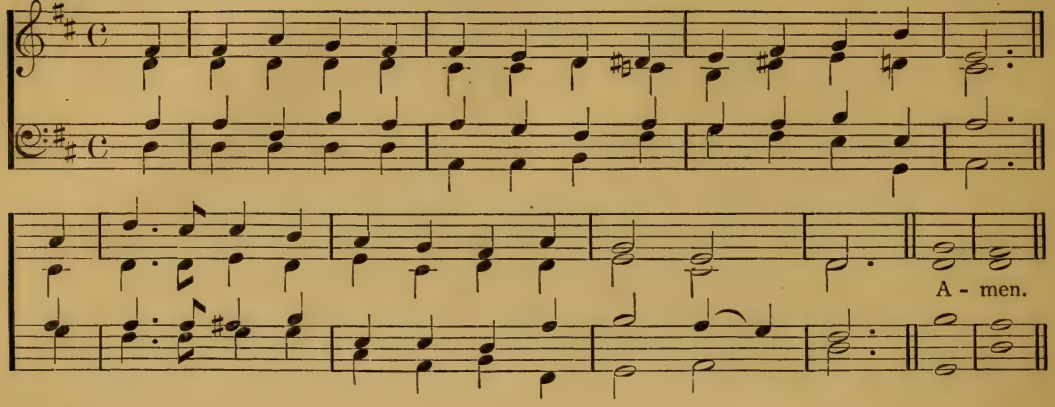
4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine Angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

cres. 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
f And songs of Angels and of men
f In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

SUNDAY.

WREFORD. 8.6.8.4. E. S. CARTER.



43 *"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be always praising Thee."*—Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

1 HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

P 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

P 3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day, by Thee,
For it is Thine.

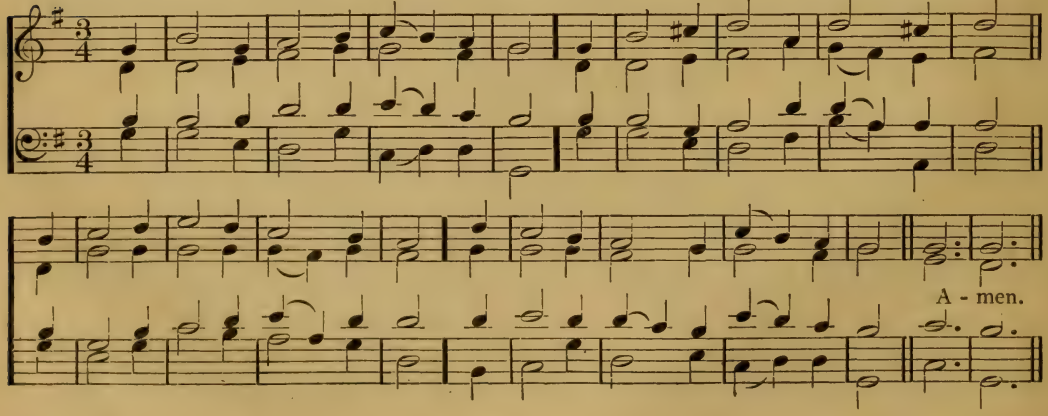
F 5 I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise!

F 6 From choir to battlement and tower
The solemn anthem rolls,
Ascending with the hidden fire
Of ransomed souls.

F 7 All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

8 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven. Amen.

ANGELS' SONG. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS.



44

"The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."—St. Mark ii. 28.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy temple rise.

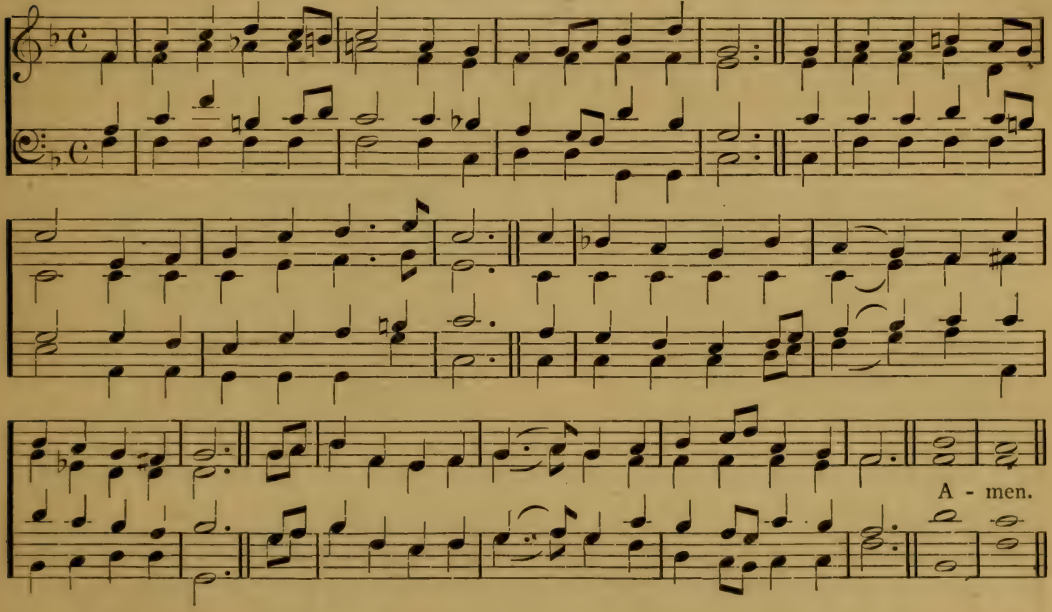
2 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But look for truer rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no waning moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;
And let the world's true Sun arise! Amen.

THE DAY OF REST. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. J. W. ELLIOTT.



45

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."—Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

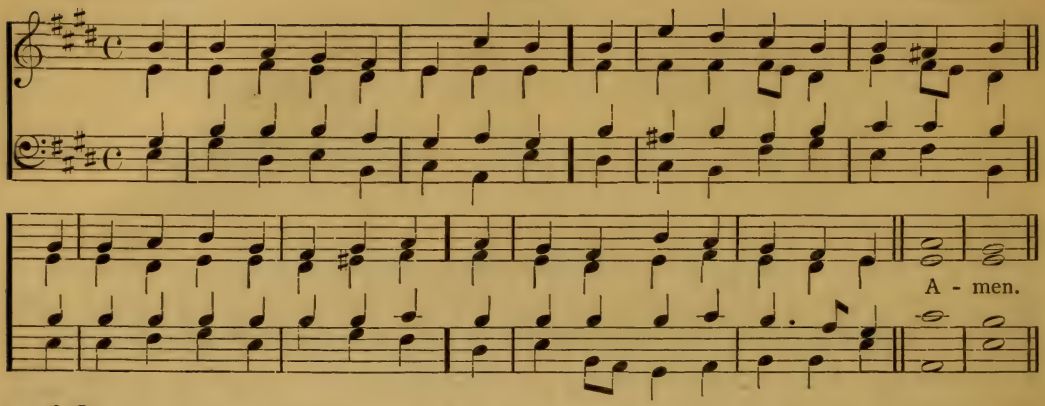
3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home:
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
F To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



46

"The evening and the morning were the first day."—Gen. i. 5.

1 THIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured;
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

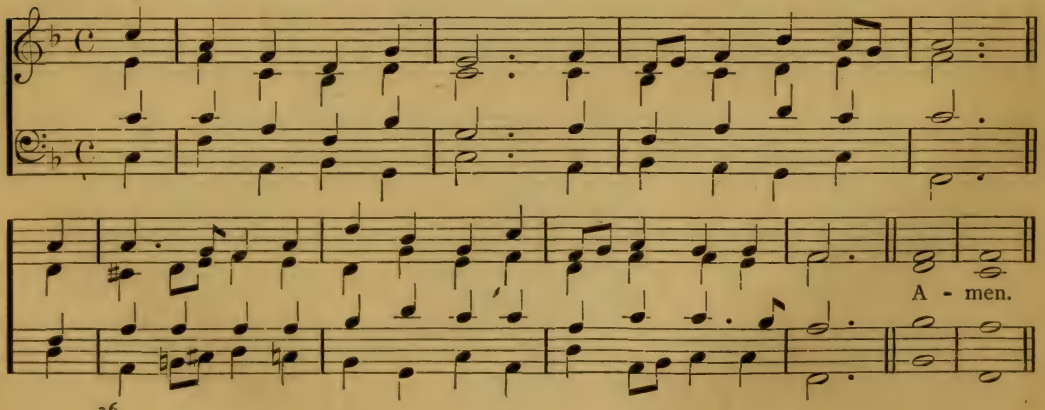
2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesu, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of light, and life, and grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of Love,
Give we again to God above!

F 5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

THE DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. CHARLES STEGGALL.



47

"Quicken us, and we will call upon Thy Name."—Ps. lxxx. 18.

1 THIS is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day!
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

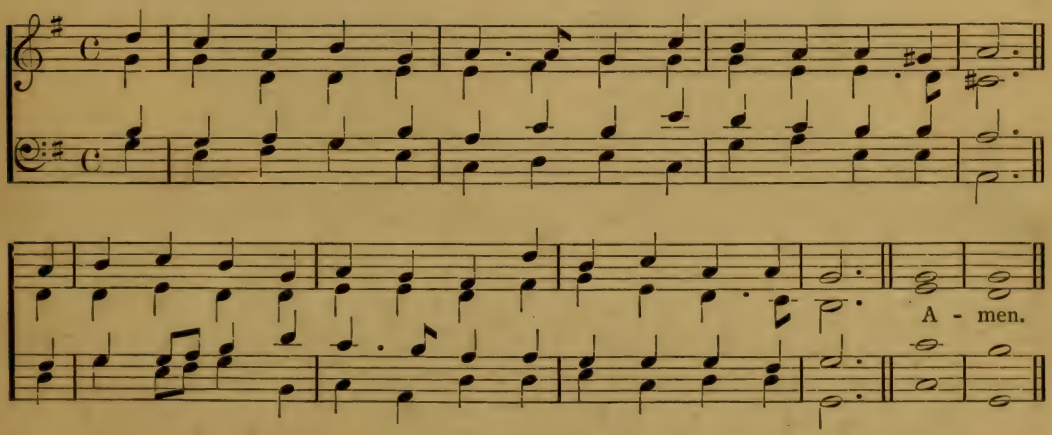
2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace!
Thy Peace our spirits fill!
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease;
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:—
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death! Amen.

BRISTOL. C.M.



48

"This day shall be unto you for a memorial."—Exod. xii. 14.

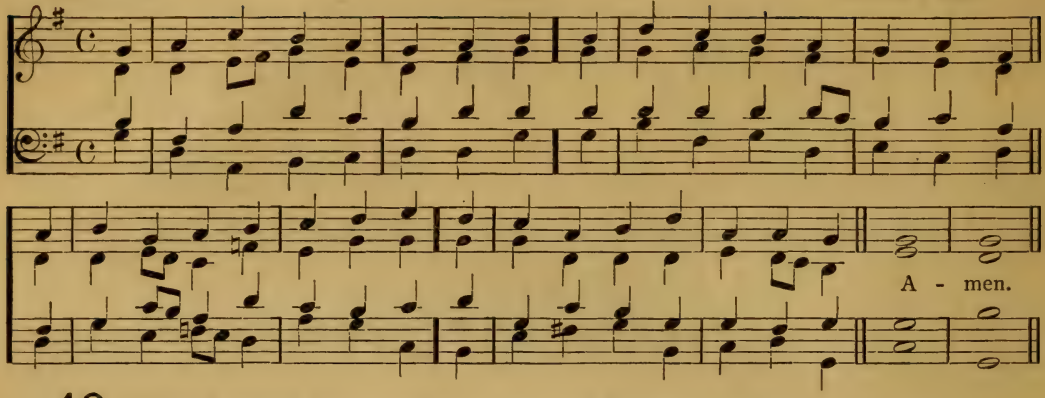
F 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
ff The highest heavens in which He reigns
ff Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

LONDON. L.M. HENRY SMART.



49 *"God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us."*—Ps. lxvii. 1.

1 THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now to heal and bless
With brighter beams than e'er before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there,
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on the temples of Thy grace;
In spotless robes Thy priests be clad;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.

4 Shine too on those for whom we mourn,
Who know not yet Thy healing ray;
Quicken their souls, and bid them turn
To Thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

5 Shine till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding mist from every eye,
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.

cres. 6 Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!
mf Pour richer floods of life and light,
f Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
f That glorious day which knows no night! Amen.

LEIGH. L.M. A. R. REINAGLE.

50 *"I will exalt Thee, I will praise Thy Name."*—Isa. xxv. 1.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Soon may I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

ST. RAPHAEL. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.

(CLOSE OF SERVICE.)

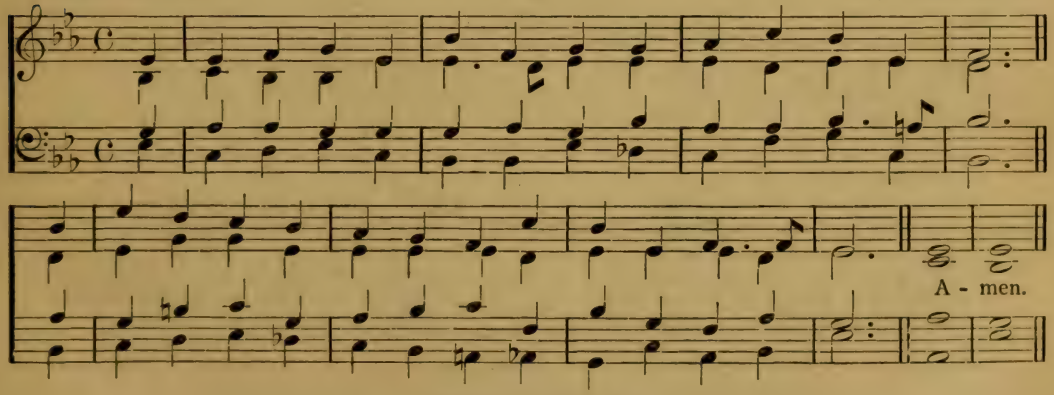
51

"Happy art thou, O Israel."—Deut. xxxiii. 29.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found! Amen.

ST. HUGH. C.M. E. J. HOPKINS.



(CLOSE OF SERVICE.)

52

"The Lord be with you."—Ruth ii. 4.

P 1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of Peace upon us send,
Before His Courts we leave.

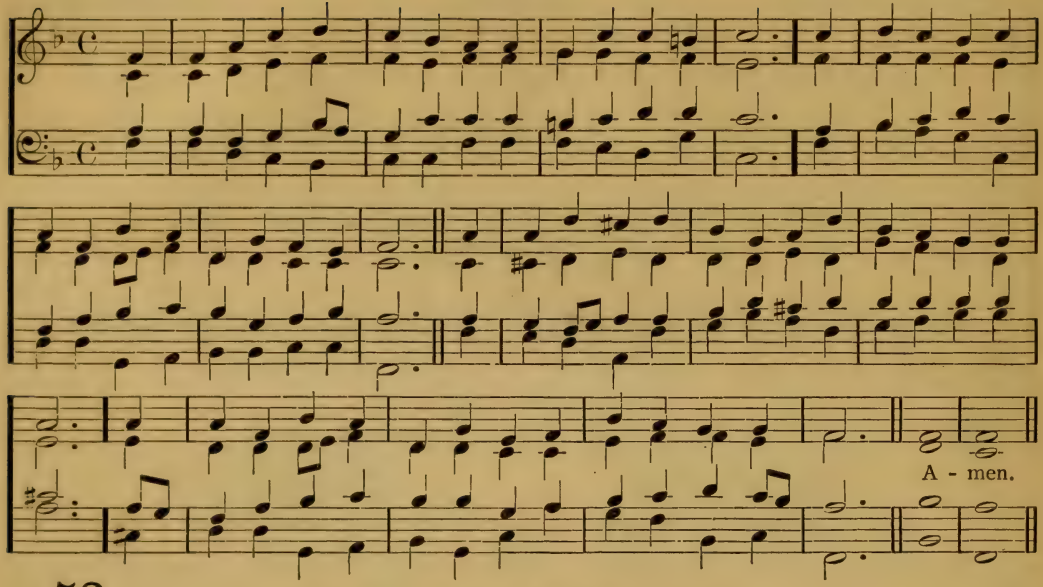
2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep. Amen.

Also the following:—OH, what the joy and the glory must be. (476)

GRETTON. D.C.M. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



53

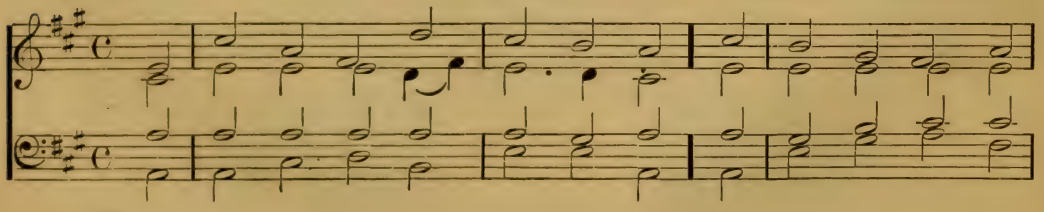
"Do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. iii. 17.

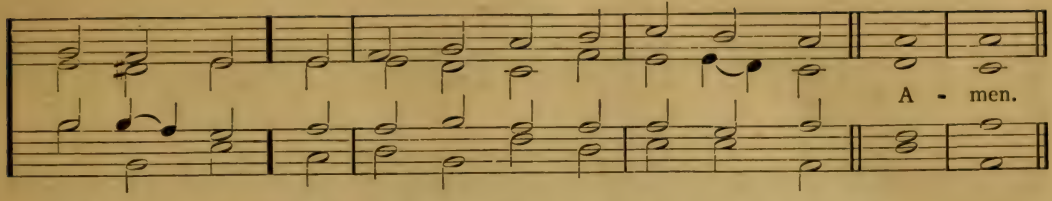
1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy Holy Place
To rest awhile with Thee.
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. Amen.

DELHI. 8.8.8. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.





54

"Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."—Ps. cxli. 2.

1 O Lord, it is a blessèd thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering;

2 Before Thy glorious throne to stand,
Albeit but a little band,
Led by our holy Mother's hand.

3 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray,
For blessings on the coming day;

4 And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

5 O Jesu, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armour bright.

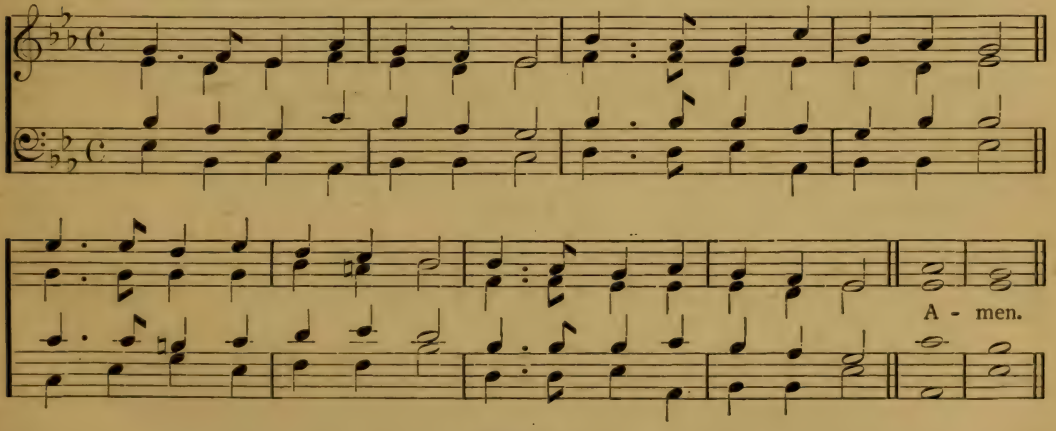
6 And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
Oh, then be Thou our Light once more!

7 Light of the world! with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide,
At morn, and noon, and eventide. Amen.

Also the following :—

Father, we love Thy house of prayer. (360)

Ancient Litany. 7.7.7.7.



(Monday.)

55

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

1 YESTERDAY with worship blest
Passed our day of hallowed rest:
Lord, to-day we meet once more
Grace and mercy to implore.

2 Not one day alone shall be
Given, O God of love, to Thee;
Work and rest alike are Thine;
Brighten all with love divine.

3 Through the passing of the week,
Father, we Thy presence seek:
Midst this world's deceitful maze
Keep us, Lord, in all our ways.

4 Oh, what snares our path beset!
Oh, what cares our spirits fret!
Let no earthly thing, we pray,
Draw our souls from Thee away.

5 Thou hast set our daily task;
Grace and strength from Thee we ask:
Thou our joys and griefs dost send;
To Thy will our spirits bend.

6 Still in duty's lowly round
Be our patient footsteps found:
With Thy counsel guide us here,
Till in glory we appear. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

TUESDAY.

56 *"See then that ye walk circumspectly . . . redeeming the time."*—Eph. v. 15, 16.

1 ANOTHER day begun!
Lord, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.

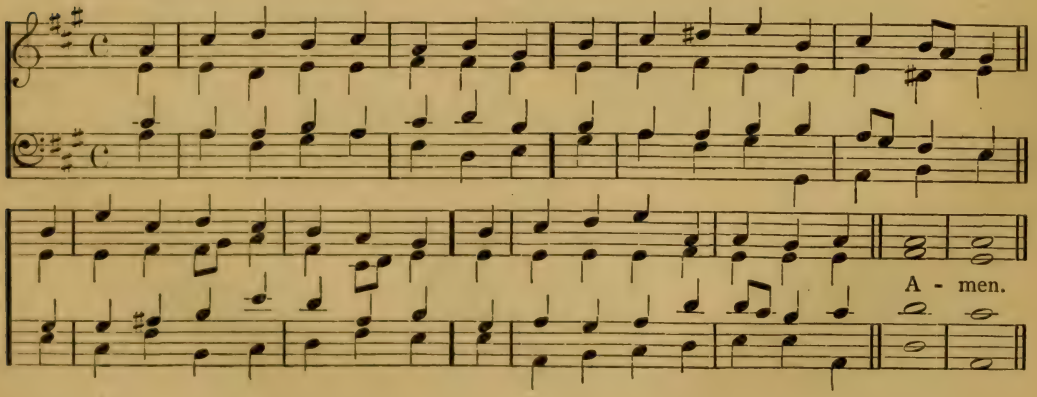
2 Another day of toil!
To Thee we yield our powers;
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil
Through all the passing hours.

3 Another day of fear!
For watchful is our foe;
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

4 Another day of hope!
For Thou art with us still;
And Thine almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

5 Another day of grace
To help us on our way!
One step towards the Resting-place—
The eternal Sabbath-day. Amen.

ALFRETON. L.M.



WEEK DAYS.

WEDNESDAY.

57 *"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."*—St. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 THOU, in whose Name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thine own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O Lord!

2 To-day our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

3 Thou by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be Thou our counsel, strength, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

4 Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share;
Give steadfast wills Thy Cross to bear;
And when life's working days are past
Give rest with all Thy saints at last. Amen.

ST. ANN. C.M. DR. CROFT.

THURSDAY.

58 *"He was received up into heaven."*—St. Mark xvi. 19.

1 ASCENDED Lord, accept our praise,
As, with adoring eye,
From this dim earth we lift our gaze
To Thy bright Home on high.

2 We may not stay our lingering feet
Upon the sacred hill,
Nor with blest dreams and visions sweet
Stand gazing upward still.

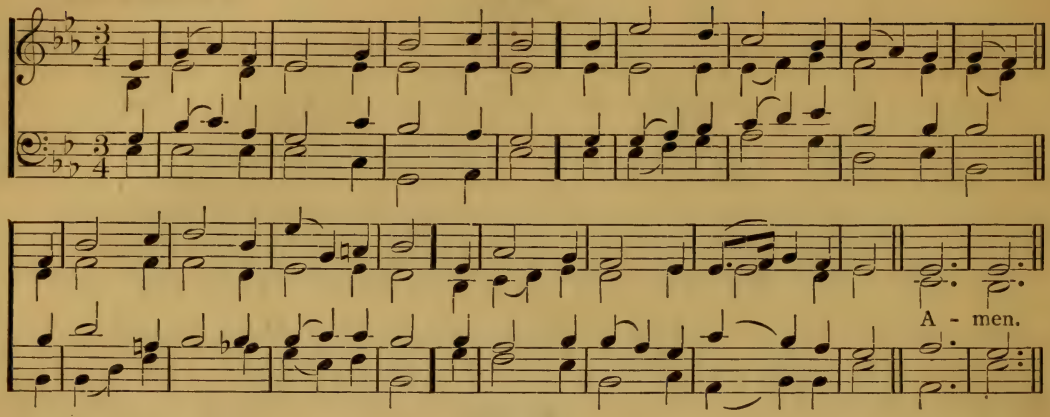
3 For Thou, Lord, shalt once more appear;
And we would seek Thy grace
To tread our lowly pathway here,
Until we see Thy Face.

4 And week by week we ask this day
Fresh gleams of heavenly light,
To cheer us on our toilsome way,
And brighten all our night.

F 5 Then praise to Thee, ascended Lord,
O Father, praise to Thee,
And Thou, O Spirit, be adored,
One God in Trinity. Amen.

WEEK DAYS.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



FRIDAY.

59 *"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross."*—St. Matt. xvi. 24.

P 1 O JESU, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

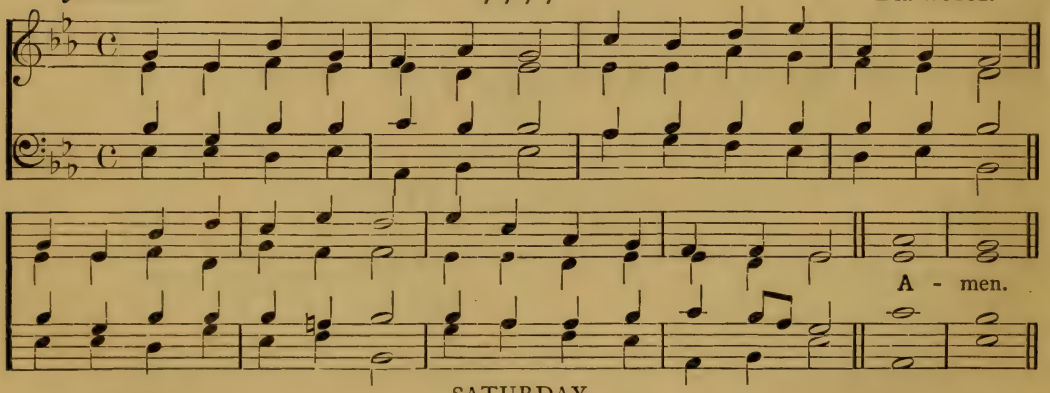
2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily Cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our Cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy Blood our pardon there,
cres. And through the Cross attain the Crown. Amen.

JERSEY. 7.7.7.7. DR. BOYCE.



SATURDAY.

60 *"God did rest the seventh day from all His works."*—Heb. iv. 4.

P 1 SABBATH of the saints of old;
Day of mysteries manifold;
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest!

2 Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word;
Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay.

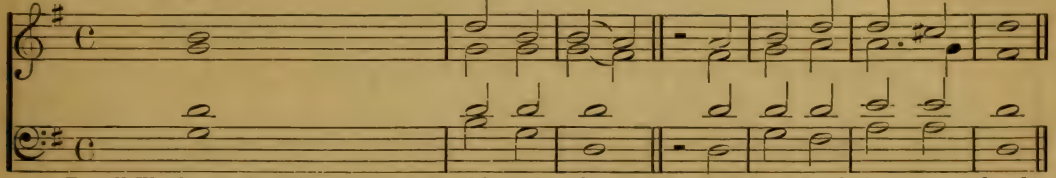
3 Till that tomb she might draw near,
Till the morrow should appear,
All the seventh day between
Rested mournful Magdalene.

4 So with Thee, till life shall end,
Lord, our vigil we would spend;
So in patient watch remain
Until Thou appear again.

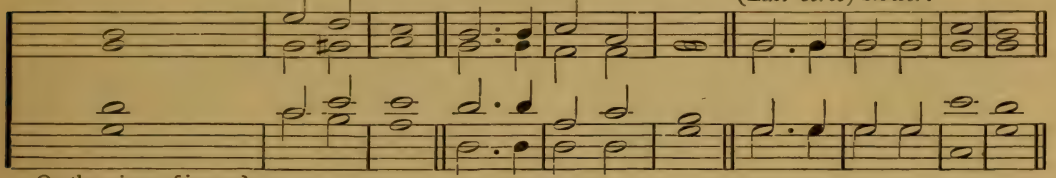
M 5 Then, Thy new creation done,
Then, Thy endless rest begun,
Saved from danger, freed from sin,
We with Thee shall enter in. Amen.

SPRING.

SPRINGTIME. P.M.



(*Last verse*) *Slower.*



SPRING.

61 "*The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.*"—Cant. ii. 12.

F 1 For all Thy love and goodness, so bounti | ful and free,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar | up to Thee:
Glory to the Lord:

2 The Springtime breaks all round about, waking from | winter's night:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of | golden light:
Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in | all the air:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
All nature singeth aloud to God; there is gladness | everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

4 The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and | on the plain:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the | trees again:
Glory to the Lord!

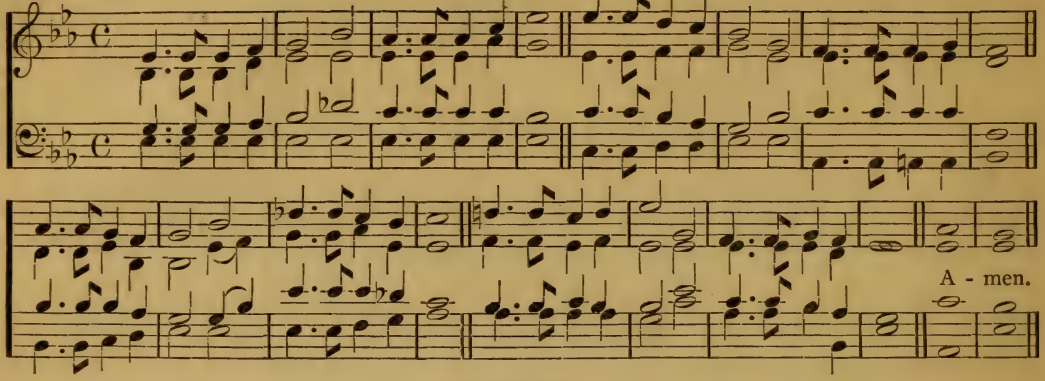
5 The works of Thy hands are very fair; and for all Thy | bounteous love
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better | Land above?
Glory to the Lord!

6 Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their | wintry grave!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall | come to save!
Glory to the Lord!

7 Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where the heart cannot | choose but sing!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessèd ones is a beautiful | endless Spring!
Glory to the Lord! Alleluia. Amen.

SUMMER.

RUTH. 6.5.6.5. D.



SUMMER.

62 *"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."*—Eccles. xi. 7.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
f All earth's thousand voices
f Swell the psalm of praise.

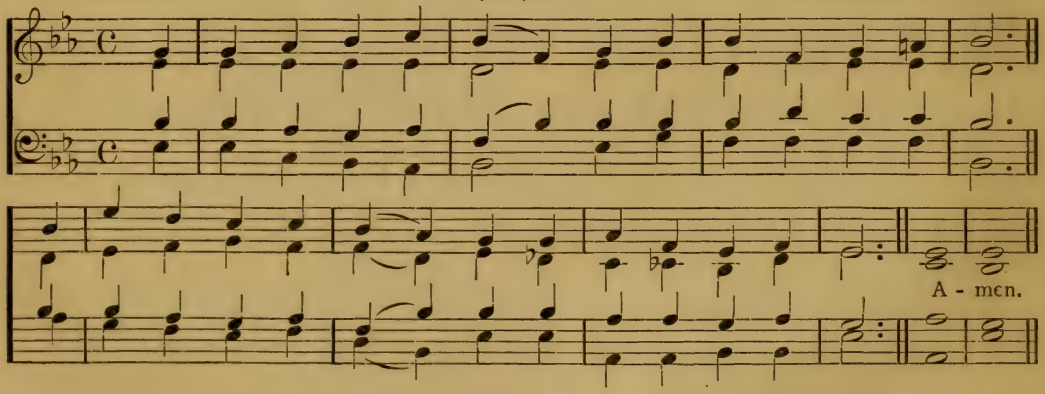
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
F Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And when clouds are drifting
p Dark across our sky,
cres. Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN. 7·6.7.6. FREDERICK ILIFFE.



AUTUMN.

63 *"He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons."*—Acts xiv. 17.

1 THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding:
The end is nearing fast.

p 2 The ever-changing seasons
p In silence come and go;
f But Thou, Eternal Father,
f No time or change canst know.

AUTUMN.

3 Oh! pour Thy Grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5 Oh! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
cres. That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face. Amen.

WINTER.

CLARENCE. 7·7·7·7. *Arranged by the Editor.*

WINTER.

64 *"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."*—Job xxxvii. 21.

P 1 WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

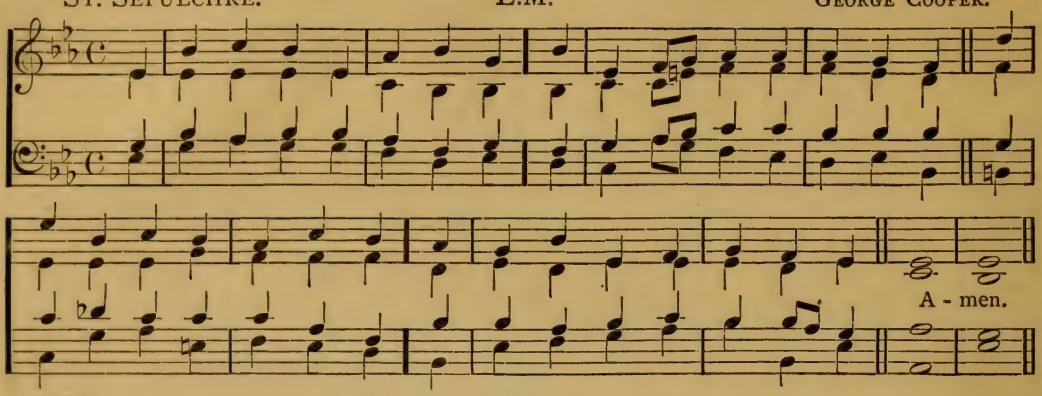
4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

F 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

F 6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

ADVENT.

ST. SEPULCHRE. L.M. GEORGE COOPER.



65 *"The Redeemer shall come."*—Isa. lix. 20.

1 CREATOR of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting light,
O Christ, Redeemer, bow Thine ear;
In mercy our petitions hear.

2 Thou, who, for grief that all mankind
In death their hopeless doom should find,
Didst come to save a guilty race
By healing gifts of heavenly grace;

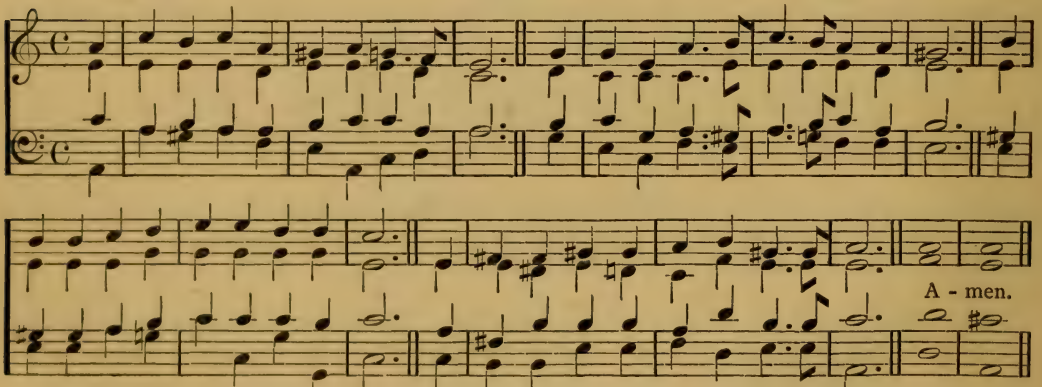
3 Who didst our very flesh assume,
Abhorring not the Virgin's womb;
That so to God on high might rise
An all-atoning Sacrifice;

4 At whose great Name of glory now
All knees in lowly homage bow;
Whom things in heaven and earth adore,
Their mighty King for evermore:

5 To Thee, O Holy One! we pray,
Our Judge in that tremendous day;
Ward off, while yet we dwell below,
The weapons of our crafty foe.

F 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

CONGLETON. 10.10.10.10. MICHAEL WISE.



66 *"They that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, 'Hosanna!' . . And Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple."*—St. Mark xi. 9, 15.

1 DRAW nigh to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord,
Thy faithful people cry with one accord;
Ride on triumphantly! Behold, we lay
Our passions, lusts, and proud wills in Thy way!

2 Thy road is ready; and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous Feet;
And silently Thy promised Advent greet.

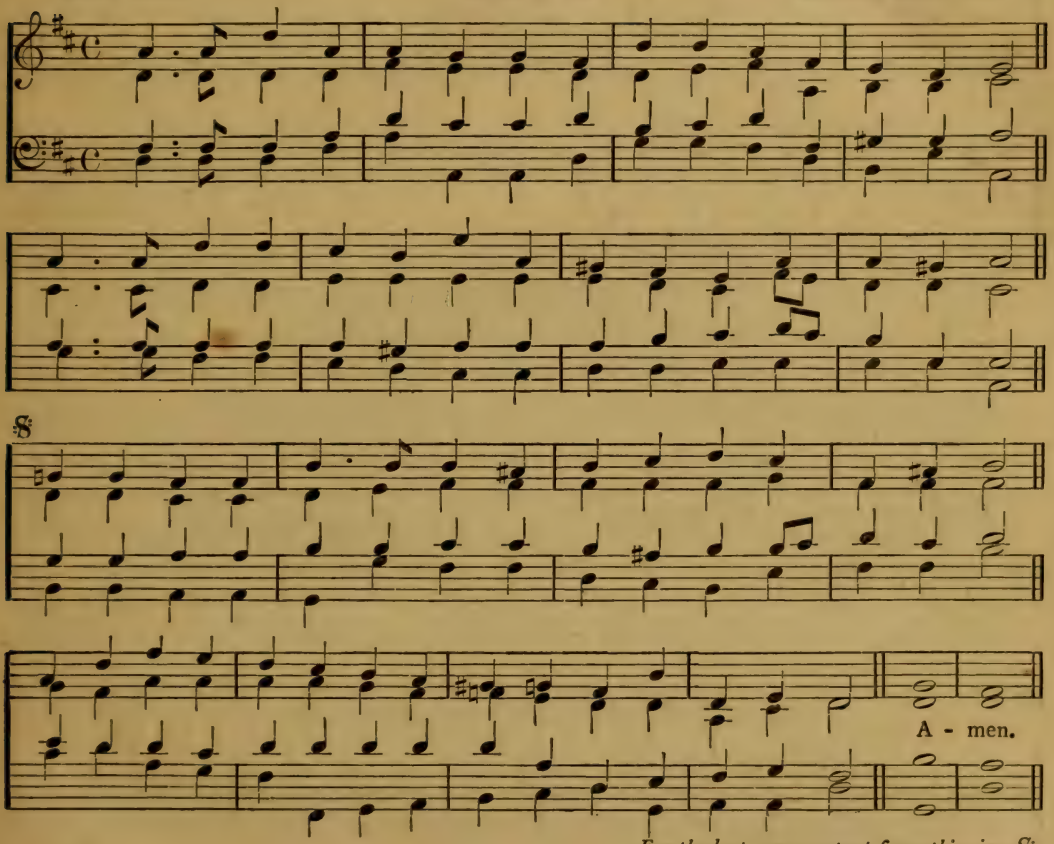
ADVENT.

3 Hosanna! Welcome to our hearts! For here
Thou hast a temple too, as Sion dear,
Yea, dear as Sion, and as full of sin;
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.

4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
O'erthrow them all, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Where Thou hast chosen, Lord, to set Thy face.

p 5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall faithlessly
p Be mute in praises of Thy Deity,
f The very temple stones shall loud repeat
f Hosanna! and Thy glorious footsteps greet. Amen.

LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



For the last verse, repeat from this sign S.

67

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."—Rom. xiii. 11.

1 HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding:
'Christ is nigh!' it seems to say;
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!'

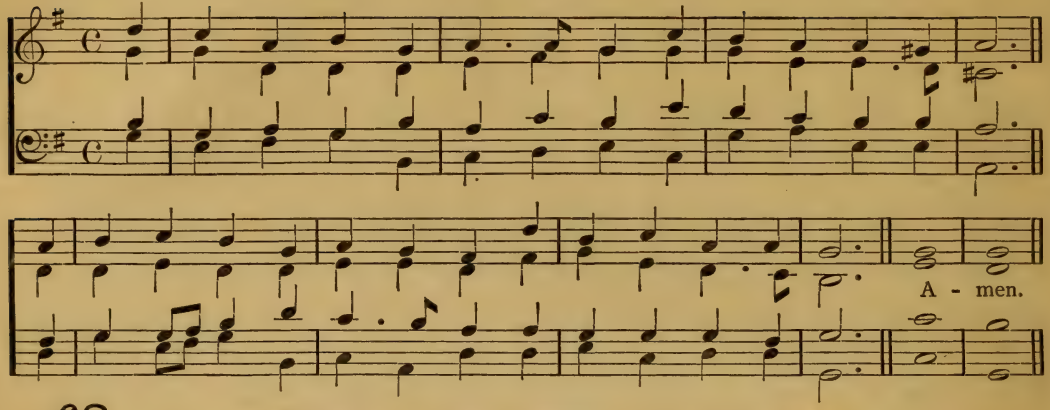
2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
All the powers of darkness vanish;
Christ, our Day Star, mounts the skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven:
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So when next He shines in glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
Not for chastening, but salvation,
Unto us shall He appear.

F 5 Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

BRISTOL. C.M.



68

"To the poor the Gospel is preached."—St. Luke vii. 22.

F 1 HARK, the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

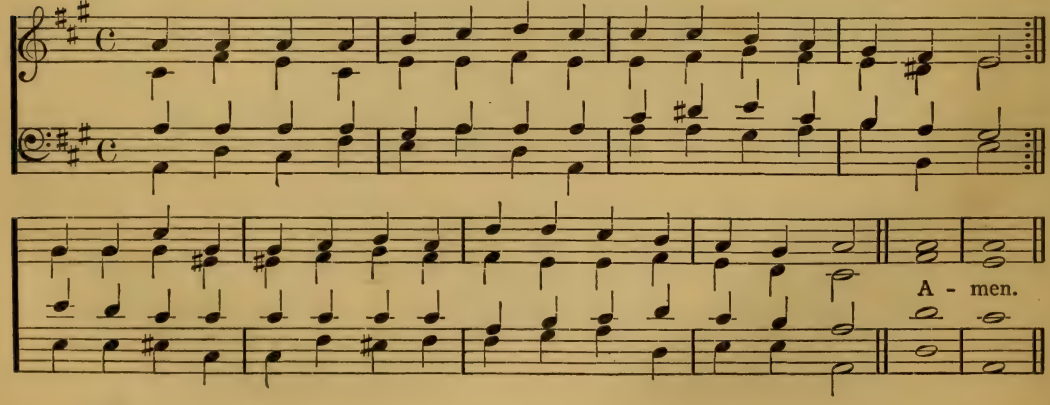
2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7.



69

"Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints."—St. Jude 14.

1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
F Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign!

P 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now Redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

F 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Oh, come quickly;
Everlasting God, come down! Amen.

LEONBURG. L.M. GERMAN.

70

"Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it."—Eph. v. 25.

1 O GLORY of Thy chosen race,
Light of the nations, show Thy face;
We wait in faith Thy lowly birth,
God's glory veiled to bless the earth.

2 Thee, Son of God, from heaven's high seat,
Thee, Virgin-born, we long to greet;
Redeemed by Thee, all worlds proclaim
The wonder of Thy Twofold Name.

3 This earth hath seen Thy sojourn, Lord,
Who now art high in heaven adored;
p In Hell's dim vale Thy footsteps trod:
f The star-worlds hymned Thee back to God.

4 O mighty Saviour, King divine,
Subdue this realm of flesh made Thine:
Its feeble frame cries out for Thee;
Thy touch, Thy life, alone make free.

5 E'en now Thy manger gleams afar,
To waiting eyes a morning star,
In each dark night to faith below
Its light unquenched shall ever glow.

F 6 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
One God, both now and evermore. Amen.

ADVENT.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. CRASSELIUS.

71

"Elias is come already."—St. Matt. xvii. 12.

1 ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Proclaims aloud, The Lord is nigh!
Awake and hearken; for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of Kings.

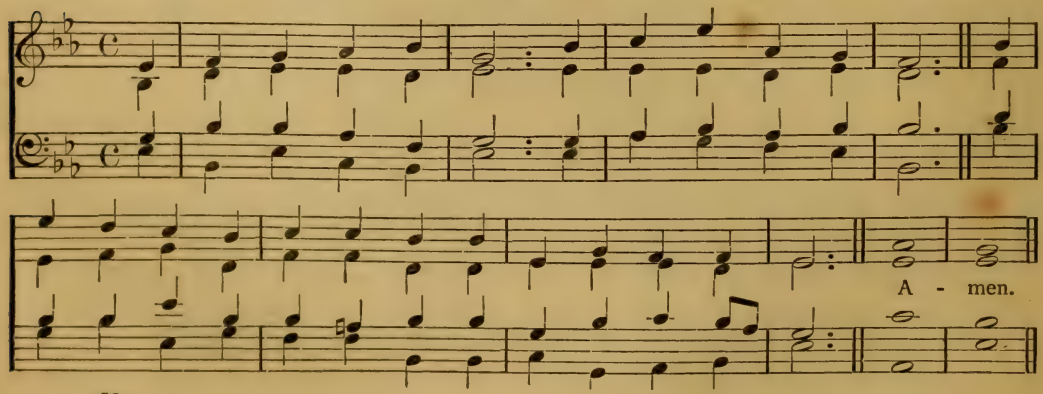
2 Our God draws nigh! Let every breast
Be cleansed to greet the heavenly Guest;
Each heart a dwelling-place prepare,
That He may come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch forth Thy hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

F 5 All praise and glory be to Thee,
Whose Advent sets Thy people free:
Like praise be to the Father given,
And Holy Ghost, in earth and heaven. Amen.

FRANCONIA. S.M. GERMAN.



72

"Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee."—St. Matt. xxi. 5.

1 THE Advent of our God!
Behold, the Lord is near!
Greet His approach, ye saints, again
With hymns of love and fear.

2 The everlasting Son
Scorns not the Virgin's womb;
That we from bondage may be freed
He bears a bondsman's doom.

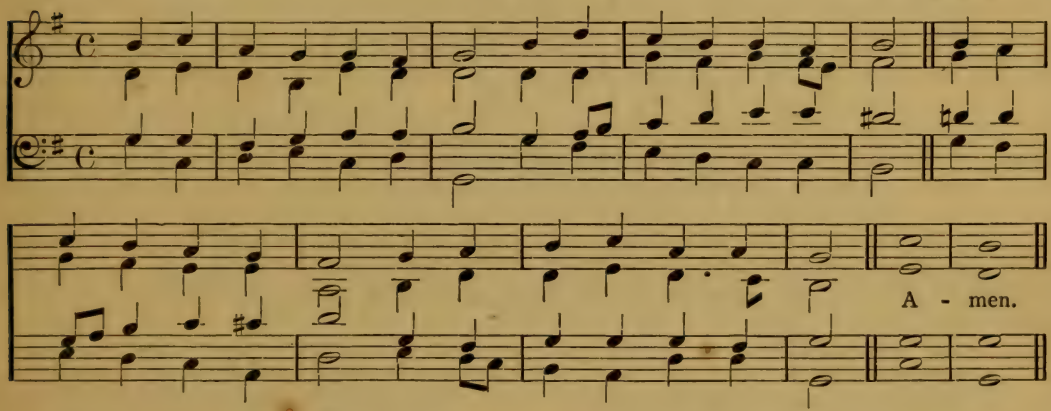
3 Daughter of Zion, rise!
Behold thy lowly King!
And haste to meet Him, nor reject
The peace He deigns to bring.

4 As Judge He will return
On clouds with lightning riven,
And the One Body of His saints
In triumph bear to heaven.

5 Before that day appears,
Let sin's dark deeds be gone,
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

6 Till He shall come again,
With all the heavenly host,
f Praise God the Father, God the Son,
f And God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

ST. THOMAS. 7·7·7·7· E. H. THORNE.



73

"Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord."—St. Matt. xxi. 9.

1 ZION, at thy shining gates,
Lo, the King of Glory waits!
Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet,
Strew thy palms before His Feet.

2 Christ, for Thee their triple light
Faith and Hope and Love unite:
This the beacon we display
To proclaim Thine Advent-day.

3 Come, and give us peace within;
Loose us from the bands of sin;
Take away the galling weight
Laid on us by Satan's hate.

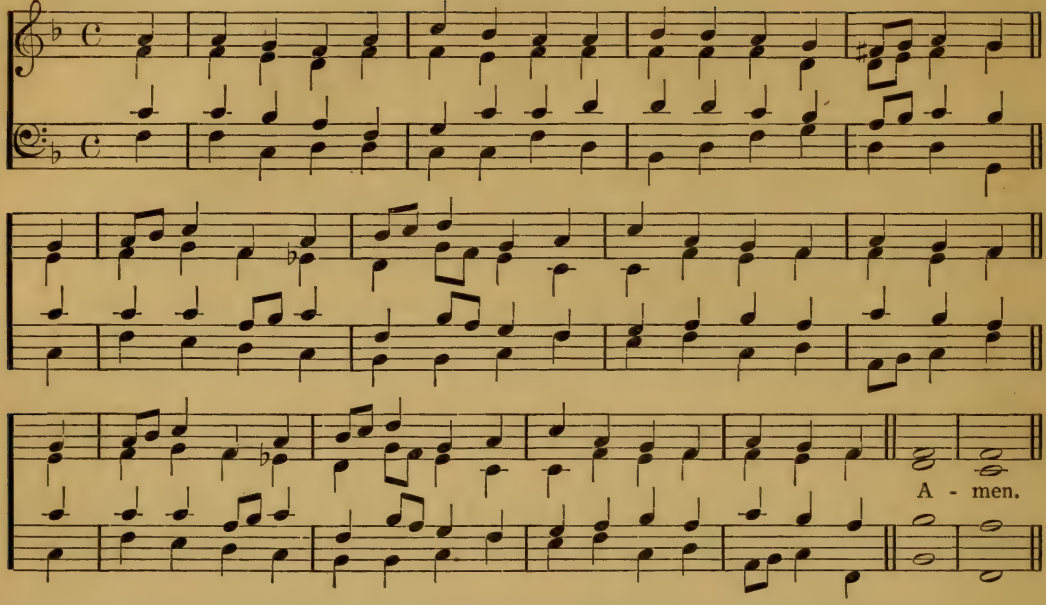
4 Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;
Give us strength Thy cross to bear;
Make us Thine in deed and word,
Thine in heart and life, O Lord.

5 Kill in us the carnal root,
That the Spirit may bear fruit
Plant in us Thy lowly mind;
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

6 So, when Thou shalt come again,
Judge of Angels and of men,
f We with all Thy saints shall sing
f Alleluias to our King. Amen.

ADVENT.

BENISON. [*First Tune.*] 8.8.8.8.8.8.



(BEFORE CHRISTMAS.)

74 *"In Wisdom hast Thou made them all."*—Ps. civ. 24.

PART I.

O WISDOM, who o'er earth below
Forth from the mouth of God didst flow,
The path of prudence teach, that we
May dwell eternally with Thee.
Draw nigh and help us when we call,
And strongly, sweetly, order all.

PART II.

Ruler and Lord, draw nigh, draw nigh!
Who to Thy flock on Sinai
Didst give, of ancient times, Thy Law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save, O God, Thine Israel.

PART III.

O Rod of Jesse's stem, arise,
And save us from our enemies;
And set us free from Satan's chains,
And from the pit with all its pains.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
In haste to save Thine Israel.

PART IV.

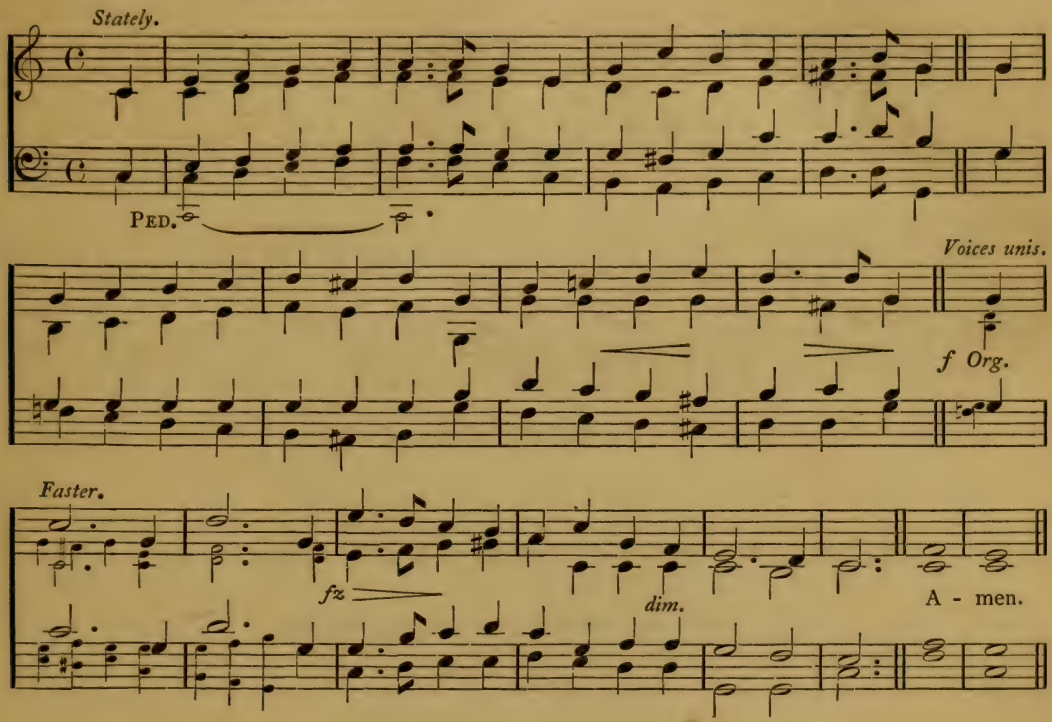
Key of the house of David, come!
Re-open Thou our heavenly home,
Make safe the way that we must go,
And close the paths that lead below.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save us, Lord, from sin and hell.

PART V.

O Morning Star, arise, draw nigh,
To give us comfort from on high;
Drive Thou away the gloom of night,
And pierce the clouds, and bring us light;
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

ADVENT.

IMMANUEL. [*Second Tune.*] 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. W. ELLIOTT.



PART VI.

O Thou on whom the Gentiles wait,
Who midst the nations shalt be great,
Thy Church's chief and corner-stone,
Who in Thyself hast made all one;
Draw nigh and save, for Thine own sake,
Mankind whom Thou of dust didst make!

PART VII.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel!
And loose Thy captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
f Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
f Comes now to thee, O Israel!

Also the following:—

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose (345).
COME, Lord, and tarry not (349).
DAY of wrath! oh, day of mourning (355).
FAR down the ages now (357).
GREAT God, what do I see and hear (375).
HAIL to the Lord's Anointed (379).
HOSANNA to the living Lord (383).
HOW long, O Lord, how long, we ask (385).
HOW long, O Lord our Saviour (386).
LORD of mercy and of might (422).
LOVE divine, all love excelling (430).
OH, quickly come, dread Judge of all (474).
STAND we prepared to see and hear (505).
THE Church has waited long (508).
WAKE, awake! for night is flying (538).
YE servants of the Lord (562).

Also Litany, 592.

CHRISTMAS.

BONN. 8.6.6.8.6.6. GERMAN.

(THE EVE.)

75 "*To-morrow the Lord shall do this thing.*"—Exod. ix. 5.

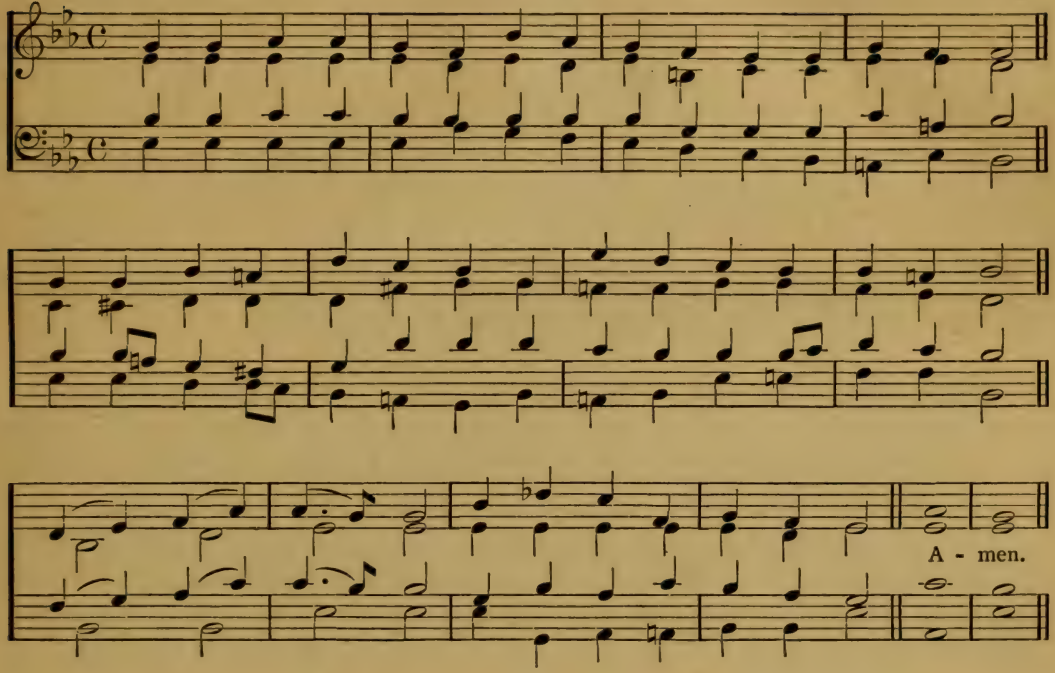
F 1 ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His Birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

p 3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger
Soft and sweet, doth entreat—
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your Saviour gives you.

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning. Amen.

REALMS OF GLORY. 8.7.8.7.4.7. JOHN NAYLOR.



76

"O come, let us worship and bow down."—Ps. xcv. 6.

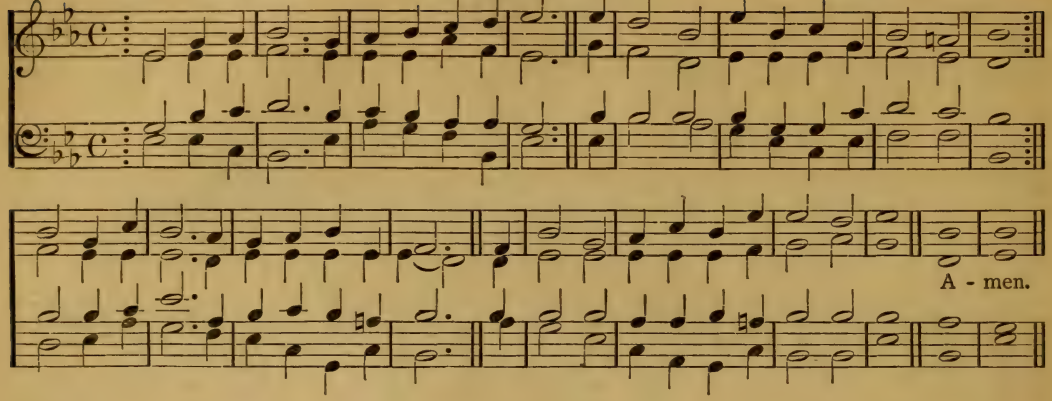
F 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly Light.
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

4 Saints and Angels join in praising
Thee, the Father, Spirit, Son;
Evermore their voices raising
To the Eternal Three in One.
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King! Amen.

CONWAY. [*First Tune.*] 10.10.10.10.10.10. HENRY LAWES.



STOCKPORT. [*Second Tune.*] 10.10.10.10.10.10. JOHN WAINWRIGHT.

77 *"Unto you is born this day a Saviour."*—St. Luke ii. 11.

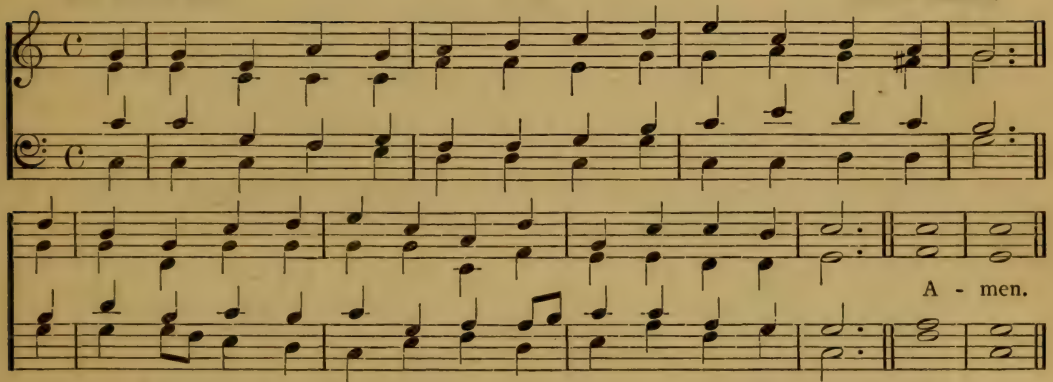
F 1 CHRISTIANS, awake! Salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above;
Sing the glad tidings first with them begun,
Of God made man, the blessèd Virgin's Son.

2 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!

M 3 Oh may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved our loss
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross:
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till, changed like Him, we see Him face to face.

4 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing redeemed a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, unceasing we shall sing
Eternal praise to God our heavenly King. Amen.

ST. LEONARD. C.M. HENRY SMART.



78 *"Christ Jesus took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."*—Phil. ii. 7.

1 FROM East to West, from shore to shore,
Let earth awake and sing
The holy Child whom Mary bore,
The Christ, the Lord, the King!

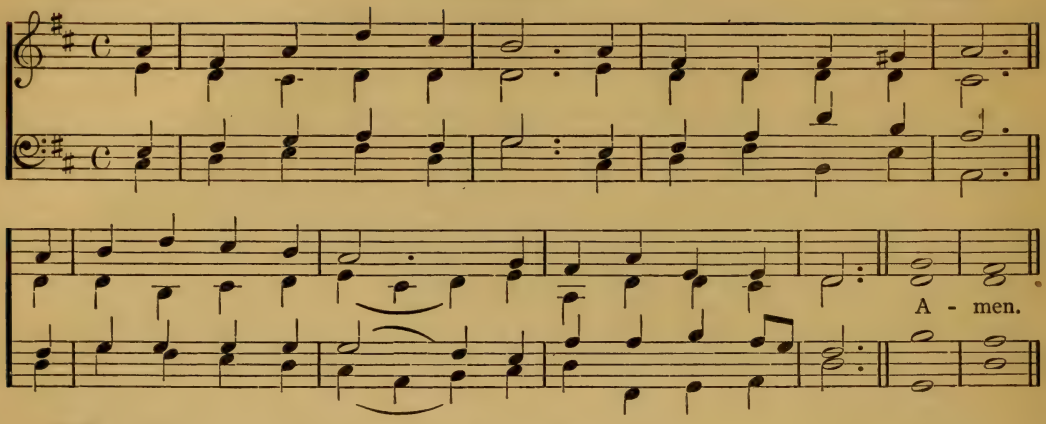
2 For lo! the world's Creator wears
The fashion of a slave;
Our human flesh the Godhead bears,
His creature, man, to save.

3 He shrank not from the oxen's stall,
Nor scorned the manger-bed:
And He, whose bounty feedeth all,
At Mary's breast was fed.

4 To shepherds poor the Lord Most High,
Great Shepherd, was revealed;
While Angel-choirs sang joyously
Above the midnight field.

F 5 All glory be to God above;
And on the earth be peace
To all who long to taste His love,
Till Time itself shall cease. Amen.

EDEN. 6.6.6.6. FEILDEN.



79

"*He is our peace.*"—Eph. ii. 14.

1 GOD from on high hath heard!
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of Peace!

2 Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell;
The hosts of Heaven proclaim
f "God comes on earth to dwell!"

3 Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of Grace:
A manger-bed, a Child,
Is all the eye can trace.

4 Is this indeed the Christ?
Is this the Eternal Son?
Who, ere the worlds began,
Was with the Father One?

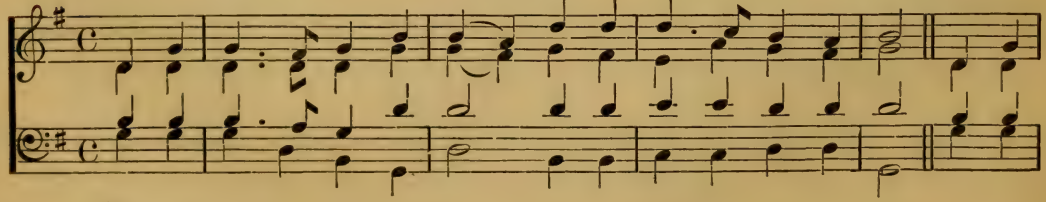
5 Yes, Faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds His glory now;
And hails Him God, and Lord,
To whom all creatures bow.

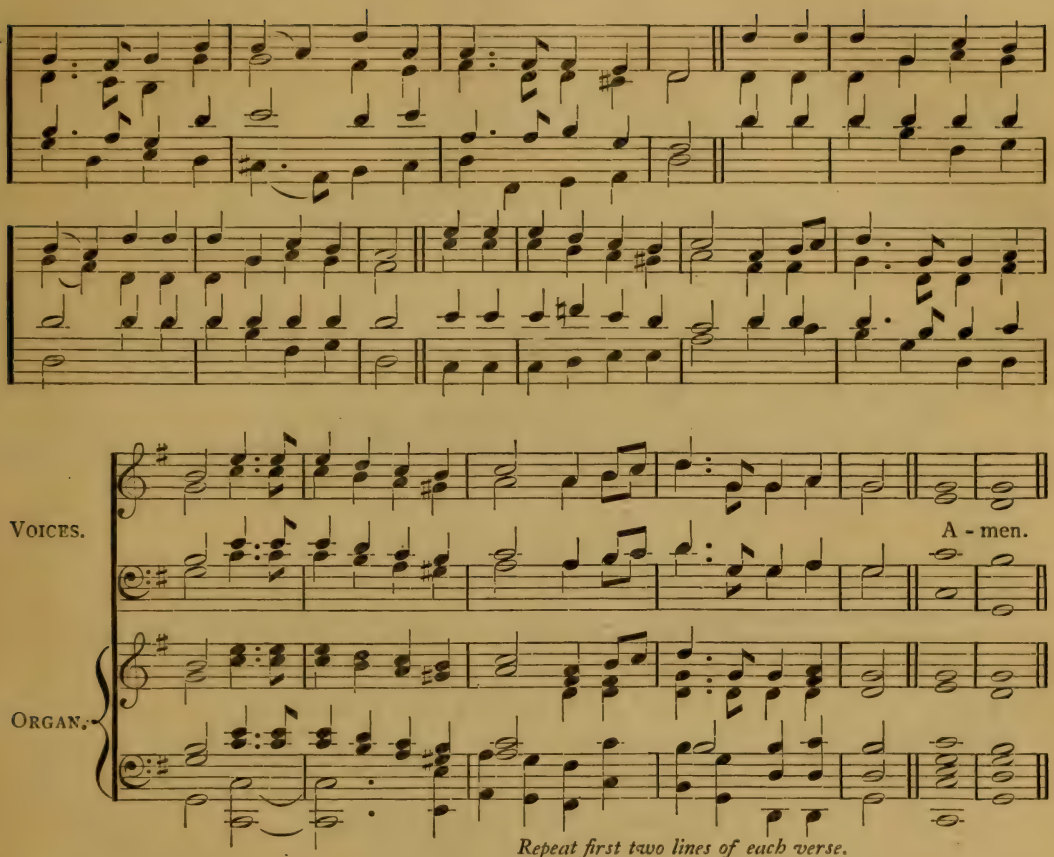
6 Faith sees the sapphire throne
Where Angels evermore
Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

7 O Child! Thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

8 Fill us with holy love,
Heal Thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide. Amen.

MENDELSSOHN. 7.7.7.7. D. MENDELSSOHN.





Repeat first two lines of each verse.

80

"*Glory to God in the highest.*"—St. Luke ii. 14.

F 1 HARK! the herald Angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies!
Universal Nature say,
"Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!"

mf 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the Incarnate Deity;
f Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel!

3 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
ff Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

81

"The Lord is high above all nations."—Ps. cxiii. 4.

F 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
For Angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

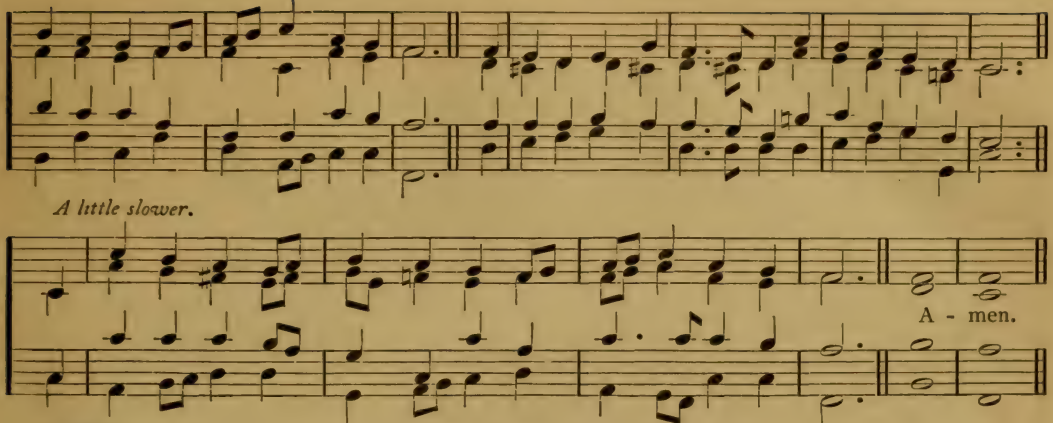
2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! the incarnate Saviour comes
With grace and truth from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn:
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born!

4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains? Amen.

NOEL. D.C.M. *Traditional Air rearranged.*



82

"*I heard the voice of many Angels.*"—Rev. v. 11.

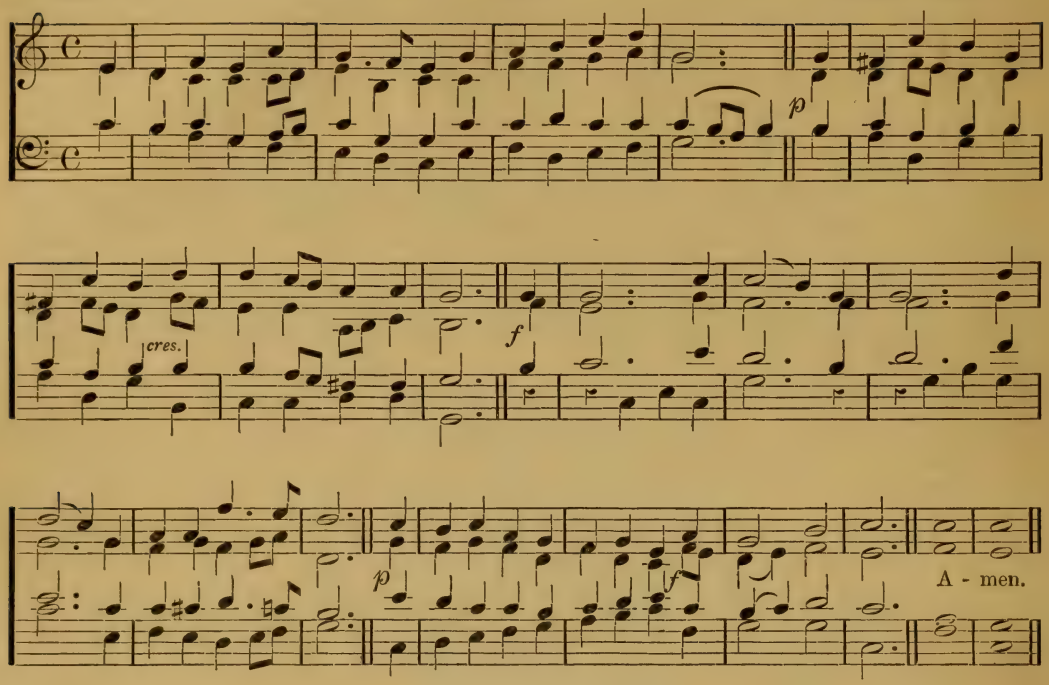
P 1 It came upon the midnight clear—
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,
mf "Peace on the earth, good-will to men
mf From Heaven's all-gracious King."
pp The world in solemn stillness lay
pp To hear the Angels sing.

f 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
dim. Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
p The blessèd Angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The words of peace they bring:—
Oh! listen now, ye men of strife,
pp And hear the Angels sing!

4 O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
This weary world below;
Thou seëst how men climb the way
With painful steps and slow.
Oh! still the jarring sounds of earth
That round the pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
pp To hear the Angels sing! Amen.

GAUDETE. P.M. SAMUEL SMITH.



83

"*They shall call His Name Emmanuel.*"—St. Matt. i. 23.

F 1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day:
The Royal Child is born:
And Angel hosts in glad array
His Advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! The Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel!

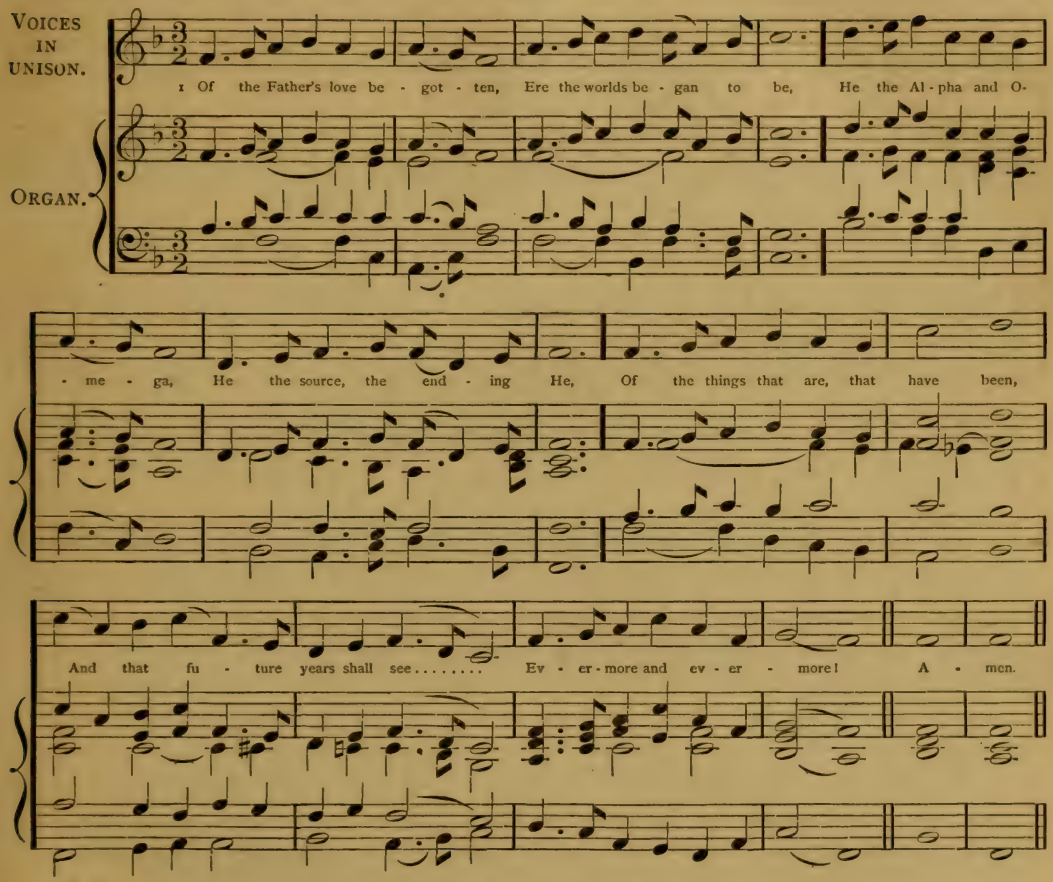
M 2 Low at the cradle Throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
F Rejoice, rejoice! The Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel!

M 3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
F Rejoice, rejoice! The Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel!

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! The Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel!

84

CORDE NATUS. P.M.


VOICES IN UNISON.
ORGAN.
1 Of the Father's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be, He the Al - pha and O -
- me - ga, He the source, the end - ing He, Of the things that are, that have been,
And that fu - ture years shall see..... Ev - er - more and ev - er - more! A - men.

"God was manifest in the flesh."—1 Tim. iii. 16.

F 1 OF the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

2 He is here, whom seers of old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the faithful word of Prophets
Promised since the world began;
Long foretold, at length appearing,
Praise Him, every child of man,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Blessed was the day for ever,
When, by God the Spirit's grace,
From the womb of Virgin Mother,
Came the Saviour of our race;
When the Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred Face—
Evermore and evermore!

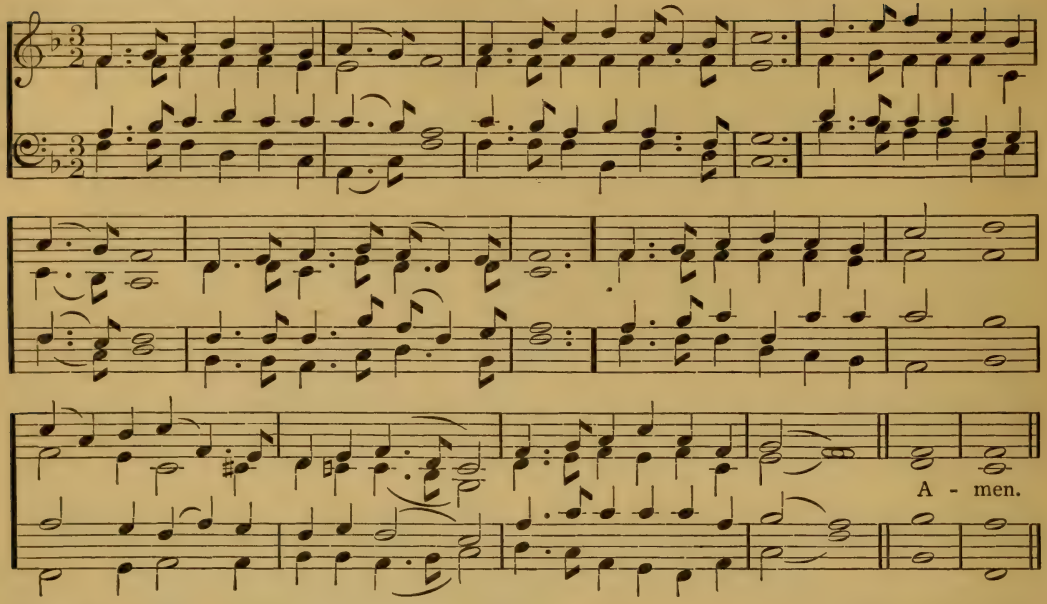
4 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, Angels in the height!
All dominions bow before Him,
And exalt His boundless might,
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each voice and heart unite,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing,
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And, unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

[See also next page for Four-voice arrangement.]

CORDE NATUS. P.M.



84

"God was manifest in the flesh."—1 Tim. iii. 16.

F 1 OF the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

2 He is here, whom seers of old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the faithful word of Prophets
Promised since the world began;
Long foretold, at length appearing,
Praise Him, every child of man,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Blessèd was the day for ever,
When, by God the Spirit's grace,
From the womb of Virgin Mother,
Came the Saviour of our race;
When the Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred Face—
Evermore and evermore!

4 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, Angels in the height!
All dominions bow before Him,
And exalt His boundless might,
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each voice and heart unite,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing,
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And, unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

ADESTE FIDELES. P.M. JOHN READING.

N.B.—The notes enclosed in brackets are for the first verse only.

85

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."—St. Luke ii. 15.

F 1 OH, come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
Oh, come ye, Oh, come ye, to Bethlehem!
Born upon earth behold the King of Angels!
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
f Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

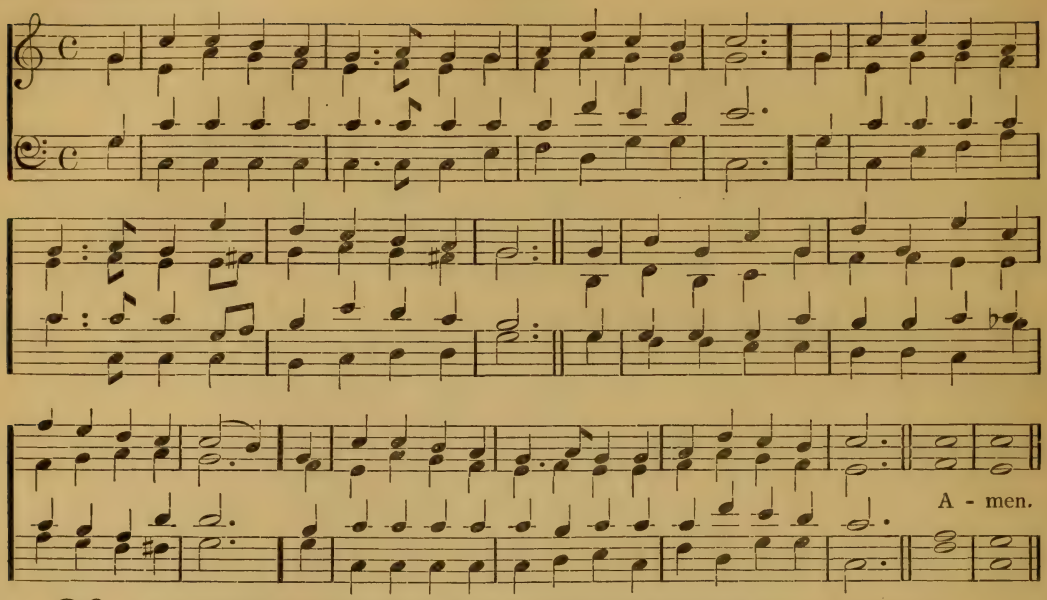
2 He, God of God, and Light of Light begotten,
Comes to the world as a maiden's Child:
He, Very God, begotten not created:
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
f Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Sing, Choir of Angels; raise your hymn of triumph;
Sing, ye that stand around the throne on high;
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
f Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

4 Thou who didst deign to be born for us this morning,
Glory to Thee, O Jesu Lord!
Word of the Eternal Father, now incarnate!
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
p Oh, come let us adore Him,
f Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord! Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

BETHLEHEM. D.C.M. ANON.



86 *"And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host."*—St. Luke ii. 13.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

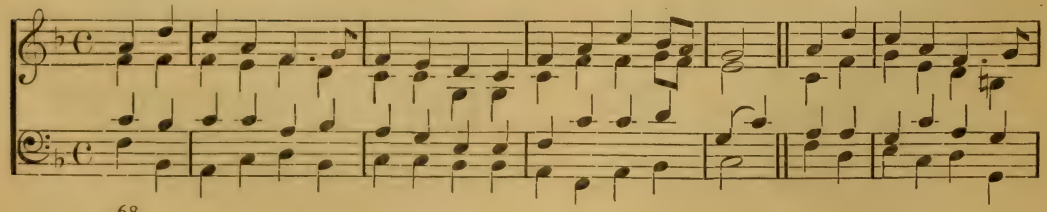
5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease." Amen.

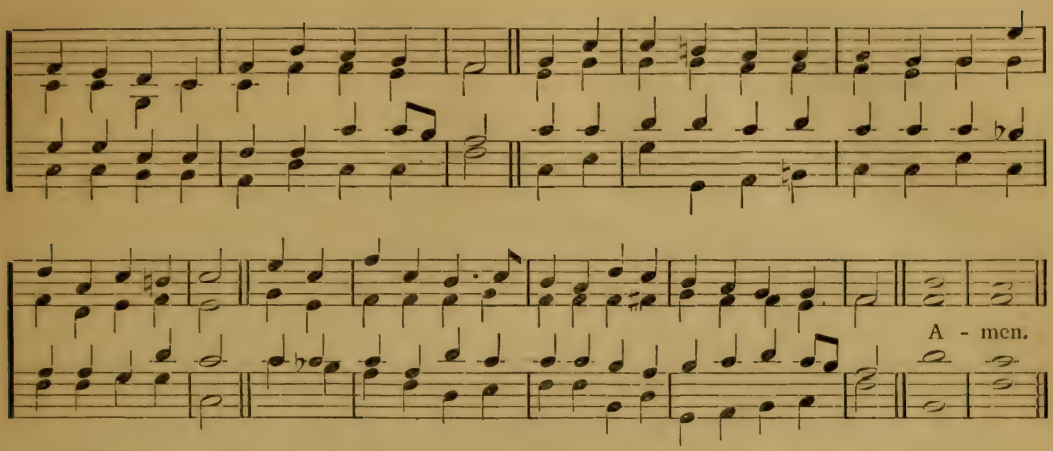
Also the following—ONCE in royal David's city (576).

CIRCUMCISION.

BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART.



CIRCUMCISION.



87 "*The Day-spring from on high hath visited us.*"—St. Luke i. 78.

1 KING, MESSIAH, long expected,
Thou art come unto Thine own!
Promised Seed of the elected,
Heir foretold of David's throne!
p Long for Thee they watched and hearkened—
p King and Patriarch, Priest and Seer;
p Faith waxed cold, and hope was darkened;
cres. When men looked not—Thou wert here!

2 In the time and place appointed,
When the ordered years had sped,
Came the Prince, the true Anointed,
To His Throne, the manger-bed:
There the Infant-King, fulfilling
All things for His people's sake,
Learned to-day obedience willing,
Deigned the Covenant-seal to take.

3 Surely in that hour of wonder
Faithful Abraham, in his Rest,
Saw the shadows part asunder,
Saw Thy dawning, and was blest!
Surely then the gracious vision
Through Thine unseen kingdoms thrilled;
And in Jesu's Circumcision
Ages saw their hope fulfilled!

4 Father of the new creation!
Prophet of the latter time!
Leader of the ransomed nation
To the better Canaan's clime!
Though, from Gentile stock arising,
Alien branches once were we,
Thou hast said, in our baptizing
We are circumcised in Thee!

F 5 So this day with new thanksgiving
Shall Thy faithful seed draw near;
So, 'mid prayers for holier living,
Praise shall deck our opening year;
Praise, because our feast-day sees us
Built on Thee, the Corner Stone;
And the mighty name of Jesus
Binds to-day the world in one! Amen.

Also the following—

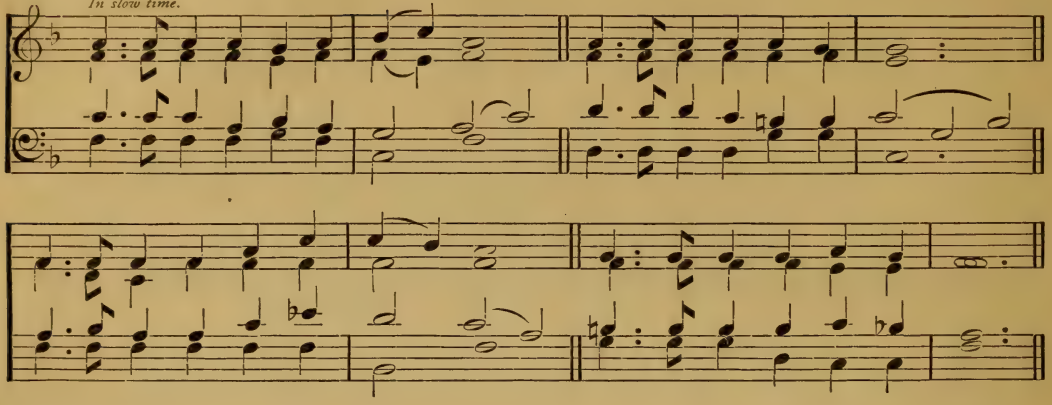
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds (387).
JESUS! Name of wondrous love (406).
To the Name that speaks salvation (536).

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND DAY.

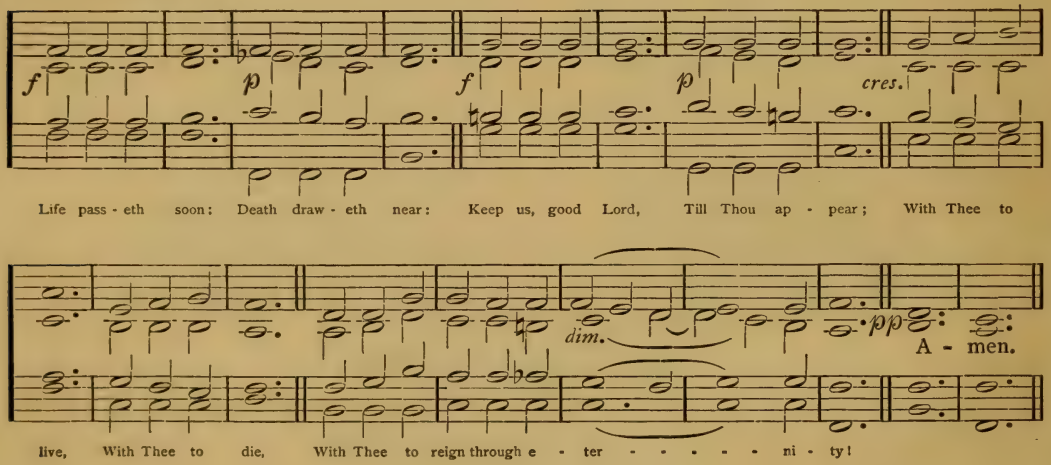
ST. SYLVESTER. P.M. J. B. DYKES.

Verses 1, 2, 3, *and* 5, 6, 7,

In slow time.



4th and 8th Verses.


f
p
f
p
cres.
Life pass - eth soon: Death draw - eth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear; With Thee to
dim.
pp
A - men.
live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign through e - ter - - - - - ni - ty!

88 *"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."*—Ps. xc. 12.

P 1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead!
Oh, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

2 Jesu, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
cres. Wake, oh! wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
f To inherit bliss unending,
p Or eternity of woe.

4 PP Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
cres. With Thee to reign through eternity!

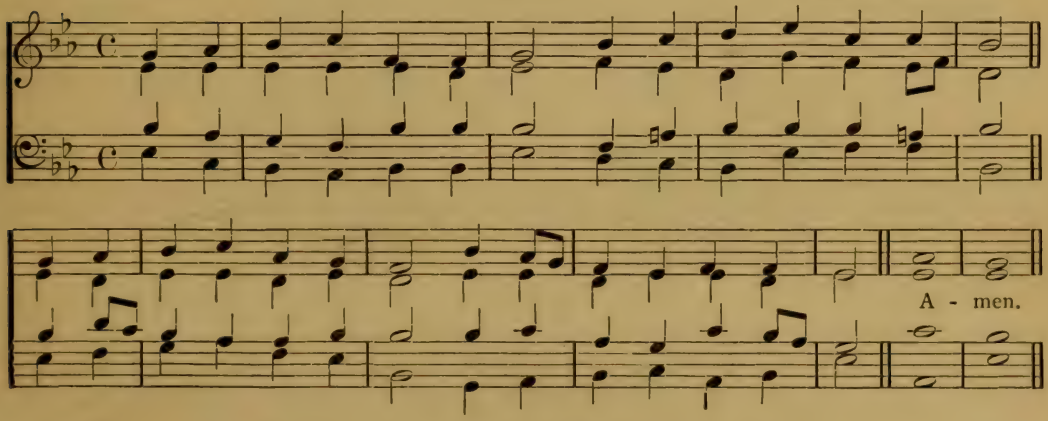
5 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

6 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

7 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
f Saviour, over death victorious,
f Place us then on Thy right hand.

8 PP Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
cres. With Thee to reign through eternity! Amen.

GIBBONS. 7·7·7·7. ORLANDO GIBBONS.



89

"*All these years the Lord thy God has been with thee.*"—Deut. ii. 7.

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

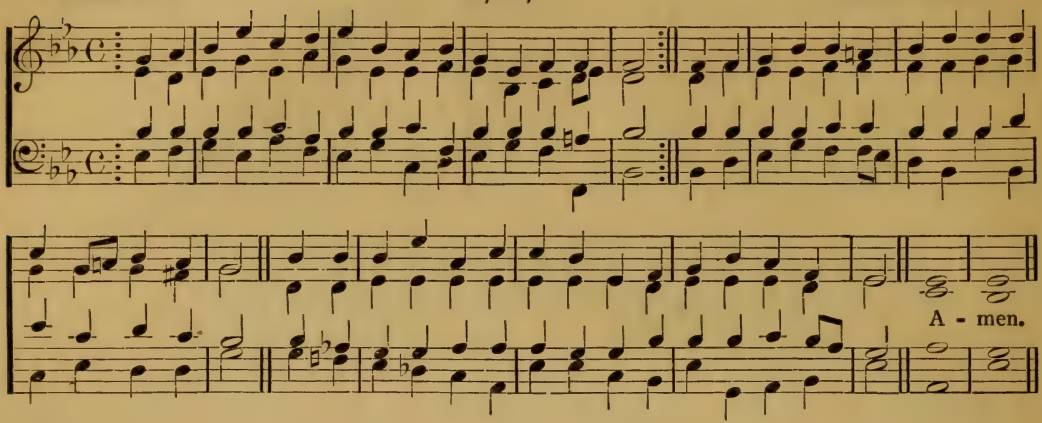
P 3 Whosoe'er death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Make us faithful, make us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help Thy servants to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

F 5 Glory to the God of heaven,
To the Father, to the Son,
To the Holy Ghost be given,
One in Three, and Three in One. Amen.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND DAY.

EVERTON. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART.



90 *"Awake up, my glory: awake, lute and harp."*—Ps. lvii. 8.

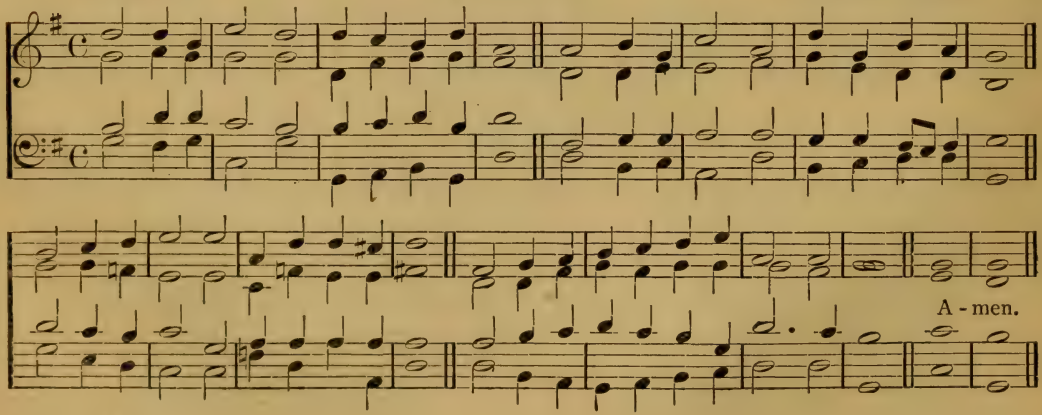
F 1 HARP, awake! Tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!
M Join us, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten!

p 2 Lo! a theme for deepest sadness,
p In ourselves with sin defiled;
f Lo! a theme for holiest gladness,
f In our Father reconciled!
p In the dust we bend before Thee,
p Lord of sinless hosts above;
f Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
f God of mercy, grace, and love!

3 Gracious Saviour! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!
Still when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy word!

4 Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin:
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
p But when heaven and earth are failing,
cres. Saviour, we will trust in Thee. Amen.

HEZEKIAH. 10.10.10.10. ORLANDO GIBBONS.



NEW YEAR'S EVE AND DAY.

91 *"I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy Majesty, and of Thy wondrous works."*—Ps. cxlv. 5.

F 1 House of our God, with hymns of gladness ring,
While all our lips and hearts His praises sing!
The opening year His mercies shall proclaim,
And all its days shall celebrate His Name.

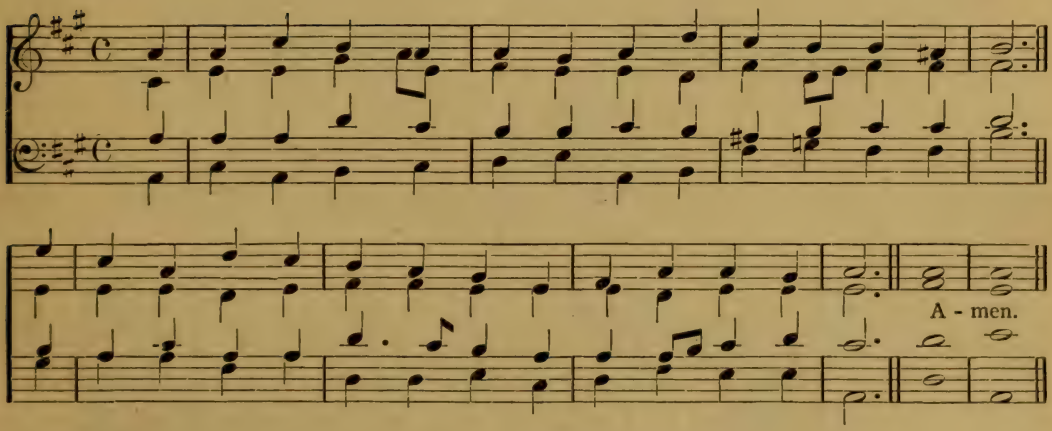
2 Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place
Shines with the glory of His unveiled Face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of His goodness, which no ending knows.

3 O Earth, enlightened by His rays divine,
Stored by His hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with His goodness, let thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.

4 O Church, His chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on His hands, and precious in His sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace,
Which sheds on thee the brightness of His face.

5 Burst into praise, my soul! and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore;
He is thy trust, thy refuge, and thy fear;
Strong in His strength, begin the newborn year. Amen.

ABBEY. C.M. OLD MELODY.



92 *"We spend our years as a tale that is told."*—Ps. xc. 9.

1 Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

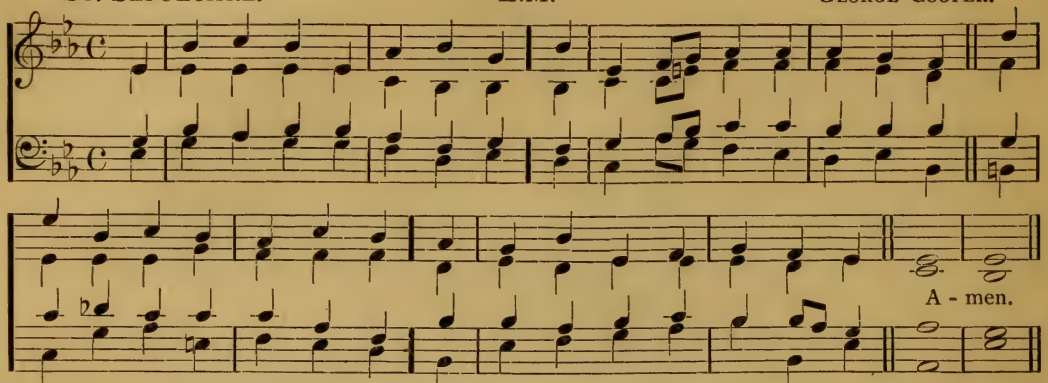
2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's Name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before. Amen.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND DAY.

ST. SEPULCHRE. L.M. GEORGE COOPER.



93 *"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."*—Eccles. i. 4.

1 THE year is gone beyond recall;
'Tis gone—with all its hopes and fears,
With all its joys o'er those new born,
With all its troubled mourners' tears.

2 We thank Thee, Lord, for countless gifts;
Thy Church's lamp still lights our land:
Oh! grant us grace this trust to keep,
And in the ancient Faith to stand.

3 Still let Thy goodness, Lord, be shown;
The coming year in mercy bless;
Guard Thou our land from pestilence;
And give us peace and plenteousness.

4 Forgive this nation's many sins;
Destroy the strength that sin has gained;
And give us grace with sin to strive;
And give us crowns through strife attained.

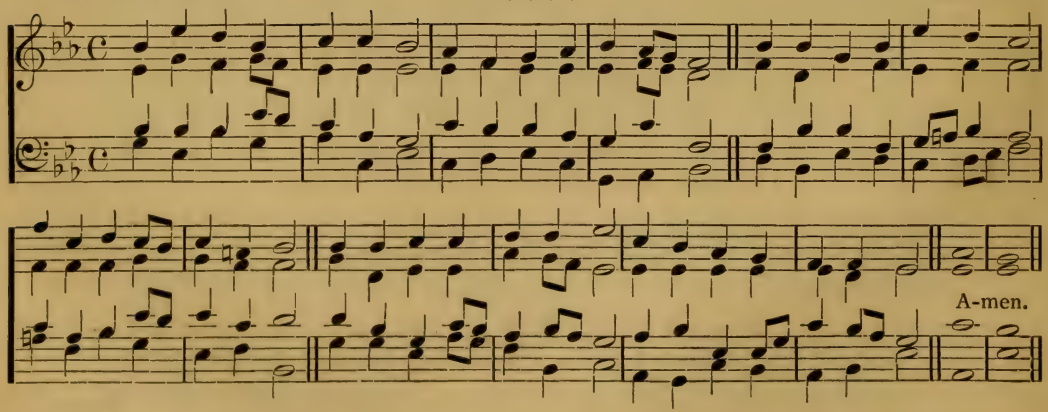
5 We hate the sins that stain the past;
We would henceforth from them be free;
Oh grant us peaceful years, good Lord,
And we will spend them all to Thee. Amen.

Also the following—

A FEW more years shall roll (328).
O GOD, our help in ages past (44).

EPIPHANY.

HEATHLANDS. 7·7·7·7·7·7· HENRY SMART.



EPIPHANY.

94

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—St. Matt. ii. 10.

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

p 4 Holy Jesu! every day
p Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
cres. Where they need no star to guide,
mf Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

F 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King! Amen.

EPIPHANY. 11.10.11.10. E. J. HOPKINS.

95

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. viii. 14.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

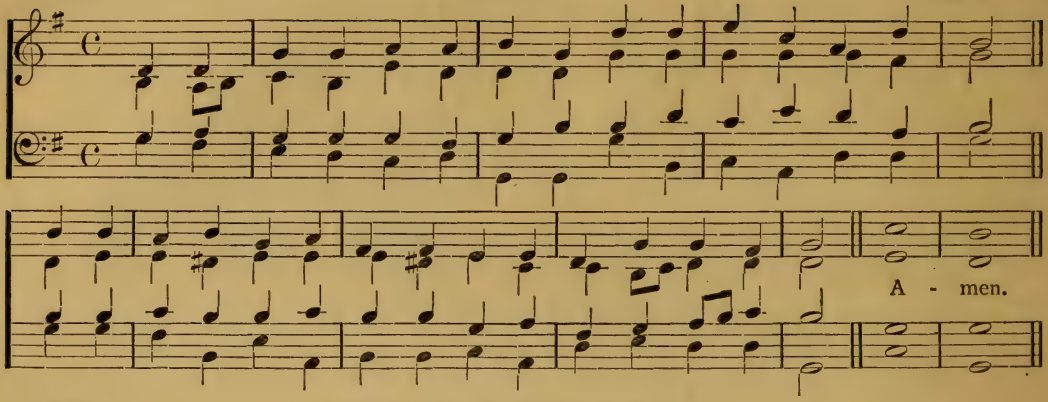
p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
p Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
cres. Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
f Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Amen.

EPIPHANY.

STUTTGARDT. 8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



96

"*In Him shall the Gentiles trust.*"—Rom. xv. 12.

1 HAIL! Thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy truth possessing,
To Thy courts admission find.

2 Gratefully we bow before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place,
Now believe and now adore Thee,
Praise Thy Name, and taste Thy grace.

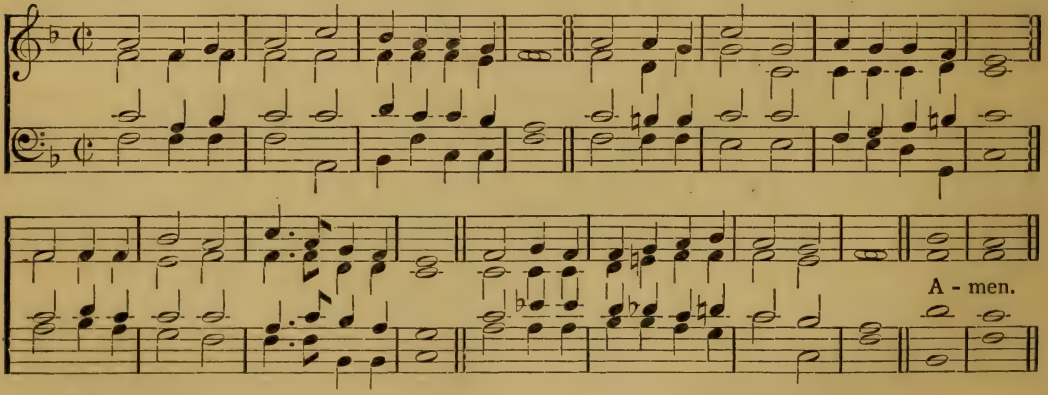
3 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred Throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

4 Now revealed to Eastern sages
See the Star of mercy shine,
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of Love divine.

5 Hail! Thou manifested Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring,
In Thy temples seek Thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King!

6 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
f Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
f Grateful anthems ever raise! Amen.

ST. AGNES. 10.10.10.10. JAMES LANGRAN.



97

"*Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.*"—St. Matt. viii. 2.

1 O LORD of health and life, what tongue can tell
How at Thy word were loosed the bands of hell?
How Thy pure touch removed the leprous stain,
And the polluted flesh grew clean again.

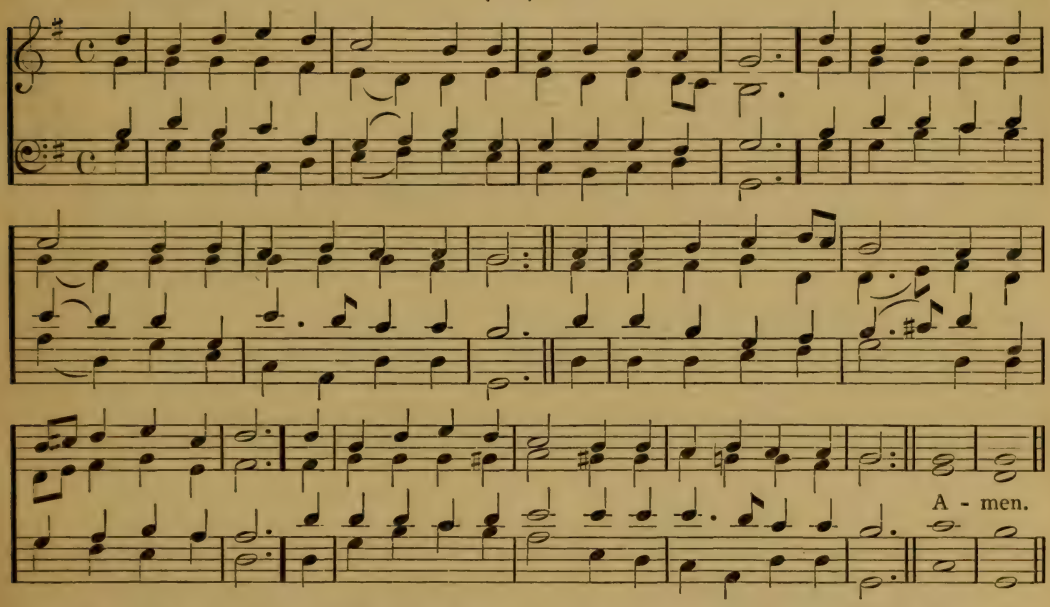
2 Oh! wash our hearts; restore the contrite soul;
Stretch forth Thy healing hand and make us whole;
Oh! bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee;
Speak but the word, and we once more are free!

3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of Thy love,
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain remove;
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation bring;
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no sting.

4 We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of grace;
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy Face,
So when that Face again unveiled we see,
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.

5 Then grant us strength to pray, "Thy Kingdom come,"
When we shall know Thee in Thy Father's home,
f And at Thy great Epiphany adore
f The Co-eternal Godhead evermore. Amen.

NURNBERG. 7.6.7.6. D. GERMAN.



98 *"That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."*—St. John i. 9.

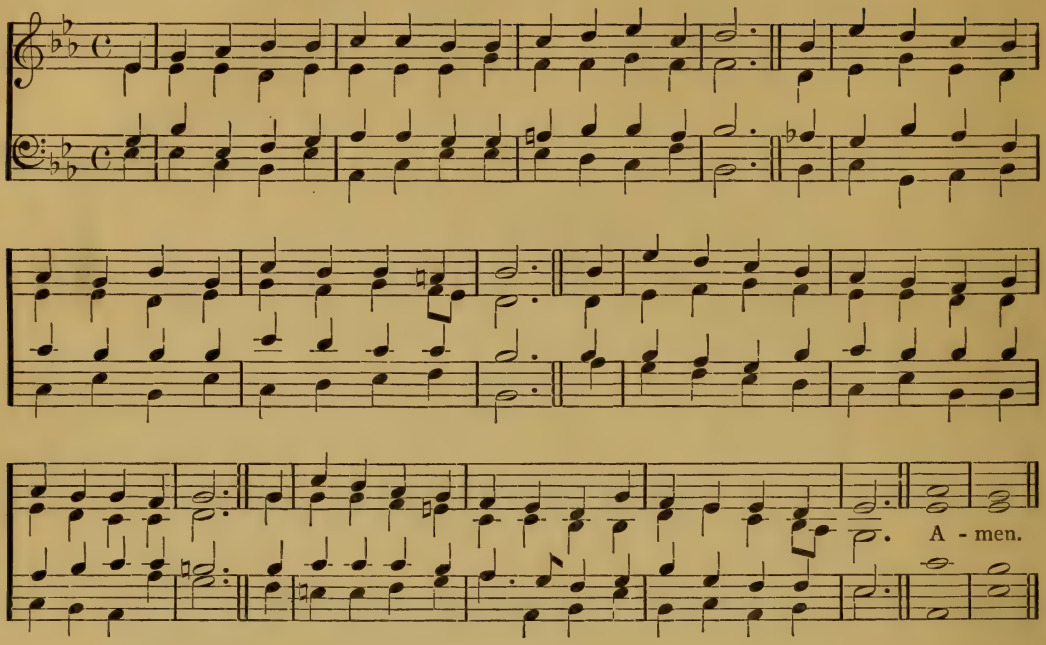
1 O ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The Brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of Light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

p 2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
cres. O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
cres. If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
f O Sun of righteousness. Amen.

EPIPHANY.

WEARMOUTH, *or* OLD 81ST. D.C.M.



99 *"This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."*—St. Matt. iii. 17.

1 OH Sight for Angels to adore,
Yet given to man to see!
In Jordan's ancient stream is wrought
A wondrous mystery.
The pure and spotless Son of God,
Disdaineth not to stand,
Bent meekly in the cleansing rite,
Beneath His servant's hand.

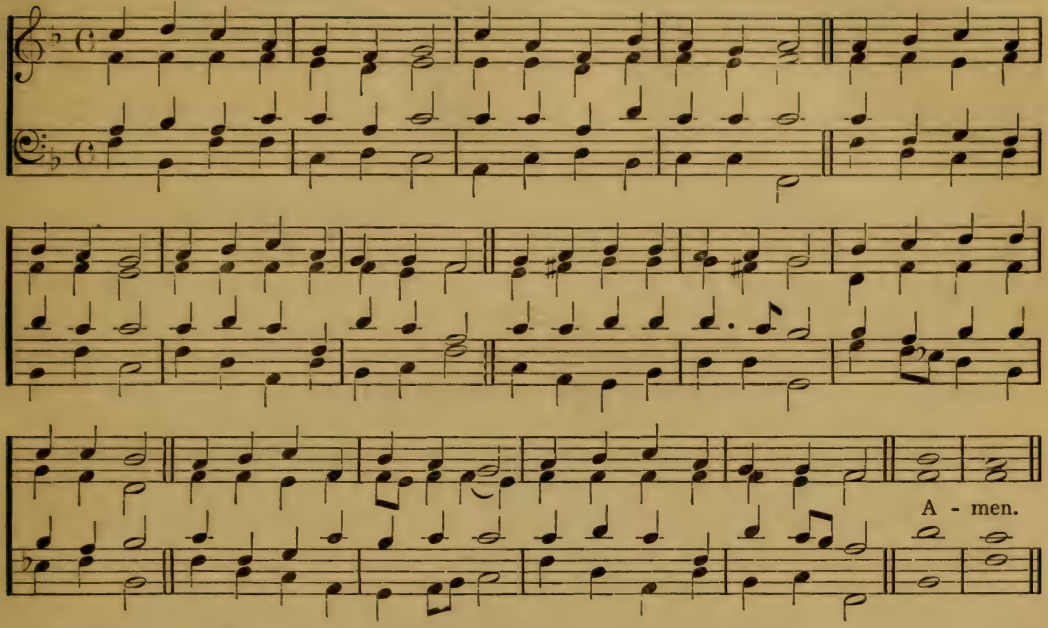
2 And what is this so wonderful?
Lo! as He standeth there,
A mystic Form of radiant light
Is hovering in the air:
It resteth dove-like on His head;
That, filled with sevenfold might,
The Son of David may go forth
To fight His lonely fight.

3 And hark, what dread and awful Voice
Comes wafted from on high!
What words the adoring listeners hear
Re-echoing through the sky!
He standeth in a servant's form,
The meek and lowly One;
Yet lo! the Father owneth Him
His well-belovèd Son.

4 Glory to Thee, O Lord, whose grace,
To our baptizing given,
Hath washed our souls, and poured on us
Thy Holy Ghost from heaven!
Glory to Thee, in whose dear Son
Our sonship now we claim,
And as Thy new-born children call
Upon our Father's Name! Amen.

EPIPHANY.

ST. AUGUSTINE. 7.7.7.7. D. W. H. MONK.



100

"The Son of God was manifested."—1 St. John iii. 8.

1 SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of Royal David's stem,
In Thy birth at Bethlehem,
f Anthems be to Thee addrest,
f God in Man made manifest!

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, Wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine
Changing water into wine;
f Anthems be to Thee addrest,
f God in Man made manifest!

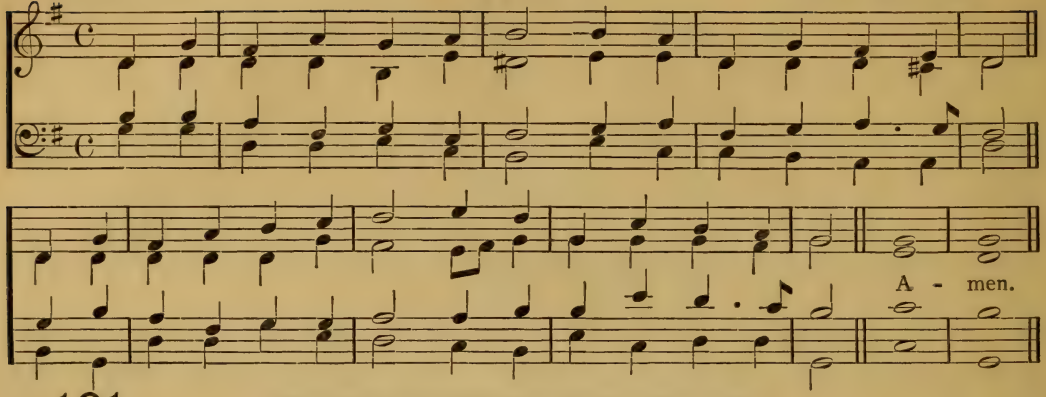
3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
f Anthems be to Thee addrest,
f God in Man made manifest!

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
f Thou by all wilt be confest,
f God in Man made manifest!

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
f And may praise Thee, ever blest,
f God in Man made manifest! Amen.

EPIPHANY.

SCARTHO. 7.7.7.7. T. R. MATTHEWS.



101 *"There shall come a Star out of Jacob."*—Num. xxiv. 17.

F 1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Jacob's Star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare;
Meet Him manifested there.

4 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes;
See Him chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

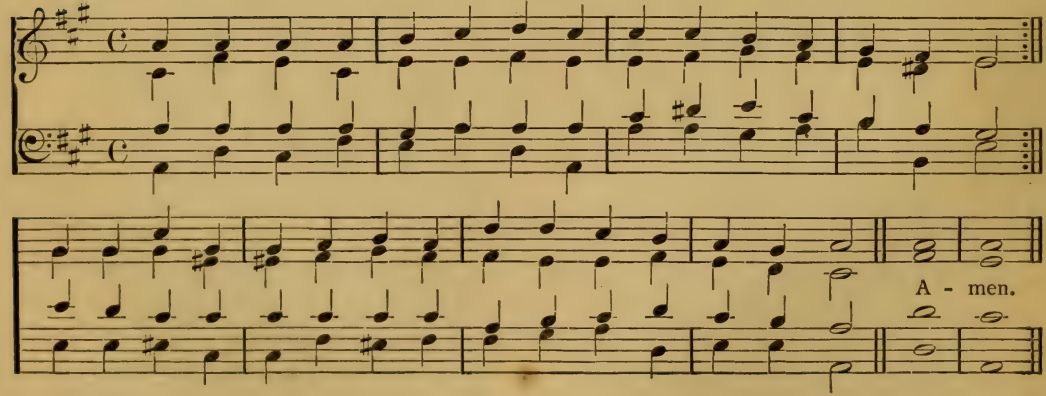
6 Glory to the heavenly King,
Glory all ye Angels sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. **Amen.**

Also the following—

ARISE, O Lord, and shine (289).
FROM all that dwell below the skies (366).
GOD of mercy, God of grace (373).
HAIL to the Lord's Anointed (379).
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun (407).
OH! Love, how deep, how broad, how high (472).

BEFORE LENT.

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7.



BEFORE LENT.

102

"A time to mourn."—Eccles. iii. 4.

F 1 ALLELUIA! Song of sweetness!
Voice of joy that cannot die!
Alleluia is the anthem
Heard amongst the choirs on high;
Singing in God's blissful mansion
Day and night eternally.

F 2 Alleluia! Joyful Mother,
True Jerusalem and free,
Alleluia now triumphant
All Thy children sing in Thee:
pp But by Babylon's sad waters
pp Mourning exiles still are we.

P 3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for awhile forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

F 4 Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all to keep Thy Easter
In our home beyond the sky,
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

Also the following—

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise (497).

(*For Septuagesima.*)

LET us with a gladsome mind (414).
THE strain upraise of joy and praise (516).
THERE is a book, who runs may read (518).
WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth (543).

(*For Sexagesima.*)

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height (487).

(*For Quinquagesima.*)

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost (374).

LENT.

ST. LUKE. L.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.

103

"Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."—1 St. Pet. iv. 1.

P 1 AWHILE in spirit, Lord, to Thee
Into the desert would we flee;
Awhile upon the barren steep
Our fast with Thee in spirit keep.

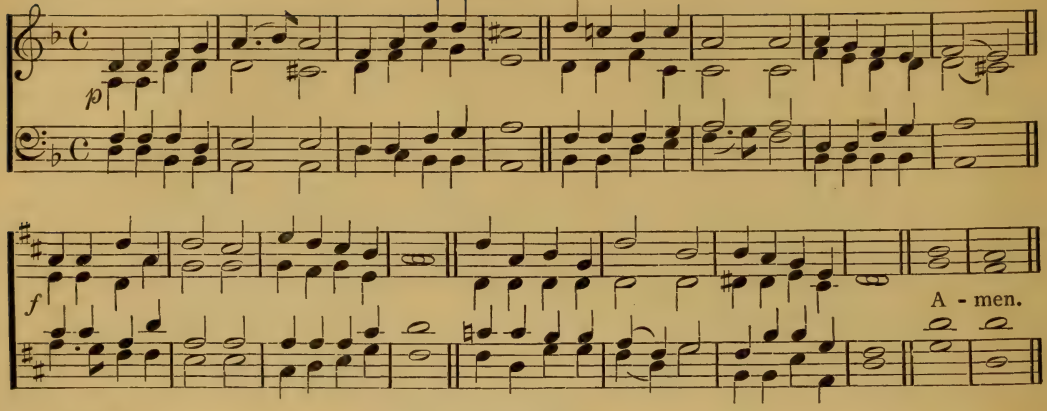
2 Awhile from Thy Temptation learn
The daily snares of sin to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
Man liveth not by bread alone.

3 And while at Thy command we pray,
Give us our bread from day to day,
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

4 Incarnate Lord, we come to Thee;
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Be Thou our Helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward Life.

5 Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

MIDIAN. 6.5.6.5. D. E. J. HOPKINS.



104

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."—1 St. Pet. v. 9.

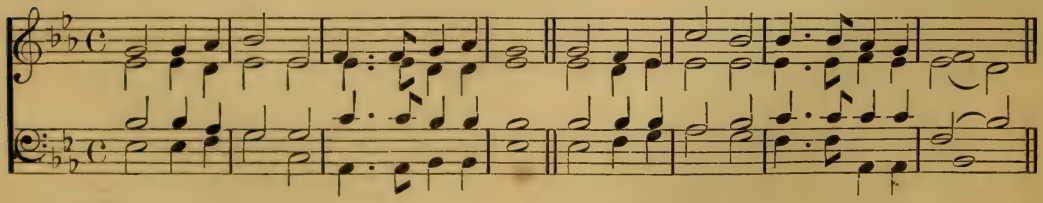
1 CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
F Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross!

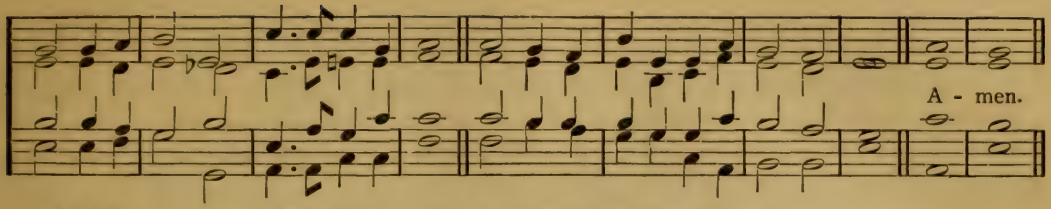
2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Tempting, luring, urging,
Goading unto sin?
F Christian! never fear them!
Never be downcast!
Win thee strength to smite them
Through thy Lenten fast!

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
F Christian, answer boldly:—
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

P 4 "Well I know thy troubles,
O My servant true:
Thou art very weary—
I was weary too:
m But that toil shall make thee
m Some day all Mine own;
cres. And the end of sorrow
f Shall be near My Throne!" Amen.

PENITENTIA. 10.10.10.10. E. DEARLE.





105

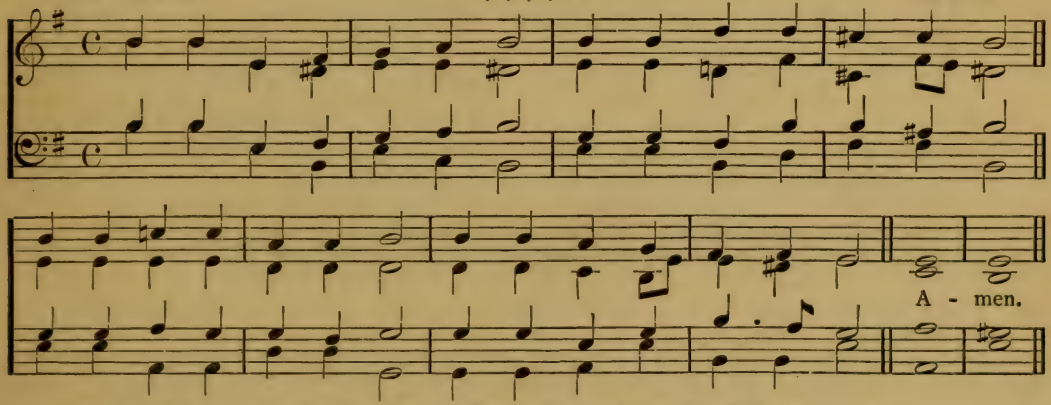
"I will arise and go to my father."—St. Luke xv. 18.

P 1 FATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet:
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, at the throne of grace.

2 We are unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

3 Oh, by His Name in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh, by His love which every love excels,
Oh, by His Blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in! Amen.

HERNLEIN. 7.7.7.7. GERMAN.



106

"And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil."—St. Luke iv. 1, 2.

P 1 FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted still, yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

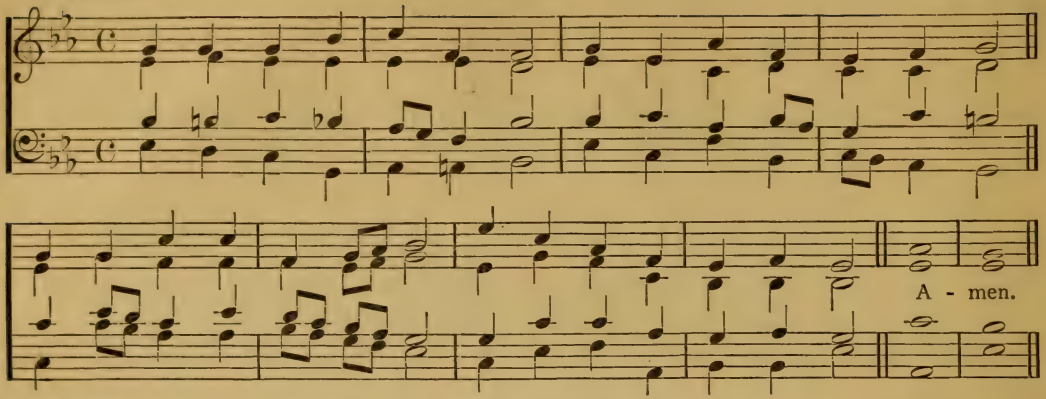
3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer
Strength for after time to gain?

4 Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

M 5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall Angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

6 Keep, oh! keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
cres. That with Thee we may appear
f At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

WIGAN. 7·7·7·7. T. GRAHAM.



107

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."—Ps. xix. 12.

P 1 GIVER of the perfect gift!
Only Hope of human race!
Hear the prayer our hearts uplift
Trembling at Thy Throne of grace.

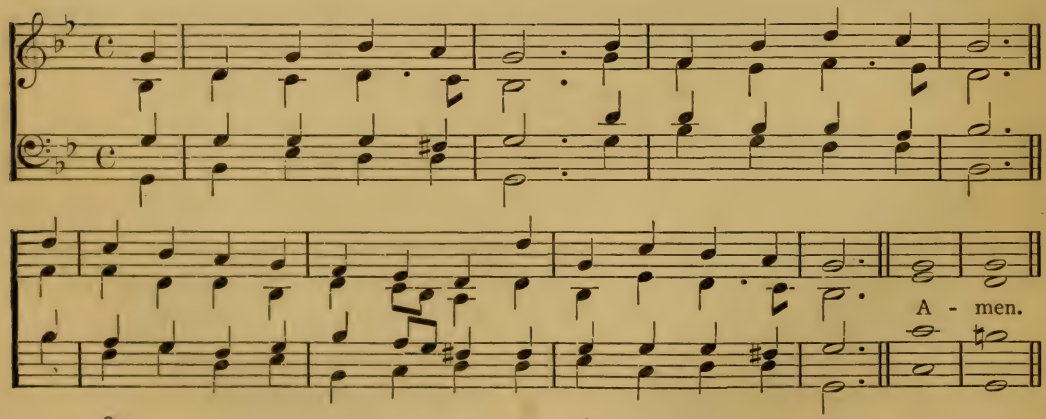
2 Though the accusing voice within
Speaks of many a wrong to Thee,
Thou canst cleanse from every sin,
Thou canst set the conscience free.

3 Who canst save us, Lord, but Thou?
Let Thy mercy show Thy power;
Lo, we plead Thy promise now,
Now, in this the accepted hour.

4 Oh! may these our Lenten days,
Blest by Thee, with Thee be passed,
That with purer, nobler praise
We may keep Thy Feast at last.

5 God the Holy Trinity,
Grant the mercy we implore:
mf God the One, all praise to Thee
mf Through the ages evermore! Amen.

ST. BRIDE. S.M. DR. S. HOWARD.



108

"If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—Rom. viii. 13.

P 1 In hunger, watch, and prayer,
These forty days were passed
By Thee, O Jesu; and Thy love
Doth sanctify our fast.

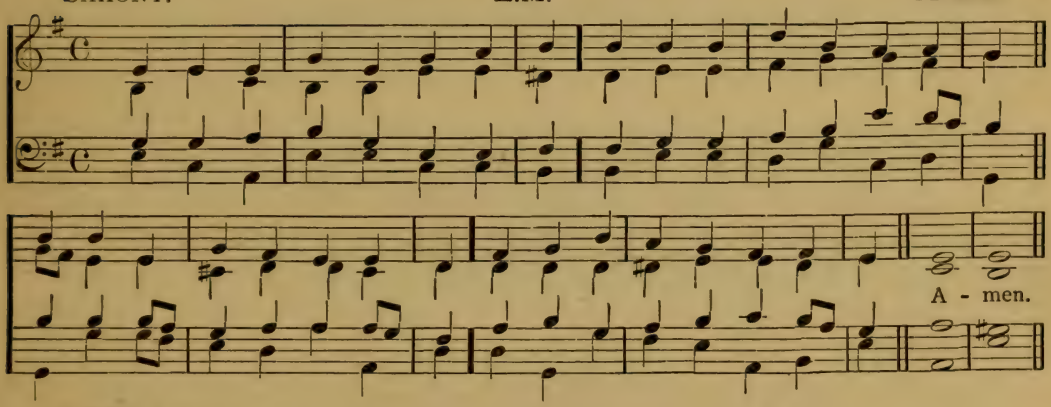
2 Through fleshly lusts indulged,
Man lost his first estate;
Thou wouldst restore by leading us
Our flesh to subjugate.

3 Be with Thy Church, O Lord;
Our self-denials bless;
Accept the tears Thy children shed
O'er all their frowardness.

4 Forgive, most gracious Lord,
The follies we deplore,
Prevent us with Thy guiding hand,
That we may sin no more.

5 So do Thou in our souls
The power of sin destroy;
And make us fit to worship Thee
cres. With Easter's holy joy. Amen.

SAXONY. L.M. GERMAN.



109

"But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face."—St. Matt. vi. 17.

P 1 O MERCIFUL Creator, hear!
To us in pity bow Thine ear:
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
In this our fast of forty days.

2 Each heart is manifest to Thee:
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Repentant now we seek Thy face;
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.

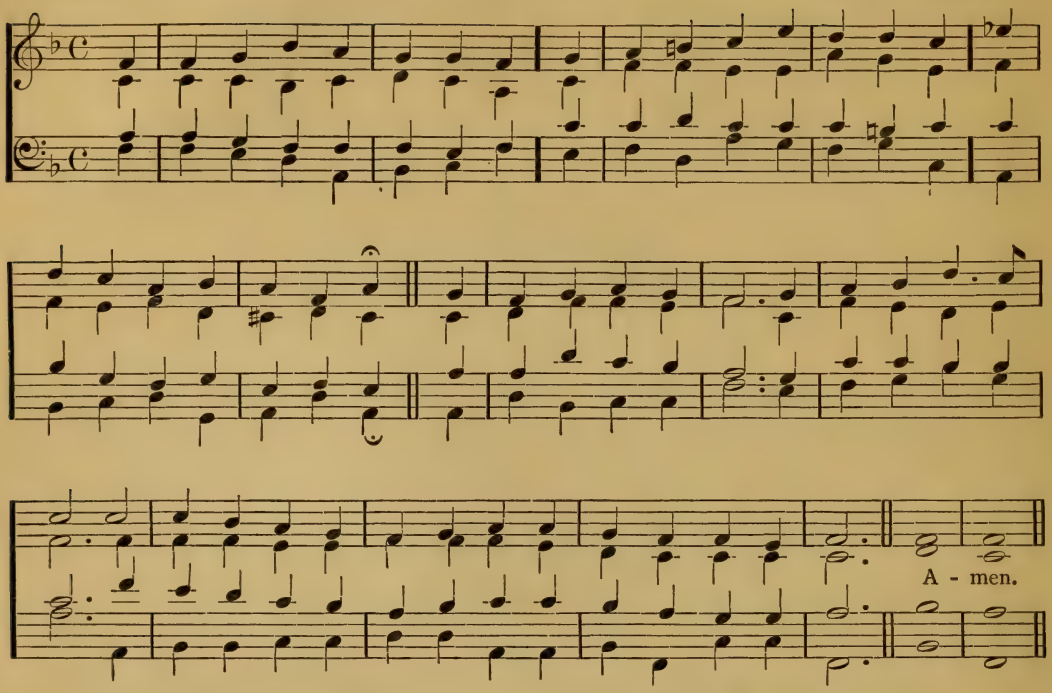
3 Our sins are manifold and sore,
But spare Thou them who sin deplore:
And for Thine own Name's sake make whole
The fainting and the weary soul.

4 Grant us to mortify each sense,
By means of outward abstinence;
That so from every stain of sin,
The soul may keep her fast within.

5 Blest Three in One and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

LENT.

ISAIAH. 8.8.8.6.6.8.6. JOSEPH BARNBY.



110 *"And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you, and have mercy upon you."*—Isa. xxx. 18.

P 1 Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.
Oh, hearken when we cry;
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father, in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

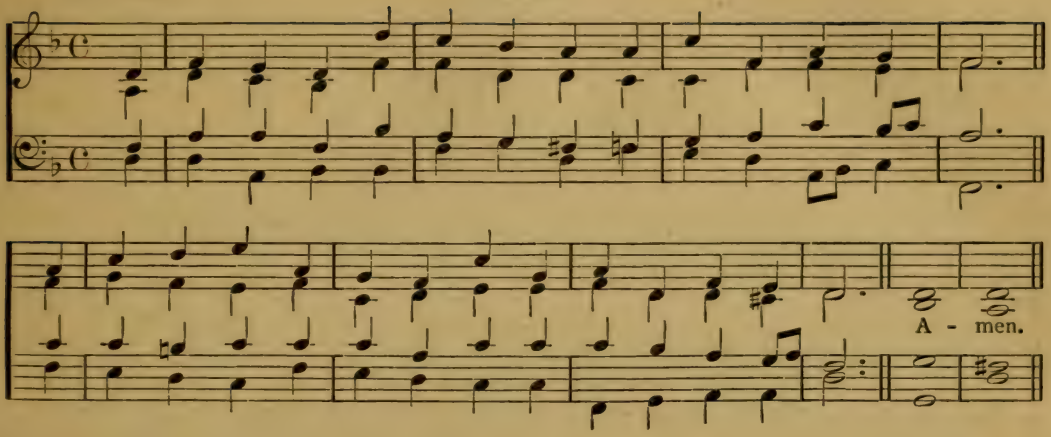
2 Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.
Oh, hearken when we cry, &c.

3 Oh, happy time of blessèd tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
Undoing all our evil years!
Oh, hearken when we cry, &c.

4 We who have loved the world must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
Oh, hearken when we cry, &c.

5 All glory to Redeeming Grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face!
Oh, hearken when we cry, &c.
Amen.

ST. MARY. C.M.



111 *"Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that He have mercy upon us."*—Ps. cxxiii. 2.

P 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell:
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is our only prayer;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit;
Oh, in Thy mercy spare! Amen.

112 *"My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."*—Isa. liv. 10.

P 1 WHENCE shall my tears begin?
What first-fruits shall I bear
Of earnest sorrow for my sin?
Or how my woes declare?
O Thou, the merciful and gracious One!
Forgive the foul transgressions I have done.

2 If Adam's righteous doom,
Because he dared transgress
Thy one decree, lost Eden's bloom
And Eden's loveliness,
What recompense, O Lord, must I expect,
Who all my life Thy quickening laws neglect?

3 My guilt for vengeance cries;
But yet Thou pardonest all;
And whom Thou lov'st Thou dost chastise,
And mourn'st for them that fall;
Thou, as a Father, mark'st our tears and pain,
And welcomest the prodigal again.

4 I lie before Thy door;
Oh turn me not away!
Nor in Thine anger give me o'er
To Satan for a prey!
But ere the end of life and term of grace,
Thou Merciful! my many sins efface!

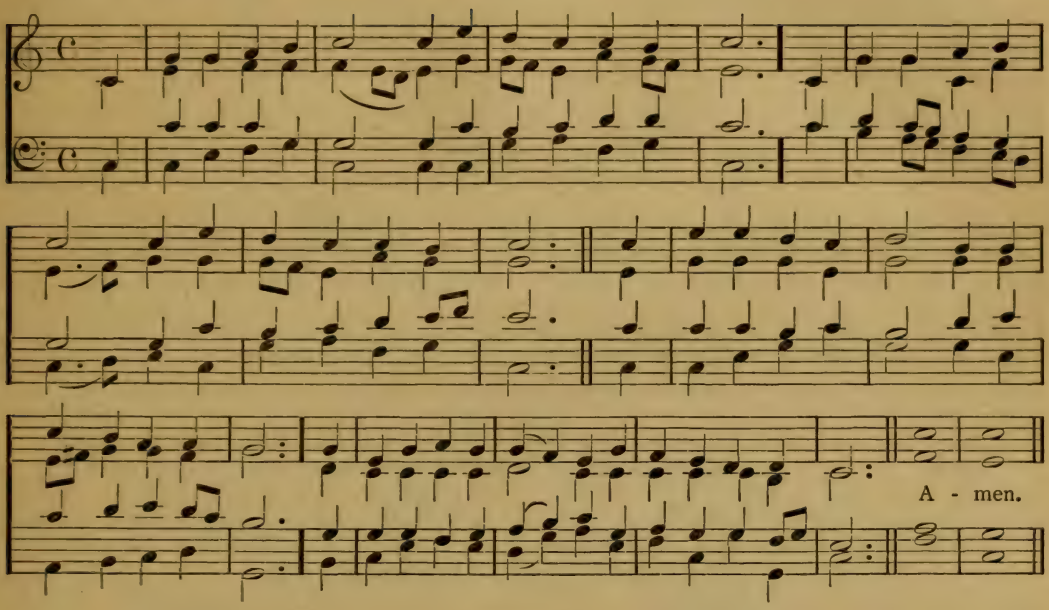
5 Thou spotless Lamb Divine,
Who takest sins away!
Remove far off the load that mine
Upon my conscience lay:
And, of Thy tender mercy, grant Thou me
To find remission of iniquity! Amen.

Also the following—

ART thou weary, art thou languid? (333).
HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal (380).
HEAL us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer (381).
IN the hour of trial (391).
JESU, Lover of my soul (396).
JUST as I am, without one plea (408).
LORD, in this Thy mercy's day (419).
LORD, to Thee alone we turn (427).
LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne (429).
MY sins have taken such a hold on me (435).
O JESU, Thou art standing (451).
O THOU to whose all-searching sight (460).
OH, help us, Lord, each hour of need (470).
OUT of the deep I call (482).
SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee (494).
SINNERS, turn! Why will ye die! (500).
TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said (507).
THOU who breakest every chain (527).
TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us (534).
WE come to Thee, dear Saviour (539).
WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin (544).
WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee (545).
WHEN our heads are bowed with woe (548).
WHEN the world is brightest (551).
WHERE'ER have trod Thy sacred feet (553).
WITH broken heart and contrite sigh (558).
Also Litanies 584, 585, 586.

HOLY WEEK.

ST. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6. D. GERMAN.



(SUNDAY.)

113 "*Hosanna: Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.*"—St. Matt. xxi. 9.

F 1 ALL glory, praise, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King;
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest, the King and blessèd One!
All glory, &c.

3 The company of Angels are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things created make reply.
All glory, &c.

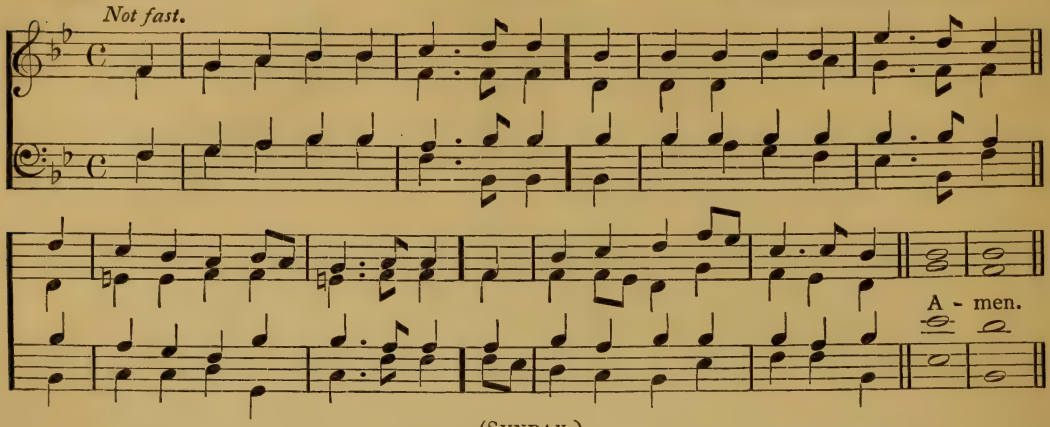
4 The people of the Hebrews with palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion they raised their hymns of praise,
To Thee in glory reigning our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises; accept the prayers we bring;
Who in all good delightest, Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, praise, and honour to Thee, Redeemer, King;
To whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas ring. Amen.

PALMÆ. L.M. WILLIAM GEORGE CUSINS.

Not fast.



(SUNDAY.)

114

"*In Thy majesty ride prosperously.*"—Ps. xlv. 4.

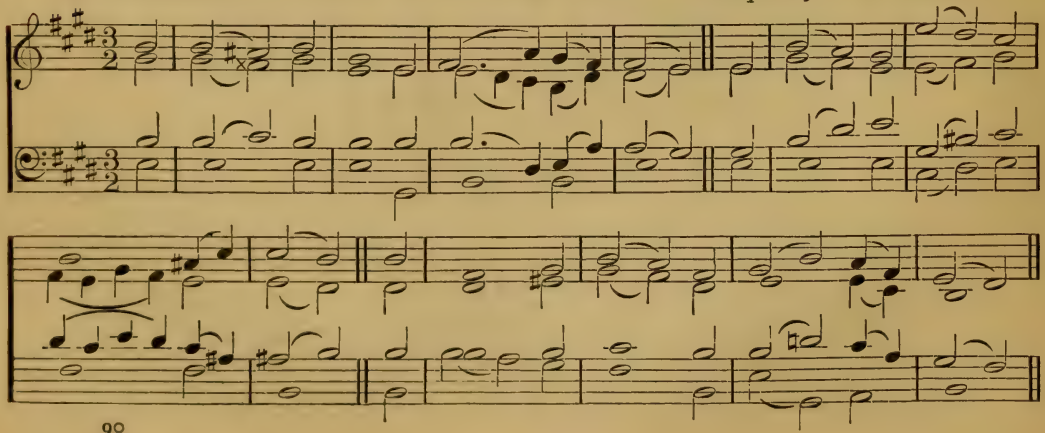
f 1 RIDE on! Ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

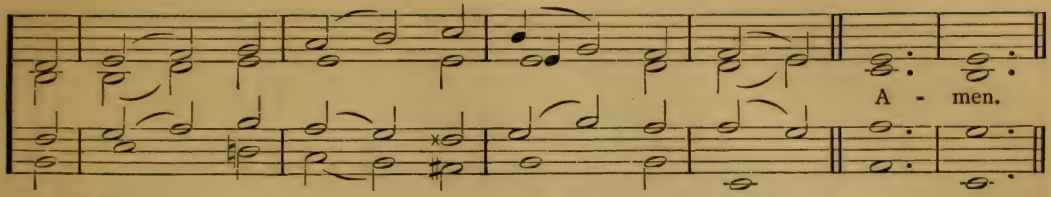
f 2 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice!

f 3 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

f 4 Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
p Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
f Then take, O God, Thy power and reign!
Amen.

ST. VINCENT. L.M. *Adapted by* C. E. WILLING.





115

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."—St. John xii. 32.

P 1 LORD Jesu, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched Arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;—

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy Death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M. TALLIS.

116

"Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh."—1 St. Pet. iv. 1.

P 1 O THOU, who through this holy week
Didst suffer for us all,
The sick to heal, the lost to seek,
To raise up them that fall;

2 We cannot tell the bitter woe
Thy Love was pleased to bear;
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

3 Thy Feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy Hands the victory won;
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 O grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,
With Thee to rise anew;
Grant us the things of earth to fly
The things of heaven pursue.

F 5 To God the blessèd Three in One
All praise and glory be!
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won,
Through Thee, the victory. Amen.

ST. LAWRENCE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. CHARLES STEGGALL.

117 *"As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous."*—Rom. v. 19.

1 SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Tell His triumph far and wide,
Tell abroad the wondrous story
Of His Body Crucified;
How upon the Cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

2 Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second tree prepare,
Destined many ages later
That first evil to repair.

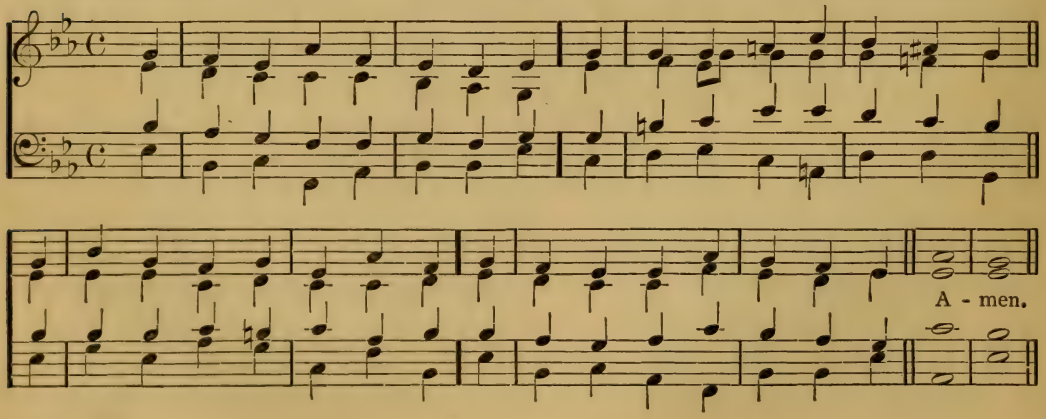
3 So when now at length the fulness
Of the time foretold drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high;
From a Virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality.

4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain,
Freely then Himself surrendered
To a death of bitter pain;
p He the Lamb, a willing Victim,
p On the Cross for us was slain.

P 5 Lo, with gall they stay His faintness!
See the thorns upon His Brow!
Nails His Hands and Feet are rending!
See, His Side is open now;
Whence to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow!

F 6 Blessing, honour everlasting,
To the eternal One in Three!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be!
Glory through the earth and heaven
To the Holy Trinity! Amen.

ELLESMERE. L.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



118

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

1 THE Royal banner is unfurled,
And lo! the Cross is reared on high,
Whereon the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in mortal agony.

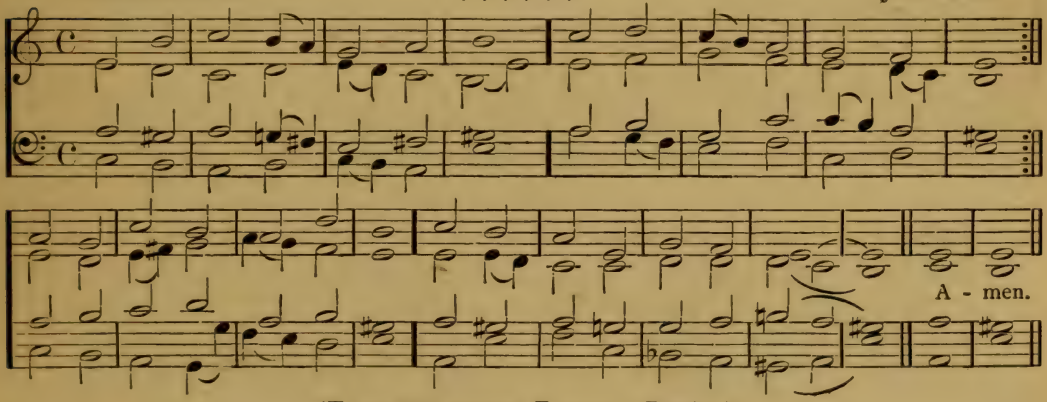
2 Pierced by the spear He yielded forth
Water and Blood, a mingled tide,
That so a fount of priceless worth
Might flow for sinners from His Side.

3 O Jesu, in Thy Cross we see
Once more a Tree of Life for men!
Lo! from the curse the earth is free,
And Eden may be ours again!

4 No more doth flaming sword appear,
Nor cherubim to keep the way;
The fallen race may now draw near,
And eat Thy fruit and live for aye.

5 O holy Jesu, unto Thee
From every ransomed soul be praise!
Thy Cross our Tree of Life shall be,
Our song of joy thro' endless days! Amen.

GETHSEMANE. 7·7·7·7·7·7. J. S. BACH.



(THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.—*Evening.*)

119

"And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground."—St. Luke xxii. 44.

P 1 COMES once more the awful night,
When of human sin the load
Weighed with its resistless might
On the sinless Son of God.
O my soul, thy Saviour see
Kneeling in Gethsemane!

2 There our God bore all our guilt,
There His heaviest woe sustained,
There His precious drops were spilt,
There His cup of anguish drained.
Oh, reflect what sin must be;
Thinking on Gethsemane!

3 Sins against a holy Lord,
Sins against His righteous laws,
Sins against His loving word,
Sins against His name and cause,
Sins all boundless as the sea,
Pressed upon Gethsemane!

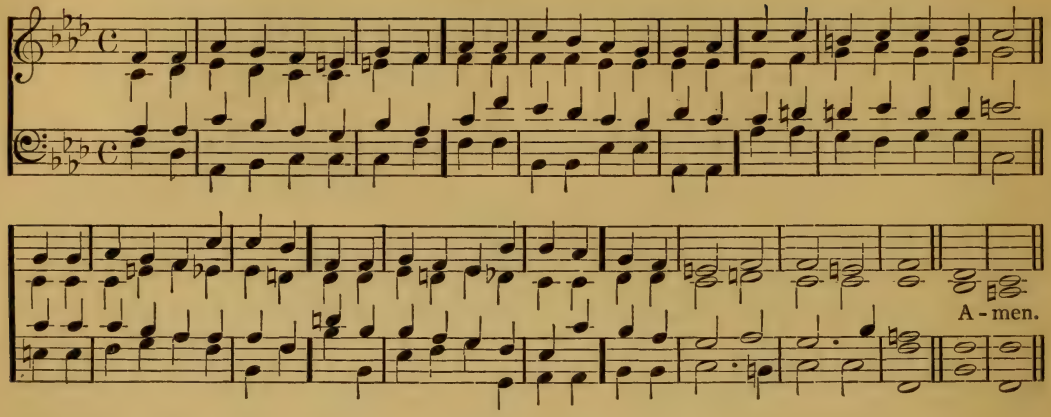
4 Oh, the wonders love has done!
Oh, the prayer, the sweat of blood!
Oh, the depths of woe, by none,
Man or angel, understood!
Who can thy deep marvels see,
Wonderful Gethsemane!

M 5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
One Almighty God of love,
Praised by all the heavenly host
In Thy shining courts above,
We, O Holy Trinity,
Bless Thee for Gethsemane! Amen.

Also the following:—

BY Christ redeemed, to God restored (205).
O LORD, refresh Thy flock (215).
O THOU, before the world began (458).
PRAISE to the Holiest in the height (487).

SON OF MAN. 8.8.7.8.8.7. JOSEPH BARNBY.



(GOOD FRIDAY.)

120

"For the transgression of my people was He stricken."—Isa. liii. 8.

P 1 Now returns the awful morning
When with curses, shouts, and scorning,
Salem raged against her King;
Gave Him up to bonds and scourging,
Followed Him with cruel urging
On His path of suffering.

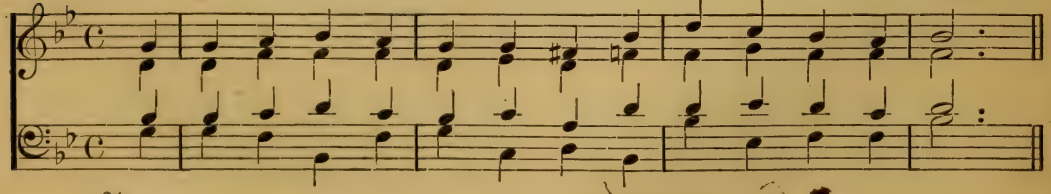
2 He His Cross in patience bearing,
Meek His twisted thorn-crown wearing,
Friendless climbed that shameful hill;
Tasted not the drink benumbing,
Shrank not from the torture coming,
Suffered all to have their will.

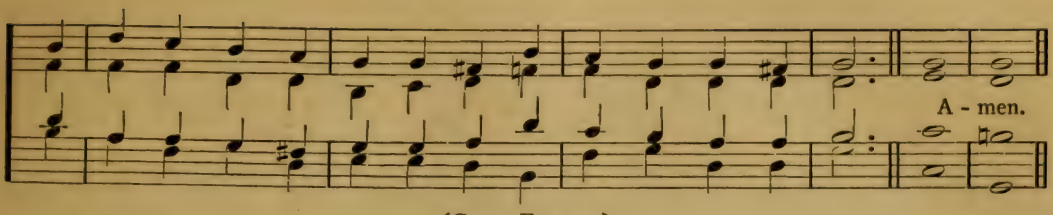
3 God's own Son, of glory emptied,
Smitten, mocked, forsaken, tempted,
Died this day upon the Tree;
Dying, for His murderers pleaded:
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
We have pierced and stricken Thee!

4 Not alone the hands that nailed Thee,
Nor the crowd whose cries assailed Thee,
Raised Thy Cross, and fixed Thee there:
Ours the sin which crucified Thee,
We betrayed Thee, we denied Thee,
We too need Thy pardoning prayer.

5 Son of Man, in memory keeping
All the pain, the shame, the weeping,
All the sorrows of Thy way;
By the love which thither drew Thee,
Now once more, for them that slew Thee
Lift Thy wounded Hands to-day! Amen.

WINDSOR. C.M. KIRBY.





(GOOD FRIDAY.)

121

"He became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."—Phil. ii. 8.

P 1 O THOU, the Eternal Son of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
We worship Thee, whose Head is bowed
In agony and pain.

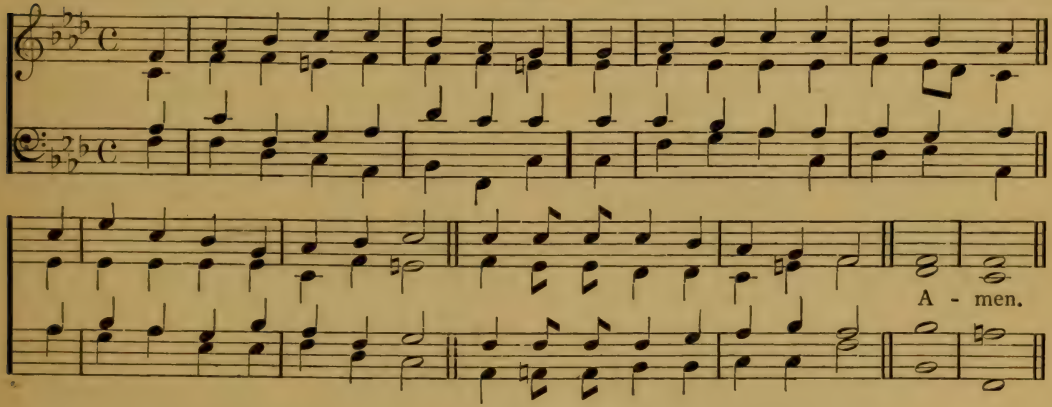
2 None tread with Thee Thine awful path;
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect Sacrifice
Which only can atone.

3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robes
To-day are laid aside;
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

4 The Cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy sacred Heart.

5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear Cross,
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that Cross our only hope,
O Jesu Crucified! Amen.

BABYLON. L.M. DR. CAMPIAN.



(GOOD FRIDAY.)

122

"They crucified Him."—St. Matt. xxvii. 35.

P 1 OH, come and mourn beside the Cross;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn:—
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2 Why are these hearts so cold and dead,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah, see how patiently He hangs!
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

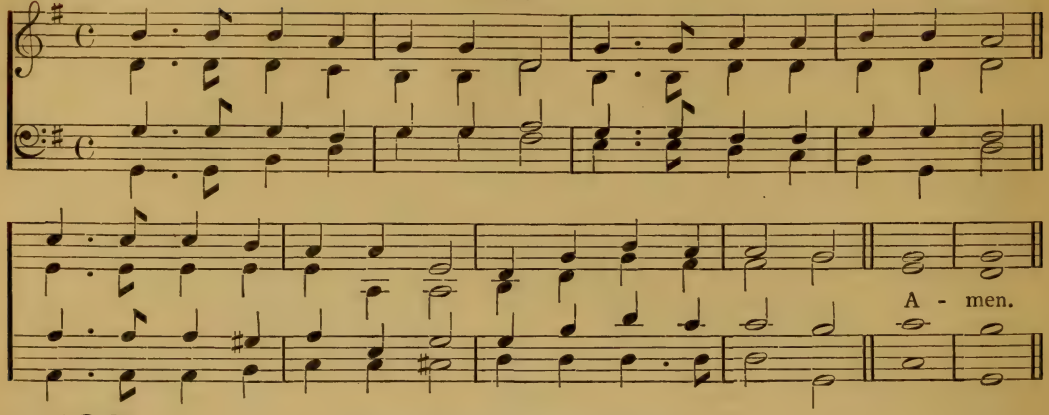
3 Seven times He spake—seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:—
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

4 Saviour, Thyself Thou wouldst not save;
It was Thine own pure love that tied
Thee faster than the senseless nails:—
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

5 Oh, break, oh, break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betrayed and slew thy God and King:—
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

m 6 Oh, Love of God! Oh, sin of man!
m On this dread day your strength was tried;
f And Love at last hath conquered sin;
dim. For Love Himself was crucified! Amen.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6. ANON.



123 (THE WORDS ON THE CROSS.)

PART I.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—St. Luke xxiii. 34.

P 1 JESU, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh! may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."—St. Luke xxiii. 43.

1 JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh! remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

"Woman, behold thy Son!" "Behold thy mother!"—St. John xix. 26, 27.

1 JESU, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART IV.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—St. Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 JESU, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from Heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART V.

"*I thirst.*"—St. John xix. 28.

1 JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VI.

"*It is finished.*"—St. John xix. 30.

1 JESU,—all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,—
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VII.

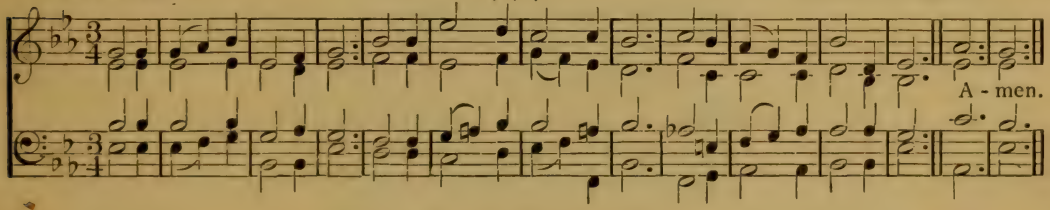
"*Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit.*"—St. Luke xxiii. 46.

1 JESU,—all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,—
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the Home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



(GOOD FRIDAY EVENING.)

124

"*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*"—Ps. xxx. 5.

P 1 WEEPING, as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even,—who are they?

2 These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd Tree.

3 All is over,—in the tomb
Sleeps He, as in death's dark womb,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

4 All is over,—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

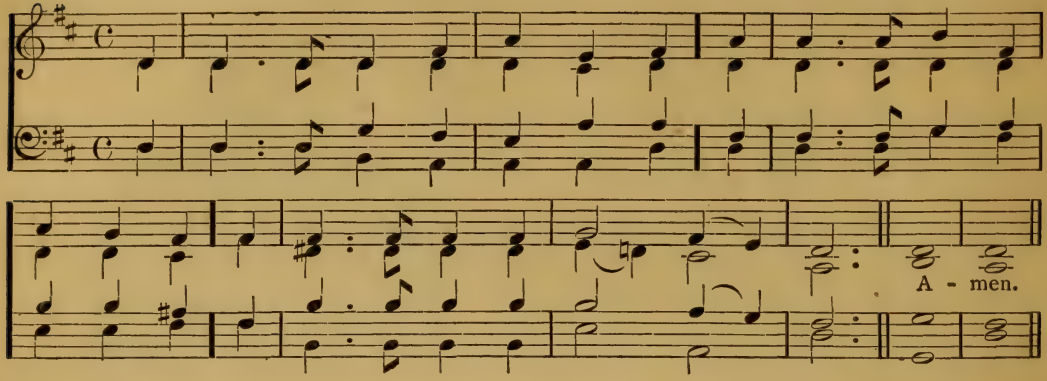
5 Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

M 6 Glory to the Lord, who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.

Also the following:—(FOR HOLY WEEK AND GOOD FRIDAY.)

BEHOLD the Lamb (336).
GLORY be to Jesus (369).
HAIL, that Head all torn and wounded (377).
I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall (389).
JESU, meek and lowly (398).
MY God, I love Thee, not because (434).
O THOU! who hast our sorrows borne (461).
ROCK of ages, cleft for me (490).
Also Litany 588.
SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee, Part II. (494).
SWEET the moments, rich in blessing (506).
WE sing the praise of Him who died (542).
WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross (547).

HOLY SEPULCHRE. 8.8.8. E. H. THORNE.



(EASTER EVE.)

125 "*Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses beheld where He was laid.*"—St. Mark xv. 47.

P 1 BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

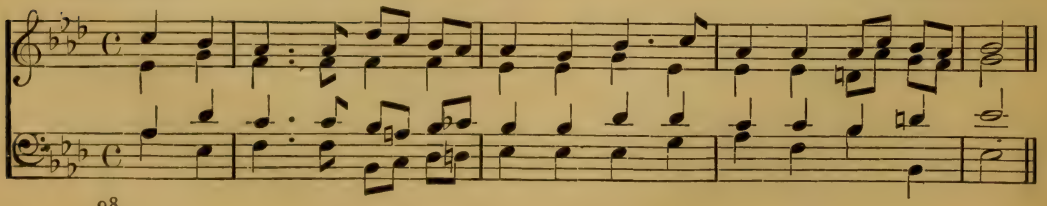
2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore,
Of Him who all our sufferings bore.

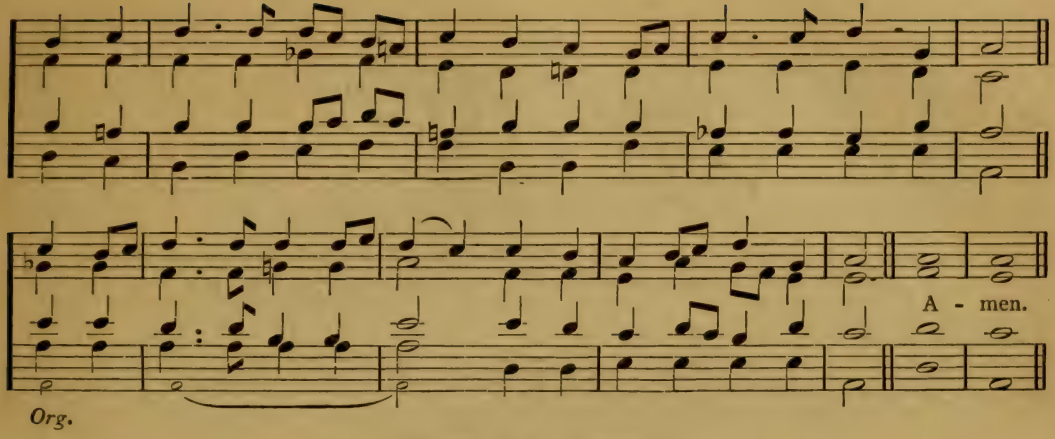
3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade,
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest,—
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

5 So when the Dayspring from on high
cres. Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
f Then shall the Lord again draw nigh. Amen.

REQUIEM. 8.7.8.7.7.7. W. SCHULTES.





(EASTER EVE.—*Evening.*)

126 *"Joseph wrapped the Body in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own new tomb."*—St. Matt. xxvii. 59, 60.

P 1 ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
cres. Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
m Of the prey he grasps to-night:
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Dark and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross He bore!
How did Soul and Body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er!
m But that toil, so fierce and dread,
m Bruised and crushed the serpent's head!

4 All night long with plaintive voicing
Chant His requiem soft and low:
cres. Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
m From to-morrow's harps shall flow:—
f "Death and hell at length are slain!
f Christ hath triumphed! Christ doth reign!"
Amen.

Also the following:—

GO to dark Gethsemane (370).
SABBATH of the saints of old (60).

EASTER.

BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART.

(MORNING.)

127 *"He is risen, as He said."*—St. Matt. xxviii. 6.

F 1 ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise!
He who on the Cross a victim for the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead!

2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal, on this holy Easter morn.
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal by His Resurrection rise.

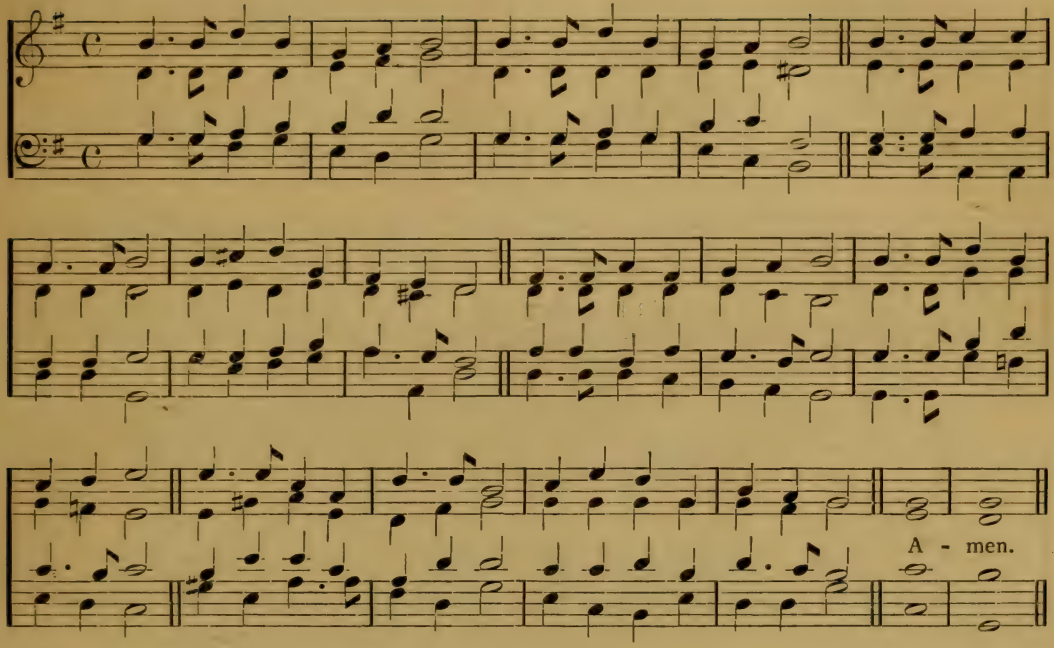
3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen! Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy Face,
So that we, with hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gathered, and be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory be to God on high!
To the Father, and the Saviour, who has gained the victory!
Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of Love and Sanctity!
Alleluia! Alleluia! to the Triune Majesty! Amen.

EASTER.

ST. GEORGE. 7·7·7·7. D. GEORGE ELVEY.



(MORNING.)

128 *"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast."*—1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

F 1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced Side.
Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast:
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest!

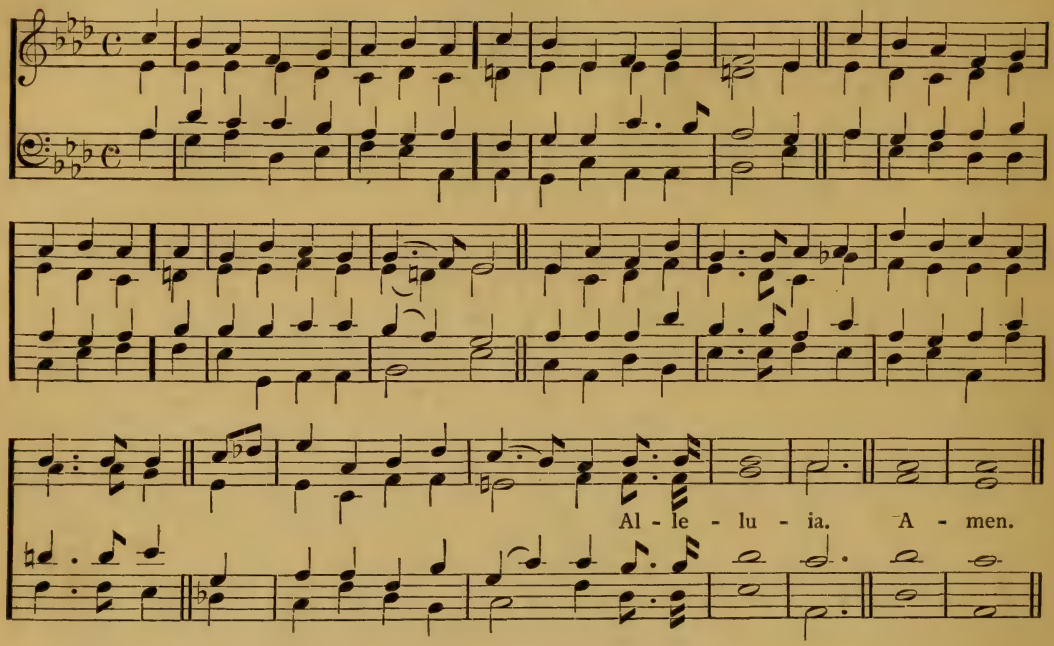
2 Where the Paschal Blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat the Manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie,
Thou hast conquered in the fight;
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy—
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be! Amen.

EASTER.

LISMORE. 8.7.8.7.7.8.4. ALFRED PHILLIPS.



(MORNING.)

129 *"Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him."*—Rom. vi. 9.

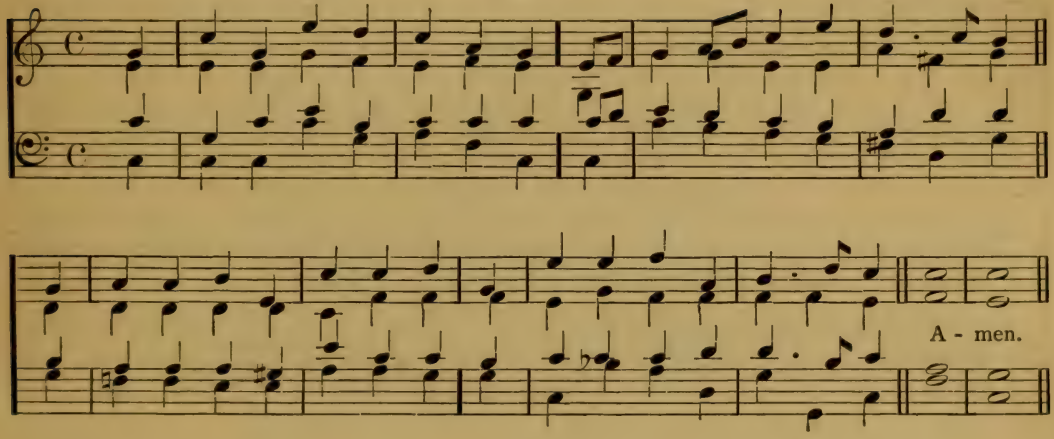
F 1 CHRIST JESUS lay in Death's strong bands,
For our offences given;
But now at God's right hand He stands,
And brings us life from heaven:
Wherefore let us joyful be
And sing to God right thankfully
Loud songs of Alleluia!
Alleluia!

2 It was a strange and dreadful strife,
When Life and Death contended;
The victory remained with Life,
The reign of Death was ended:
Stript of power, no more he reigns;
An empty shape alone remains;
His sting is lost for ever!
Alleluia!

3 So let us keep the festival
Whereto the Lord invites us;
Christ is Himself the joy of all,
The Sun that warms and lights us:
By His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended!
Alleluia!

4 Then let us feast this Easter day
On the true Bread of heaven;
The word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven;
Christ alone our souls will feed;
He is our Meat and Drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other!
Alleluia! Amen.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



(MORNING.)

130

"*Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell.*"—Acts ii. 27.

F 1 Now dawning glows the Day of days;
All heaven resounds with songs of praise!
From earth loud shouts of triumph rise,
And hell beneath with groans replies.

2 For He, the mighty King of day,
Hath crushed proud Death's unlawful sway,
And, marching through his dark domain,
Broken the weary prisoners' chain.

3 Fierce soldiers o'er His tomb kept guard;
A mighty stone the entrance barred;
But, bursting from His prison, He rose
Triumphant o'er His baffled foes.

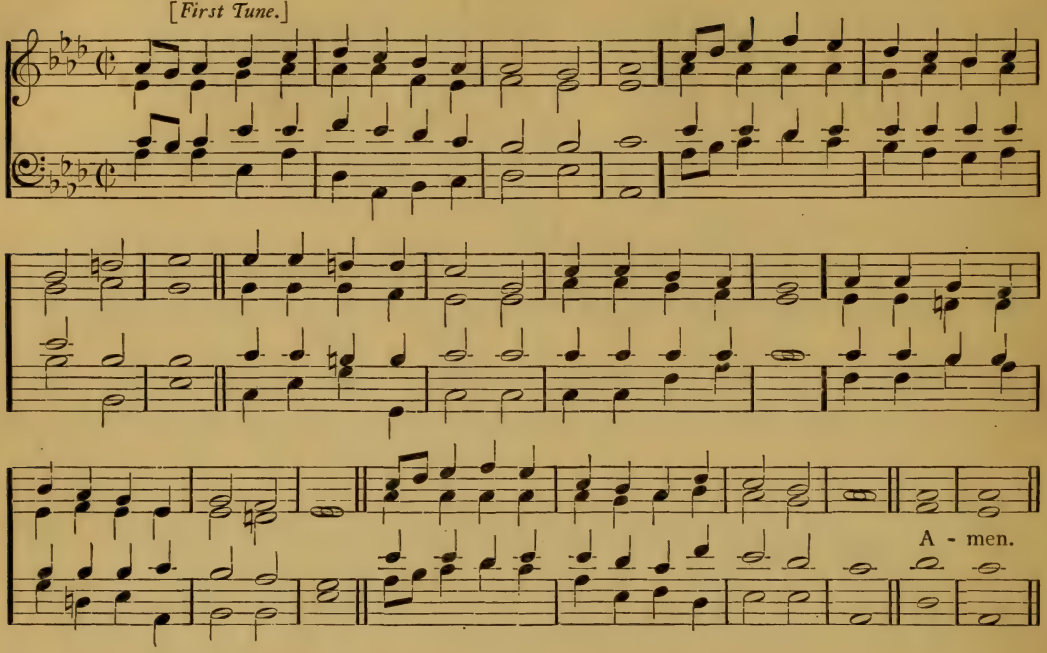
4 Loosed are the pains of Hell this hour;
Death over life hath lost his power;
"The Lord is risen," the Angel said,
"Why seek the living 'mid the dead?"

5 Thou gracious King and Lord of day,
Dwell Thou within our hearts, we pray;
So from Thine own shall grateful praise
Rise to Thy throne through all our days. Amen.

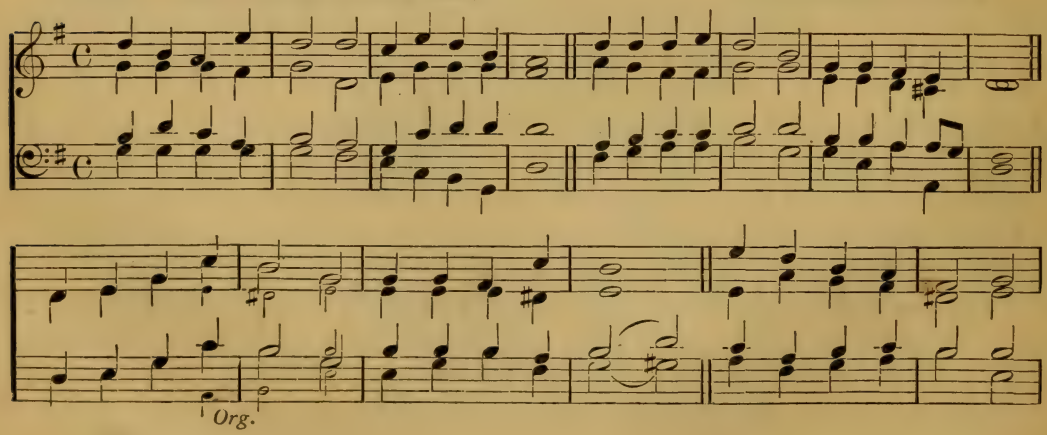
EASTER.

"WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING." 11.11.11.11.11. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

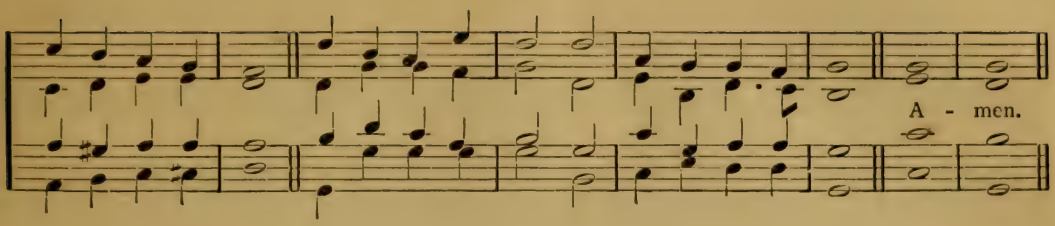
[*First Tune.*]



SALVE FESTA DIES. [*Second Tune.*] R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



EASTER.



(MORNING.)

131 *"I have the keys of hell and death."*—Rev. i. 18.

F 1 "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

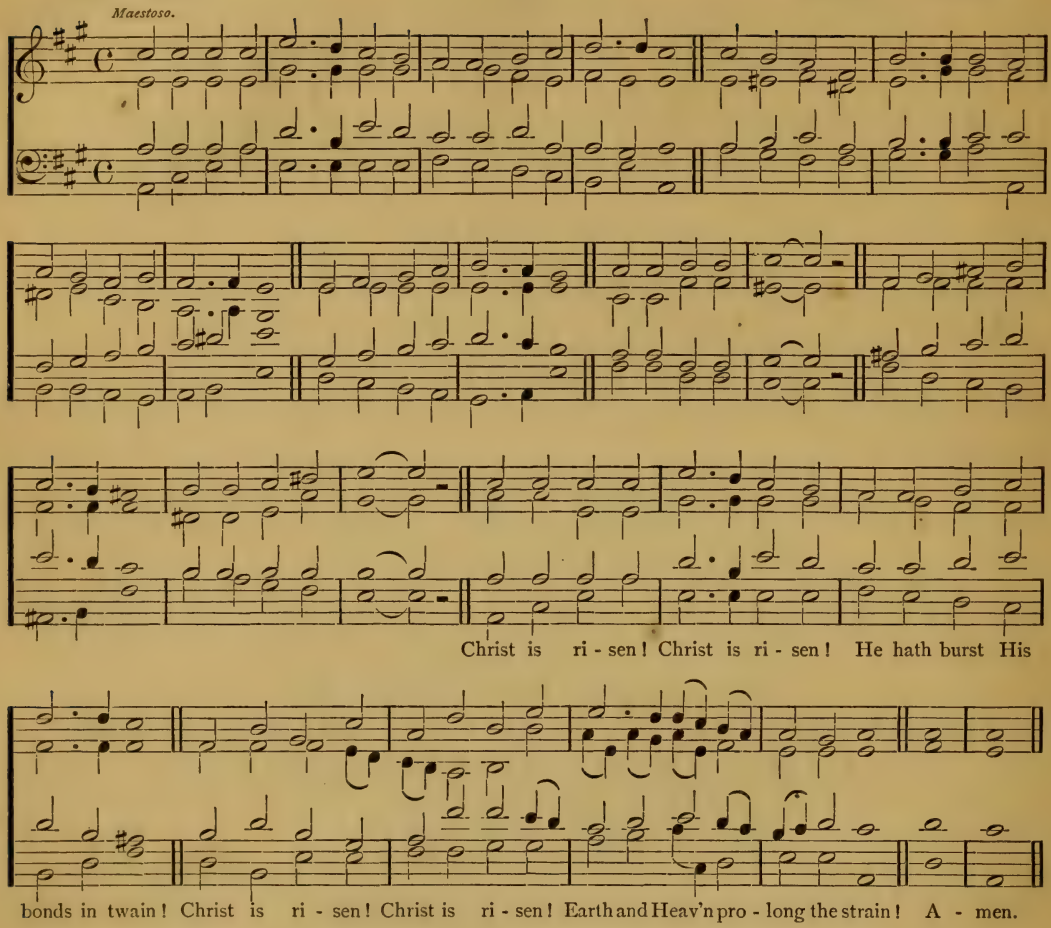
4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own Third Morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day! Amen.

EASTER.

RESURREXIT. P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


Maestoso.
Christ is ri - sen! Christ is ri - sen! He hath burst His
bonds in twain! Christ is ri - sen! Christ is ri - sen! Earth and Heav'n pro - long the strain! A - men.

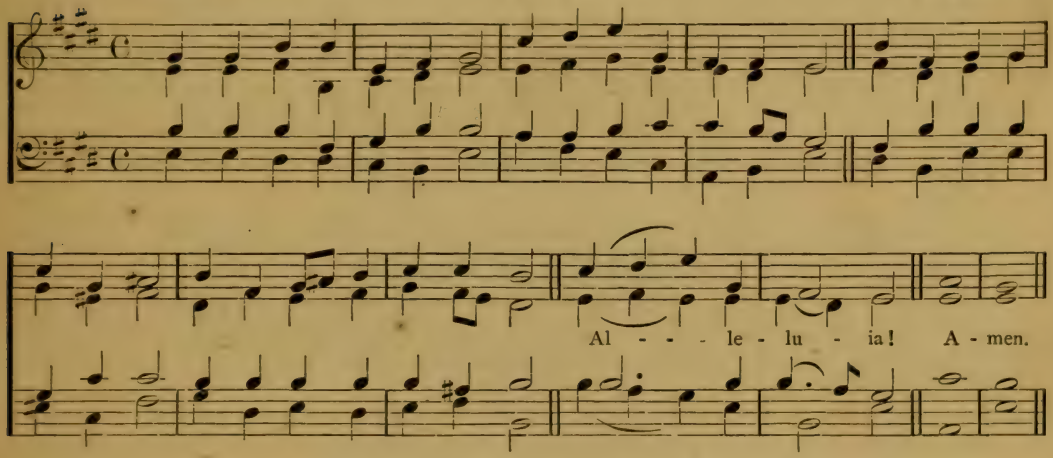
132 *"Now is Christ risen from the dead."*—1 Cor. xv. 20.

F 1 CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven, prolong the strain!
He who suffered pain and loss,
In His love to us,
Dying on the bitter Cross,
Lives victorious!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven, prolong the strain!

2 Lo, the chains of death are broken!
Earth below, and Heaven above
Joy anew in every token
Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!
He o'er earth and heaven shall reign
At His Father's side,
Till He cometh once again,
Bridegroom, to His Bride.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven, prolong the strain!

3 Angel legions, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of earth and skies!
Ye who watched with holy longing
Till your Sun again should rise:—
He is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Sing, ye starry train!
All things living, find a voice!
Jesus lives again!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Over earth and heaven to reign! Amen.

WIRTEMBERG. 7·7·7·7·4. GERMAN.



133

"Jesus Christ, the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth."—Rev. i. 5.

F 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high, Alleluia!

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alleluia!

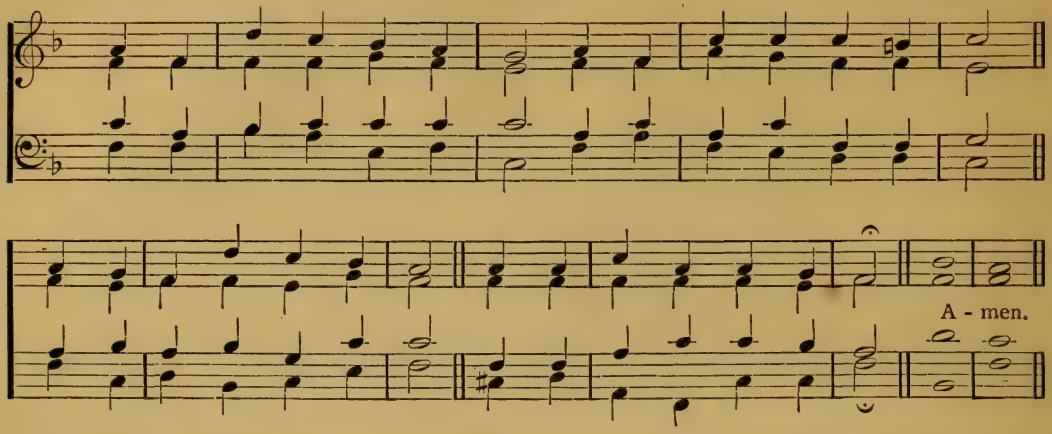
4 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

5 Now He bids His Church record
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia!

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia!
Amen.

EASTER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



134 *"If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection."*—Rom. vi. 5.

F 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and Angels, say;
Raise your songs of triumph high!
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

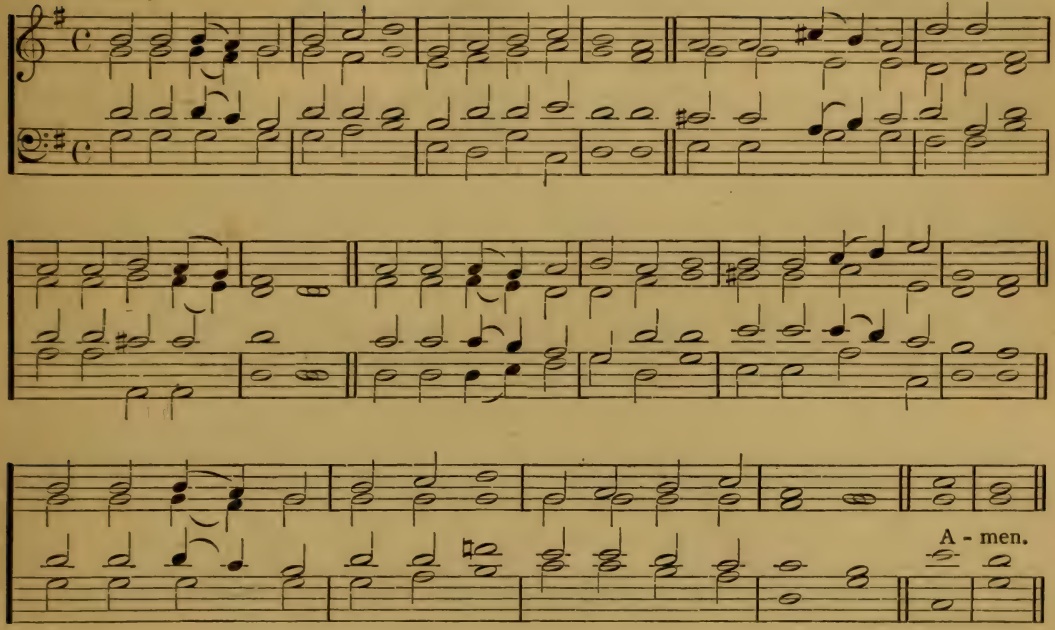
5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given.
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection Thou! Amen.

EASTER.

ST. KEVIN. 7.6.7.6. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Stately.



135

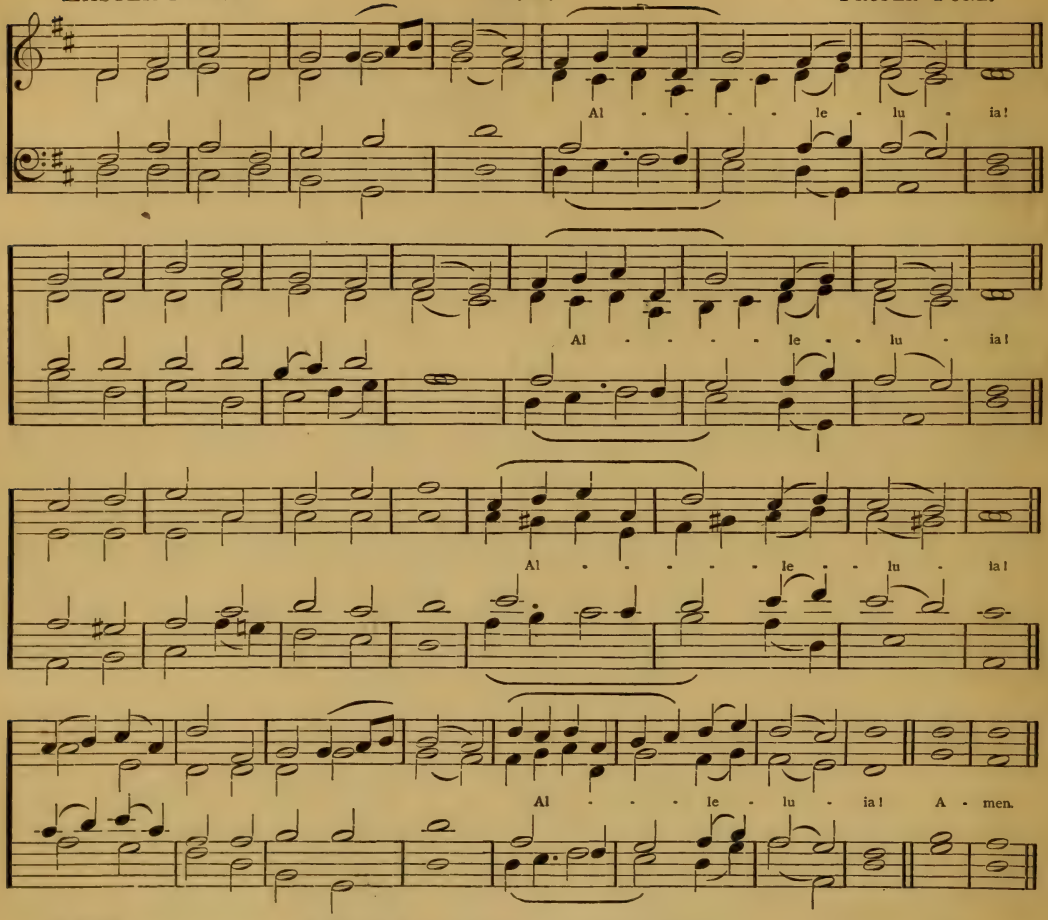
"He hath broken the gates of brass."—Ps. cvii. 16.

F 1 COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,—
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,—
Led them with unmoistened feet
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His face to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
unison. Jesus' Resurrection! Amen.

EASTER HYMN. P.M. PROPER TUNE.



136

"*The Lord is risen indeed.*"—St. Luke xxiv. 34.

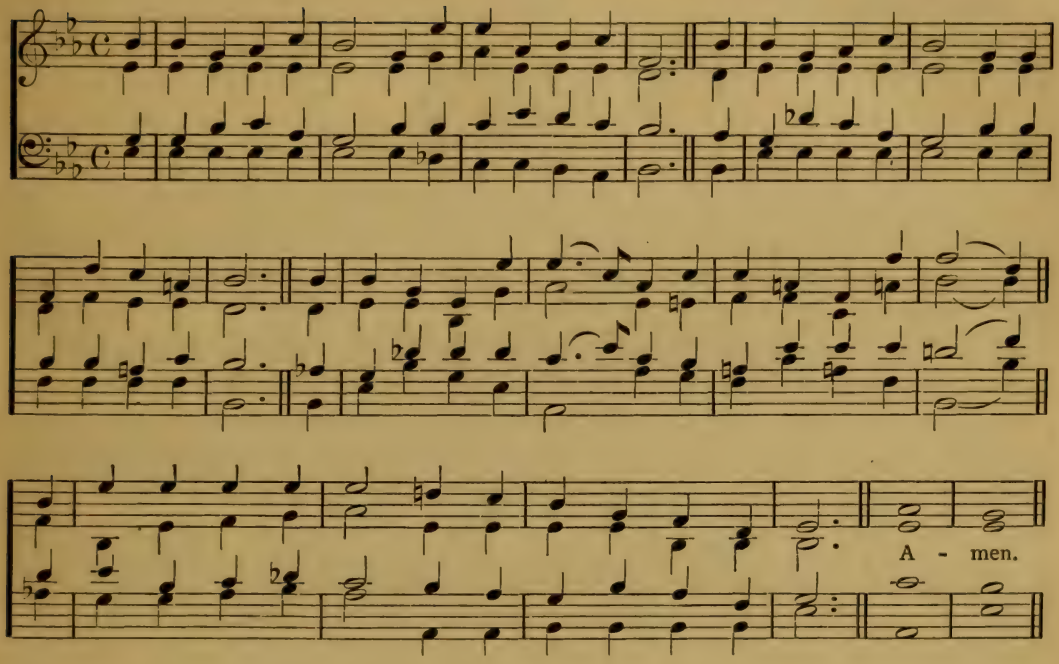
F 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the cross Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King; Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

P 3 But the pains which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured; Alleluia!
F Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing Alleluia! Amen.

EASTER.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. HENRY SMART.



137 *"Jesus met them, saying, All hail."*—St. Matt. xxviii. 9.

F 1 THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

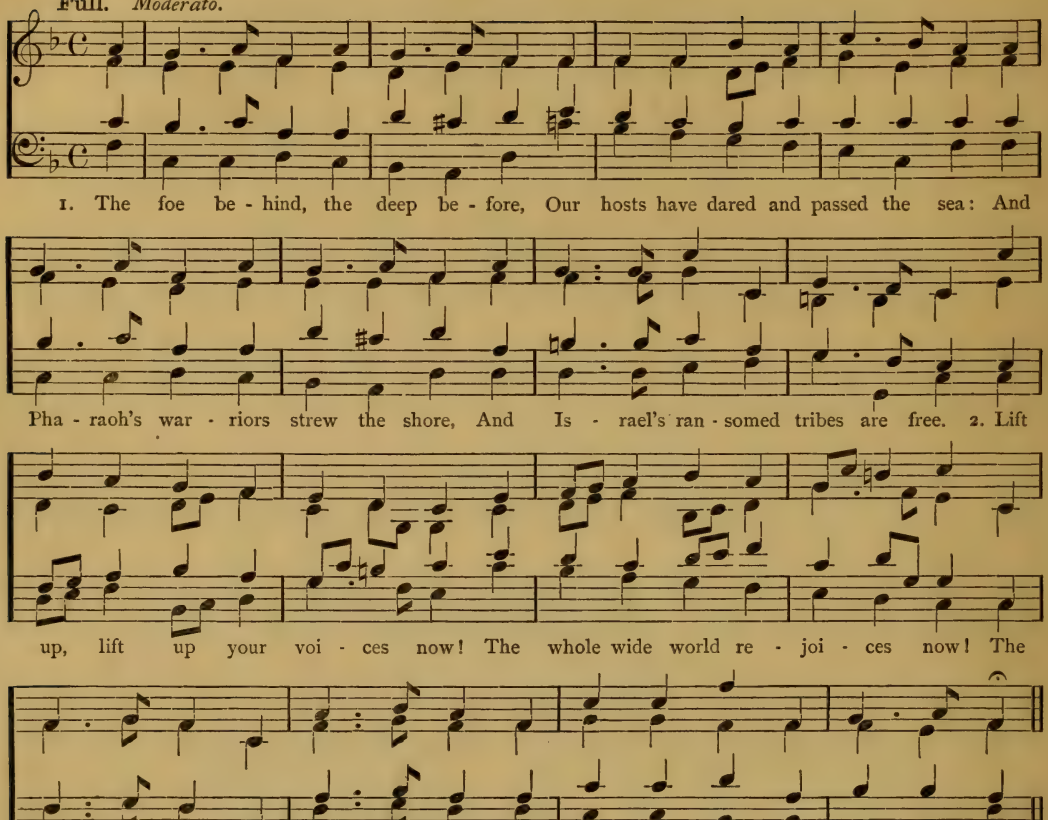
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-light;

M And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All-hail;"—and hearing,
f May raise the victor strain.

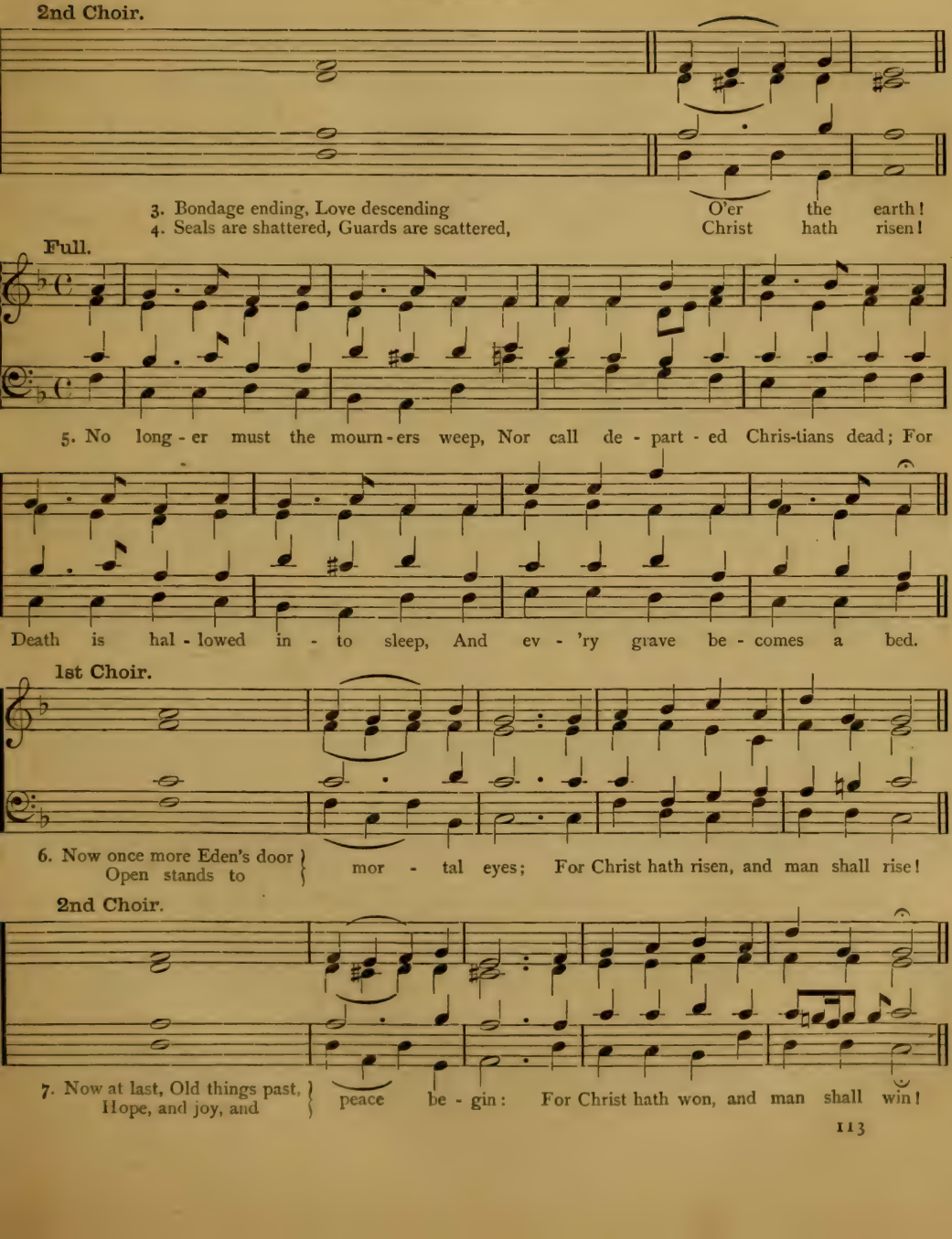
3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end! Amen.

THE FOE BEHIND. [*First Tune.*] P.M. JOHN HULLAH.

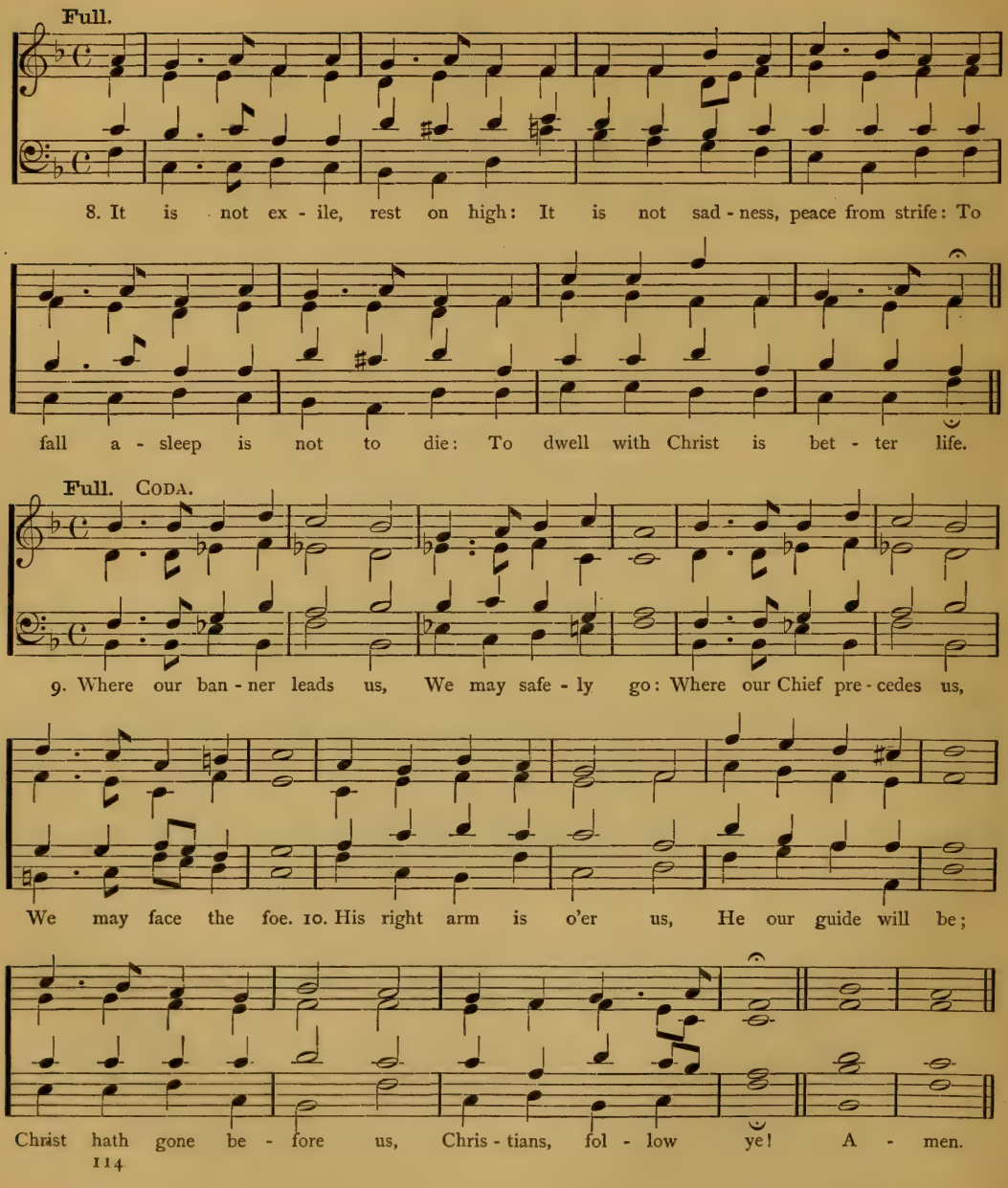
Full. *Moderato.*


1. The foe be - hind, the deep be - fore, Our hosts have dared and passed the sea: And
Pha - raoh's war - riors strew the shore, And Is - rael's ran - somed tribes are free. 2. Lift
up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The
Lord hath tri - umphed glo - rious - ly! The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious ly!
1st Choir.
3. Happy morrow, Turning sorrow Into peace and mirth!
4. Seals assuring, Guards securing, Watch His earth - ly prison.

EASTER.


2nd Choir.
3. Bondage ending, Love descending
4. Seals are shattered, Guards are scattered,
O'er the earth!
Christ hath risen!
Full.
5. No long - er must the mourn - ers weep, Nor call de - part - ed Chris-tians dead; For
Death is hal - lowed in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be - comes a bed.
1st Choir.
6. Now once more Eden's door
Open stands to
mor - tal eyes; For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!
2nd Choir.
7. Now at last, Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and
peace be - gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win!

EASTER.

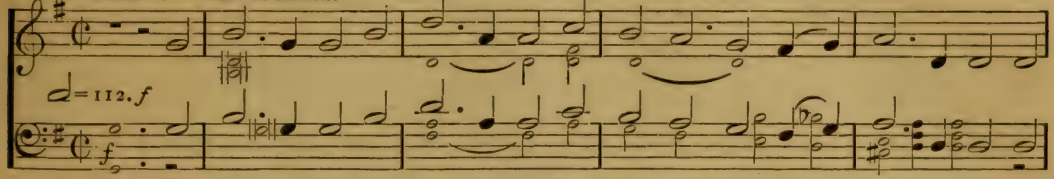

Full.
8. It is not ex - ile, rest on high: It is not sad - ness, peace from strife: To
fall a - sleep is not to die: To dwell with Christ is bet - ter life.
Full. CODA.
9. Where our ban - ner leads us, We may safe - ly go: Where our Chief pre - cedes us,
We may face the foe. 10. His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be;
Christ hath gone be - fore us, Chris - tians, fol - low ye! A - men.

THE FOE BEHIND. [*Second Tune.*]

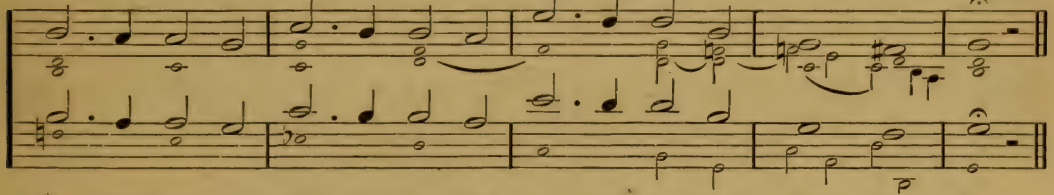
JOHN NAYLOR.

N.B.—The small notes are to be added to the voice parts and played by the Organ.

VERSE 1. *Voices in unison.*

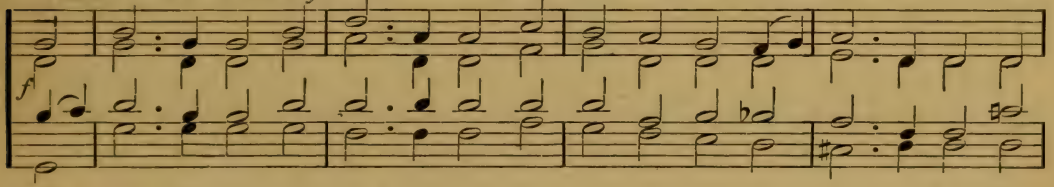


Org. The foe be-hind, the deep be-fore, Our hosts have dared and passed the sea: And

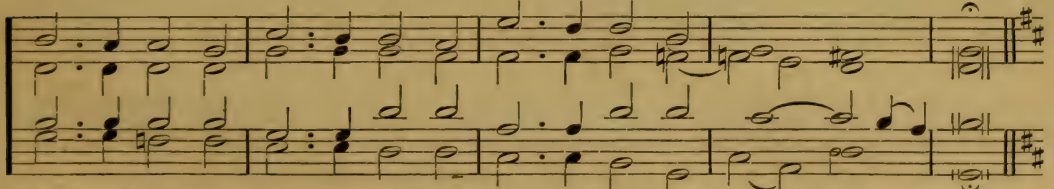


Pha-raoh's war-riors strew the shore, And Is-rael's ran-somed tribes are free.

VERSE 2. *Voices in harmony.*

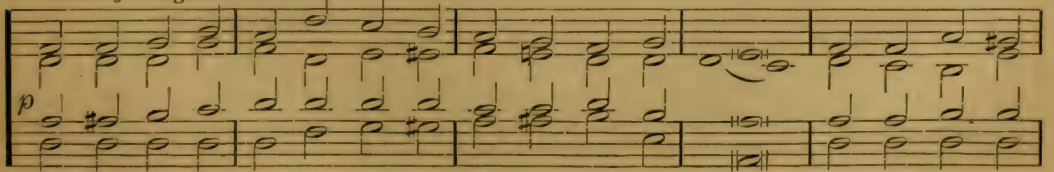


Lift up, lift up your voi-ces now! The whole wide world re-joi-ces now! The



Lord hath tri-umphed glo-rious-ly! The Lord shall reign vic-to-rious-ly!

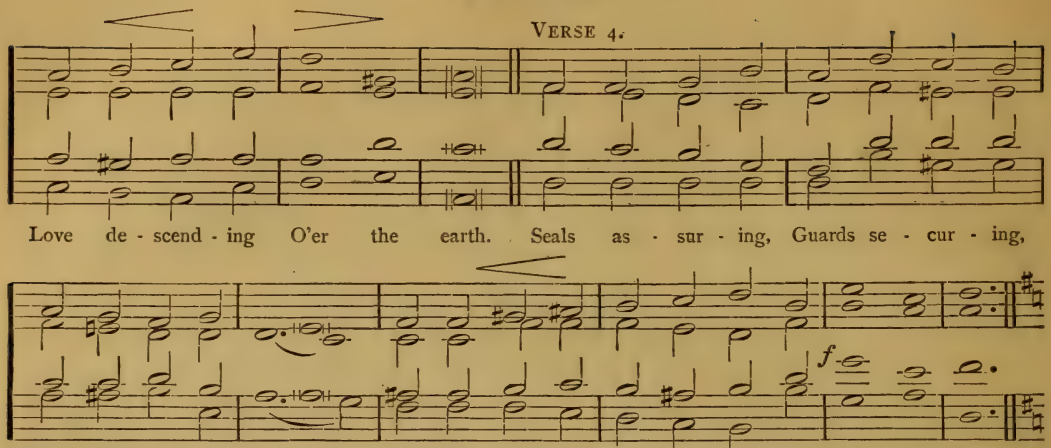
VERSE 3. *Legato.*



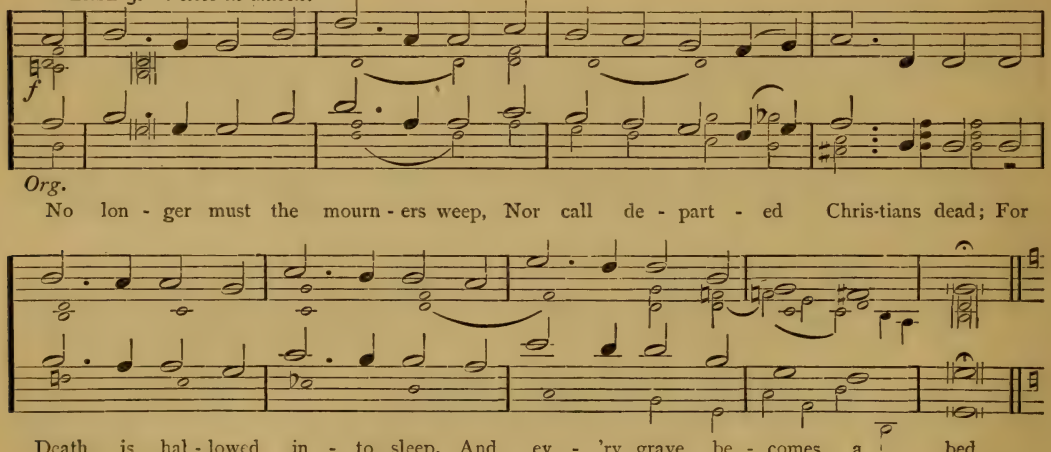
Hap-py mor-row, Turn-ing sor-row In-to peace and mirth! Bond-age end-ing,

EASTER.

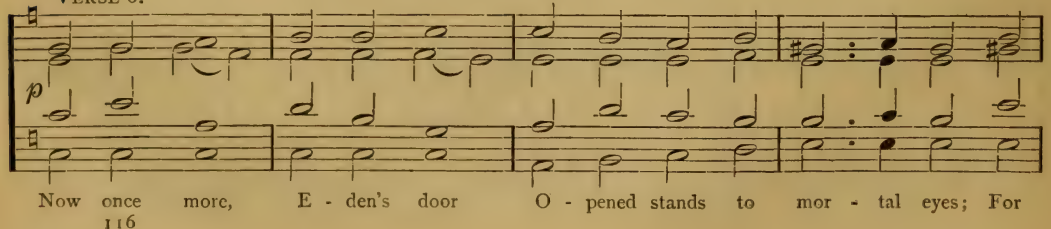
VERSE 4.


Love de - scend - ing O'er the earth. Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se - cur - ing,
Watch His earth - ly prison. Seals are shat - tered, Guards are scat - tered, Christ hath risen!

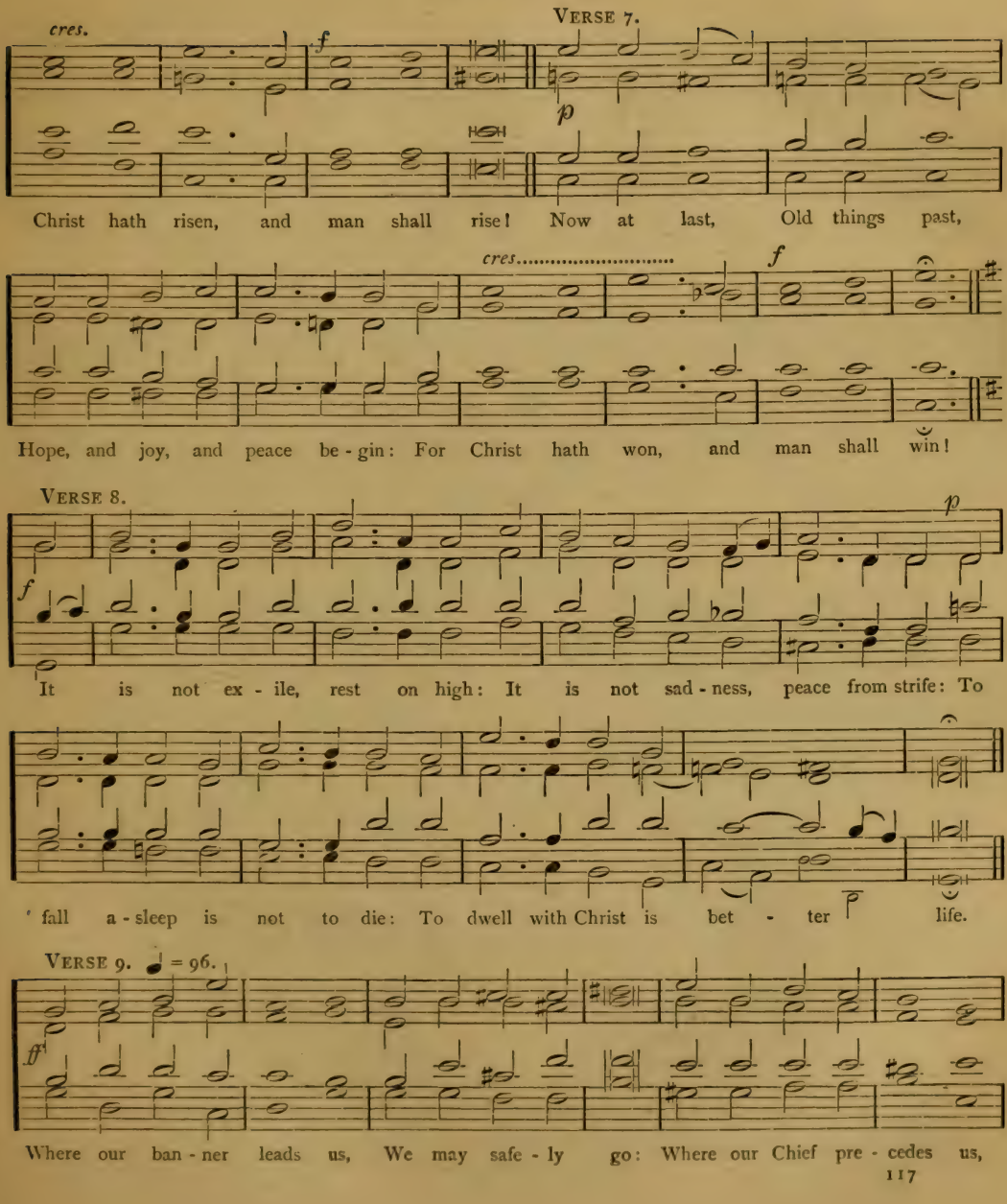
VERSE 5. *Voices in unison.*

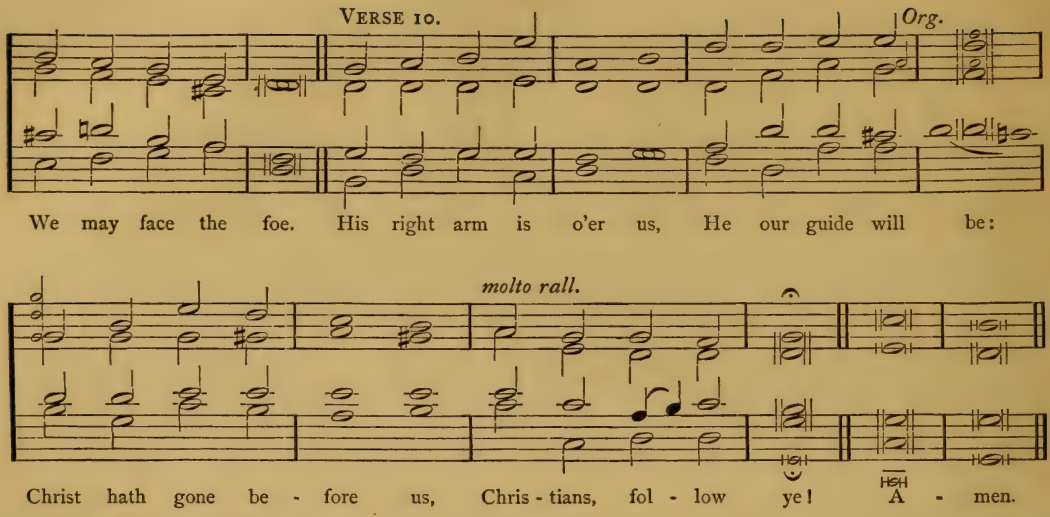

Org.
No lon - ger must the mourn - ers weep, Nor call de - part - ed Chris-tians dead; For
Death is hal - lowed in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be - comes a bed.

VERSE 6.



EASTER.


VERSE 7.
cres.
f
p
Christ hath risen, and man shall rise! Now at last, Old things past,
cres.....
f
Hope, and joy, and peace be-gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win!
VERSE 8.
p
f
It is not ex-ile, rest on high: It is not sad-ness, peace from strife: To
fall a-sleep is not to die: To dwell with Christ is bet-ter life.
VERSE 9. ♩ = 96.
ff
Where our ban-ner leads us, We may safe-ly go: Where our Chief pre-cedes us,


VERSE 10.
Org.
We may face the foe. His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be:
molto rall.
Christ hath gone be - fore us, Chris - tians, fol - low ye! A - men.

138

"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."—Exod. xv. 1.

F 1 THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea:
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

2 Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

3 Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth.

4 Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison.
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,
Christ hath risen!

5 No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For Death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

6 Now once more
Eden's door
Opened stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!

7 Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and peace begin:
For Christ hath won, and man shall win!

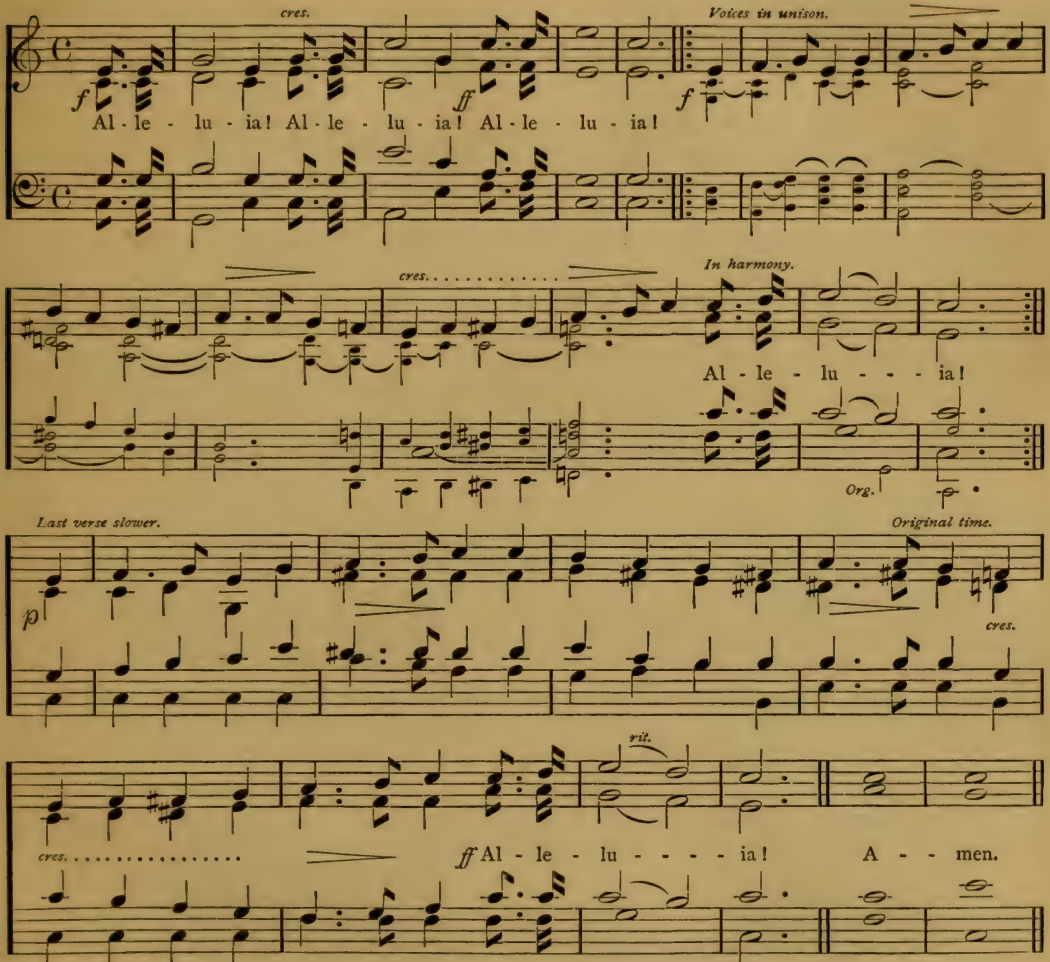
8 It is not exile, rest on high:
It is not sadness, peace from strife:
To fall asleep is not to die:
To dwell with Christ is better life.

9 Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go:
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.

10 His right arm is o'er us,
He our Guide will be:
Christ hath gone before us,
Christians, follow ye! Amen.

EASTER.

CHRISTENDOM. P.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.


cres.
Voices in unison.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
In harmony.
cres.
Al - le - lu - - - - ia!
Org.
Last verse slower.
Original time.
cres.
rit.
cres.
Al - le - lu - - - - ia! A - - men.

139 *"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things."*—Ps. xcviii. 1.

F ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,— Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,— Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our Risen Head! Alleluia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell! Alleluia!

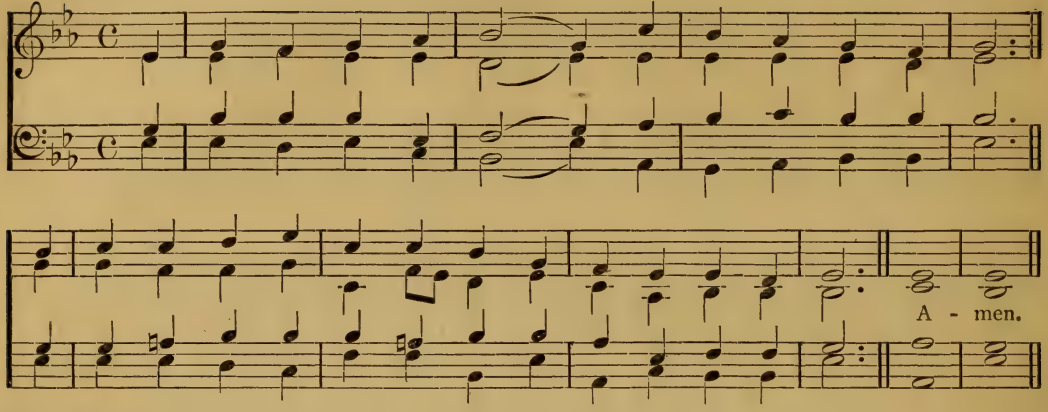
5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee Alleluia! Amen.

Also the following:—

ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name (330).
COME ye faithful, raise the anthem (352).
CROWN Him with many crowns (354).
JESUS lives! Thy terrors now (405).
ON the Resurrection morning (479).
SHOW me not only Jesus dying (496).
SING ye faithful, sing with gladness (499).
TO Him who for our sins was slain (535).

ROGATION DAYS.

CARLSRUHE. S.M. GERMAN.



140 *"The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."*—Rom. x. 12.

P 1 FATHER, we humbly pray
To Thee in whom we live,
Our countless sins, for Jesu's sake,
Forgive, O Lord, forgive.

2 We have unthankful been
For all Thy tender care;
Thine indignation we deserve;
But spare, O Father, spare.

3 The creatures of Thy hand
Made for Thy glory are;
But we Thy creatures have abused;
Spare us, O Father, spare.

4 From plague and pestilence,
From famine, fire, and sword,
From storm and flood, from dearth and drought,
Deliver us, O Lord.

5 From hard and stubborn hearts,
Scorning Thy holy Word,
From discord, strife, and heresy,
Deliver us, O Lord.

6 With genial rains and dews
Temper the circling year,
With golden sunshine and fresh breeze:
Hear us, O Father, hear.

7 Sheepfolds and garners fill,
The homestead and the stall;
Orchards and gardens crown with fruits,
Maker and Lord of all!

8 Love in our households breathe;
Hearts ready to obey
As in Thy sight, and as to Thee,
Give us, O Lord, we pray.

9 Bless, Lord, our gracious Queen,
With Thy best bounties bless;
Grant her a long and glorious reign
In peace and quietness.

10 Bless, Lord, Thy holy Church,
With heavenly graces bless,
That it may flourish and abound
In love and godliness.

11 Bishops and clergy bless;
Holy, and grave, and wise,
Faithful and zealous may they be
In all their ministries.

12 Our schools of learning bless,
Our colleges and halls;
May piety and wisdom dwell
Alway within their walls.

13 Counsel in senates give,
Justice and law maintain;
And make contentment in all hearts
And loyalty to reign.

14 Our fleets and armies bless
With courage from on high;
And in all just and righteous wars
Give them the victory.

15 The widow desolate,
The children fatherless,
All who in grief and sorrow are,
Comfort, O Lord, and bless.

16 The erring and in sin,
All, Lord, who from Thee stray,
Bring them, oh, bring them back again
To Thy most holy way.

17 All who to heathen climes
Go forth and preach Thy Word,
Bearing glad tidings of good things,
Speed them and help them, Lord.

18 May all who sit in gloom
Thy glorious light behold,
One faith, one Lord and Father own,
One Shepherd, and one fold.

19 *m* So may we all with Christ
cres. To highest heaven ascend,
f And Alleluias sing to Thee
f In glory without end! Amen.

ST. HUGH. C.M. E. J. HOPKINS.

141

"Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter in its season."—Jer. v. 24.

1 LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The Spring and falling year.

2 Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The Summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

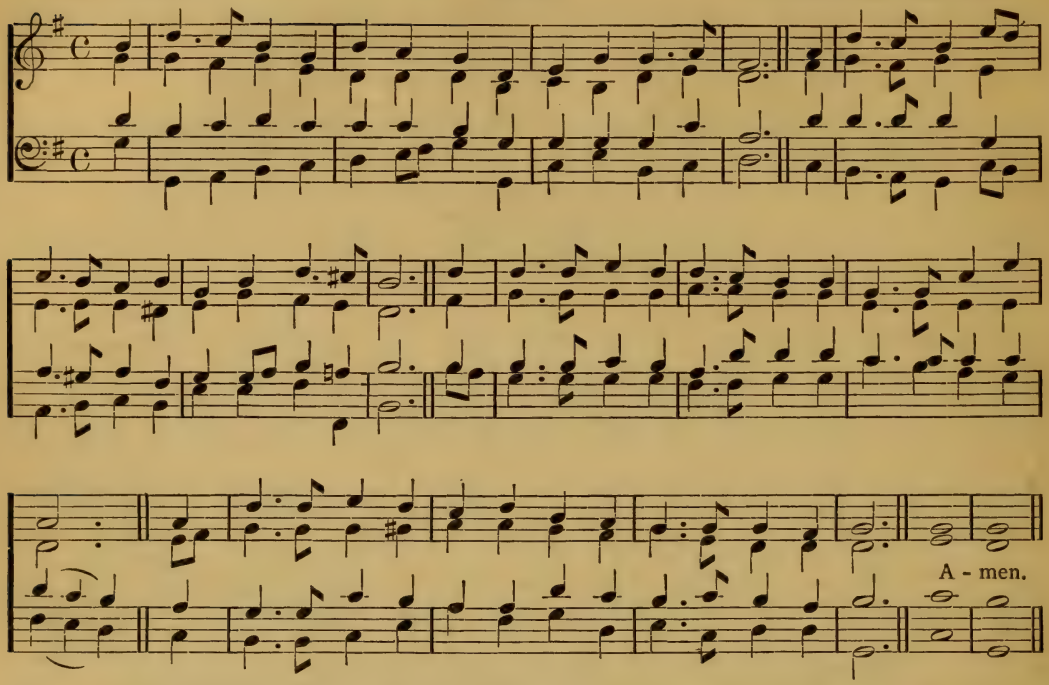
4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 Grant us Thy blessings so to use
Here, in the world below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

F 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

ROGATION DAYS.

ST. URSULA. D.C.M. FREDERICK WESTLAKE.



142 *"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."*—Gen. viii. 22.

1 O THRONED, O Crowned with all renown,
Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn
Unspent, their watches hold;
The hosts that turn, and still return,
Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.

2 The powers of earth, for all her ills,
An endless treasure yield;
The precious things of ancient hills,
Forest, and fruitful field.
Thine is the health, and Thine the wealth
That in our halls abound;
And Thine the beauty and the joy
With which the years are crowned.

3 And as, when ebbed the Flood, our sires
Kneeled on the mountain sod;
While o'er the new world's altar fires
Shone out the Bow of God;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
Word that shall aye avail;
"Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seed-time nor harvest fail;"

4 Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given:
All fostering power, all influence sweet
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth, with timely birth,
May yield her fruits again;

5 That we may feed Thy poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy Angels' sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own.
For so our sires in olden time
Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood, nor hewen stone,
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

6 For there, to give the second birth
In mysteries and signs,
The Face of Christ o'er all the earth
On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
Thy earthly houses be;
cres. In how great grace shall we Thy face
f In Thine own palace see! Amen.

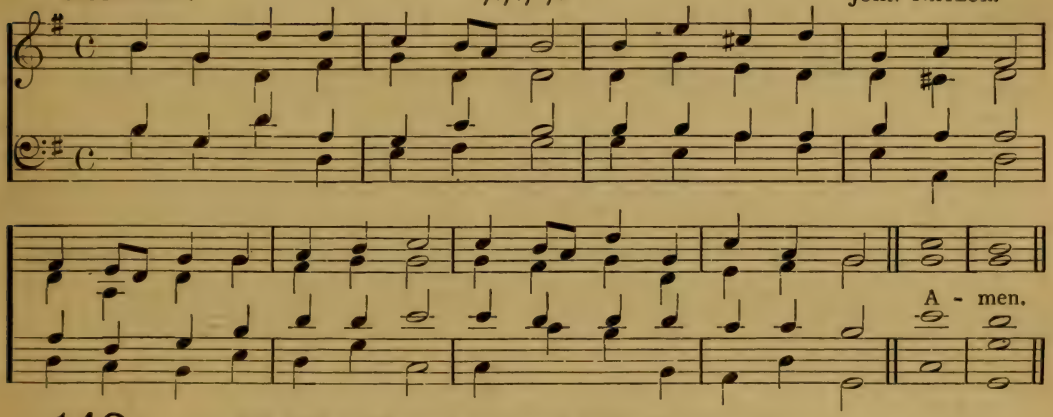
Also the following:—

BOWED low in supplication (340). To Thee our God we fly (537).

Also Litanies 584, 589.

ASCENSION.

ASCENDIT. 7.7.7.7. JOHN NAYLOR.



143 *"He lifted up His hands and blessed them."*—St. Luke xxiv. 50.

F 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His Throne above the skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ has vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in!

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves.
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See He lifts His hands above!
See He shows the prints of love!
Hark! His gracious Lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

5 "Master," may we ever say,
"Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see
Ever gazing up to Thee."

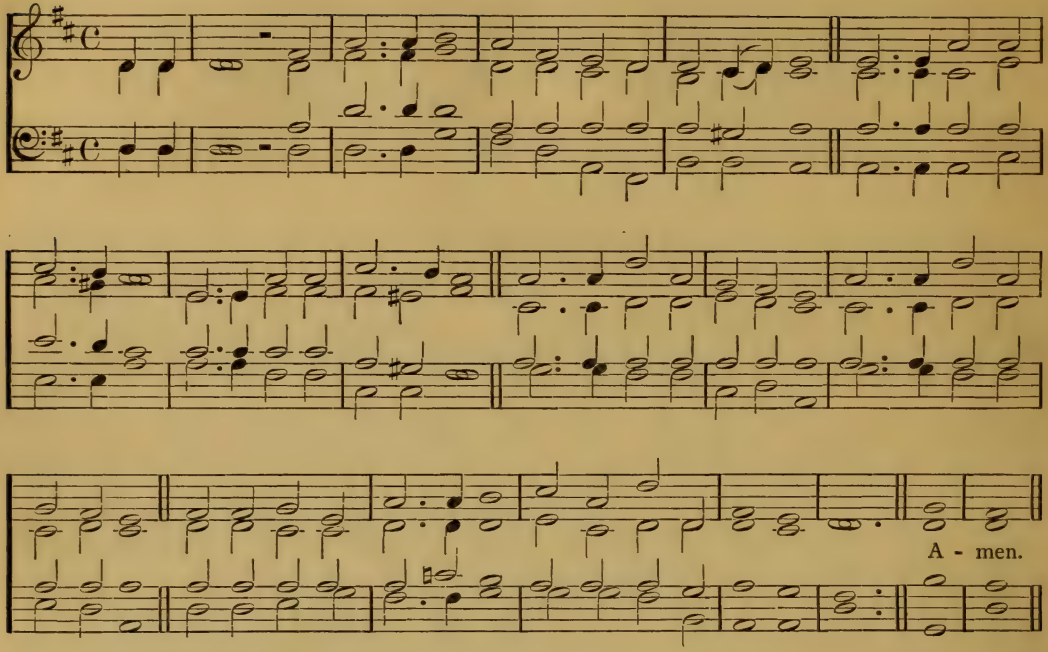
6 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

7 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for our heavenly home.

8 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy Face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Amen.

ASCENSION.

ST. PATRICK. 7.7.7.7. D. S.



144 *"He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."*—Acts i. 9.

1 HE is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor Angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

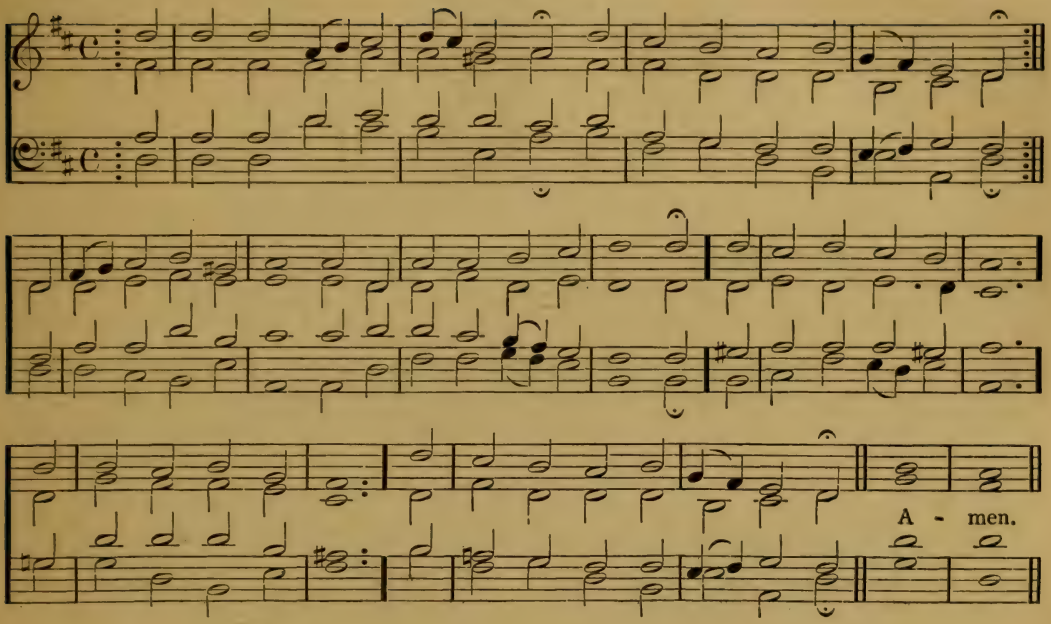
2 He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find:
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

ASCENSION.

EIN' FESTE BURG. P.M. LUTHER.



145 *"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in."*—Ps. xxiv. 7.

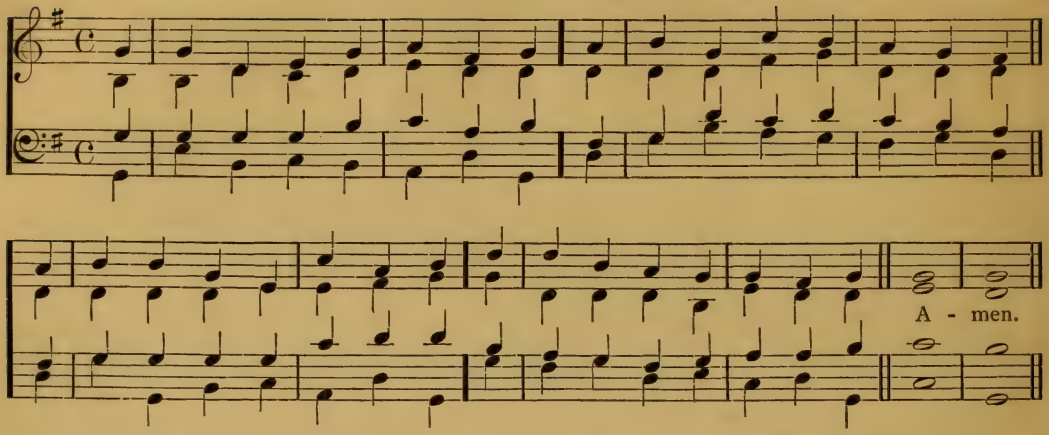
F 1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way:
The King, the King of glory comes,
Ascending to His throne to-day!
m Who is the King of glory?
m Who is the King of glory?
It is the Lord of might,
The Victor in the fight,
Triumphant o'er the powers of night!

2 Lift up your heads, eternal gates;
Ye gates of pearl, and streets of gold;
The King, the King of glory comes;
Before His chariot-wheels unfold!
m Who is the King of glory?
m Who is the King of glory?
The Lord of Hosts is He,
The God of Majesty,
He is the King eternally!

3 Now with the Father, God most high,
And with the Spirit, ever one,
The Angels own the Christ, the King,
And bow before His shining throne.
He is the King of glory!
He is the King of glory!
Him let all earth adore;
To Him our praises pour,
For ever and for evermore! Amen.

ASCENSION.

HARSTON. L.M. BISHOP TURTON.



146

"I go to prepare a place for you."—St. John xiv. 2.

1 O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

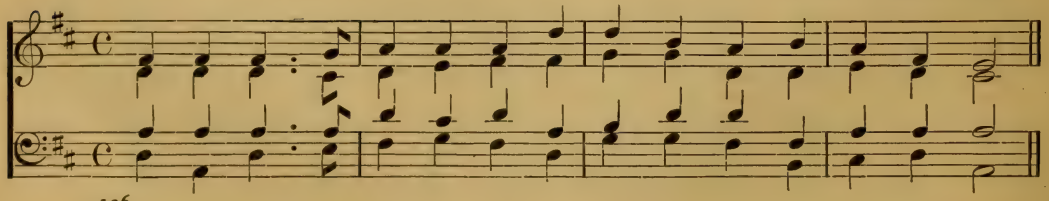
2 Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

3 With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

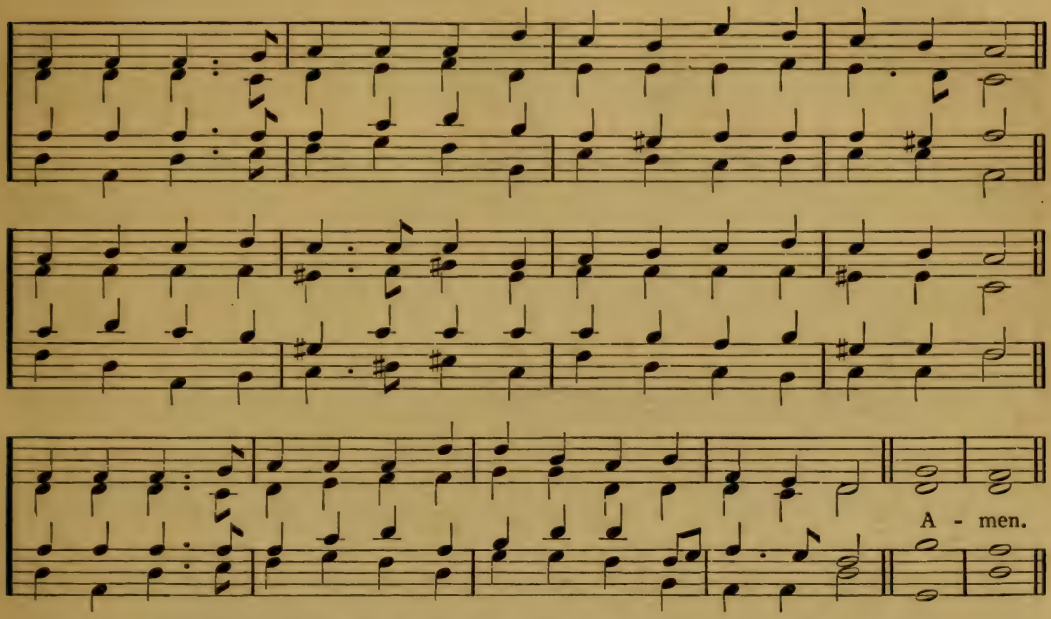
4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

F 5 O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored;
To God the Father, King of Heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.

ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE.



ASCENSION.



147 *"Behold, One like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought Him near before Him."*—Dan. vii. 13.

F 1 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their Heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory!
p He who on the Cross did suffer, *f* He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

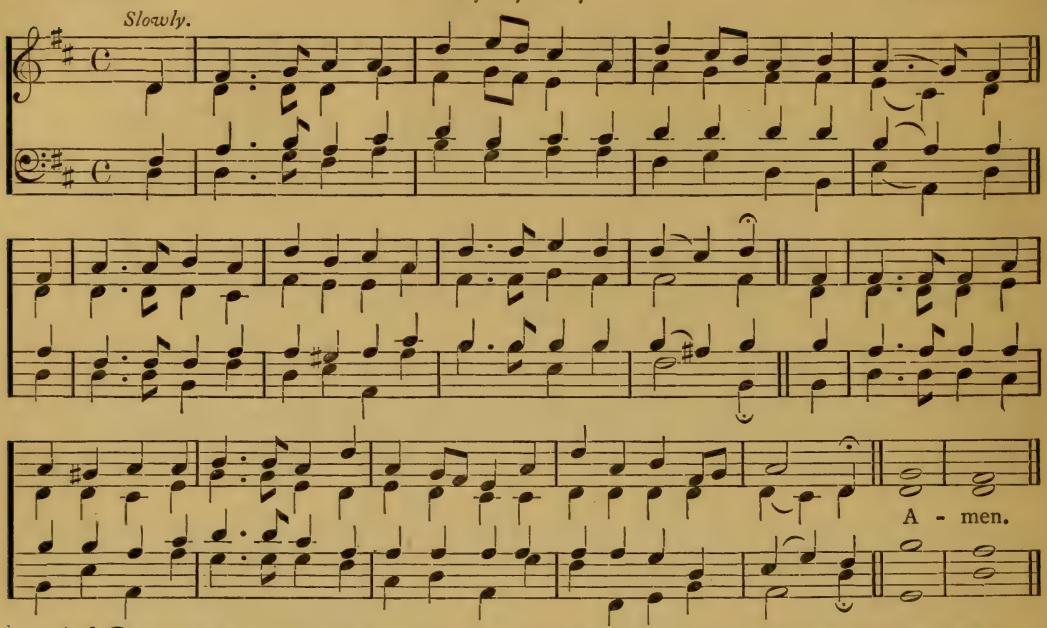
3 While He raised His Hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.
He who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting Home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His Blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place:
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels; Man with God is on the Throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

ASCENSION.

RISING. 8.7.8.7.8.7. T. E. POWELL.



148 *"God is gone up with a merry noise, and the Lord with the sound of the trump."*—Ps. xlvii. 5.

F 1 THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
Loud anthems round Him swelling;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling:
Hell and the grave are captive led;
Lo! He returns, our glorious Head,
To His eternal dwelling!

2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord;
Oh, day of exultation!
By saints, by Angel-hosts, adored
For His so great salvation!
O earth, adore thy glorious King;
His Rising, His Ascension sing
With grateful adoration!

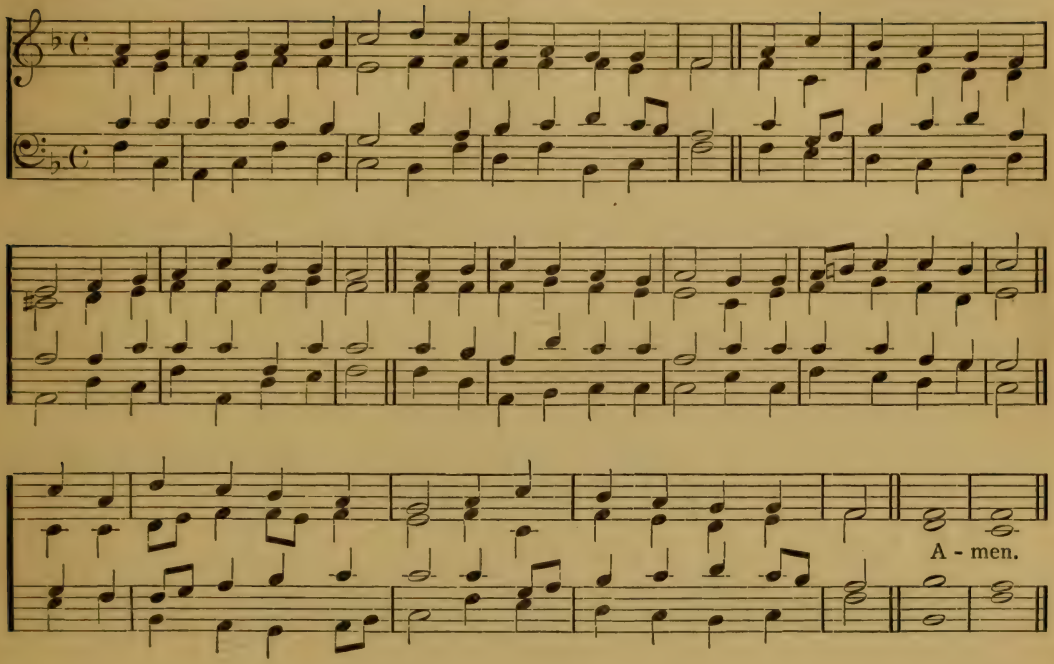
3 By saints in earth and saints in heaven,
With songs for ever blended,
All praise to Christ our King be given,
Who hath to heaven ascended;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of Heaven's resplendent host
In bright array extended! Amen.

Also the following:—

ALLELUIA! Sing to Jesus (332).
CHRIST, above all glory seated (343).
HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus (378).
REJOICE, the Lord is King (488).
THOU art gone up on high (525).
WHERE high the heavenly temple stands (552).

WHITSUNTIDE.

ALTENBURG. 7.7.7.7. D. GERMAN.



149 *"He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear."*—Acts ii. 33.

1 JOY! because the circling year
Brings our day of blessings here;
Day when first the Light divine
On the Church began to shine!
Like to quivering tongues of flame
Unto each the Spirit came;
Tongues, that earth might hear their call:
Fire, that Love might burn in all.

2 So the wondrous works of God
Wondrously were spread abroad;
Every tribe's familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known;
Hardened scoffers vainly jeered;
Listening strangers heard and feared;
Knew the prophet's word fulfilled;
Owned the work which God had willed.

3 Still Thy Spirit's fulness, Lord,
On Thy waiting Church be poured!
Once Thou on Thy saints didst shower
Mighty signs and words of power;
Humbler things we ask Thee now,
Gifts from heaven to men below;
Grant our burdened hearts release,
Grant Thine own abiding peace. Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE.

FONS LUCIS. P.M. SAMUEL SMITH.

150 *"I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."*—St. Matt. xxviii. 20.

1 O HEAVENLY Fount of light and love,
Adoring praise to Thee we pay;
Pour down, blest Spirit, from above
Fresh streams of grace this day.
f Alleluia!

2 Thou, o'er the everlasting Son
Hovering with wings of living light,
Anointedst Israel's Champion
To fight the awful fight.
f Alleluia!

3 At Pentecost Thou camest down,
As sound of rushing wind went by,
With tongues of heavenly fire to crown
That glorious company.
f Alleluia!

4 Thou on each new-born child of grace
Dost now in hidden power descend,
To strengthen for life's weary race,
To comfort and defend.
f Alleluia!

5 Thou in each meek and lowly heart,
With streams of living waters bright,
Sweet Fount of strength and gladness art,
Fresh Spring of life and light.
f Alleluia!

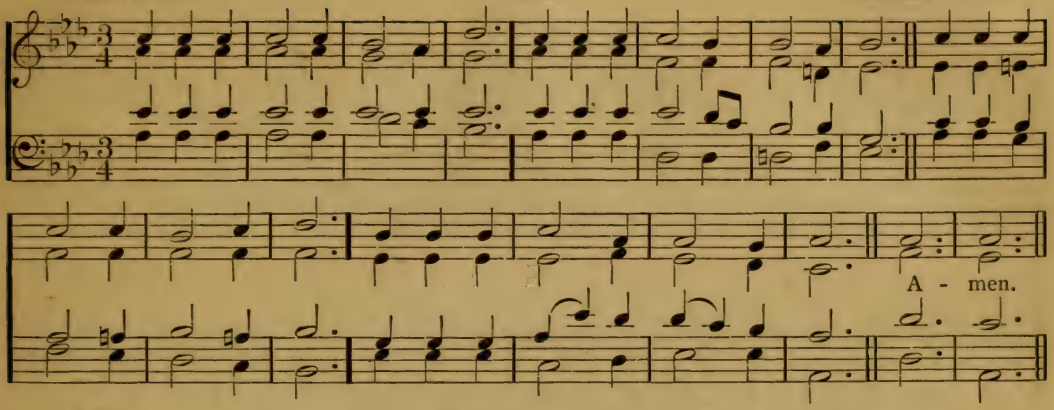
6 'Tis Thine, O Comforter, Thy Church
With light of heavenly truth to fill,
That she the ancient paths may search,
And guide us in them still.
f Alleluia!

7 'Tis Thine the lowly souls to lead
In lowly ways, through feast and fast,
With praise and prayer, by hymn and creed,
To heaven's bright gates at last.
f Alleluia!

F 8 Thee, Spirit blest, All-Holy One,
In songs of triumph we adore,
For, with the Father and the Son,
Thou reignest evermore!
Alleluia! Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE.

PENTECOST. L.M. WILLIAM BOYD.



151 "*And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.*"—Acts ii. 41.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Oh, shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort! Heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

ROSS. 7.7.7.7. SAMUEL WESLEY.

152 "*The Comforter is come.*"—St. John xv. 26.

1 THOU, who camest from above,
Bringing light, and breathing love,
Teaching us Thy perfect way,
Giving gifts to men to-day;

2 Thou, who once didst change our state,
Making us regenerate,
Help us evermore to be
Faithful subjects unto Thee.

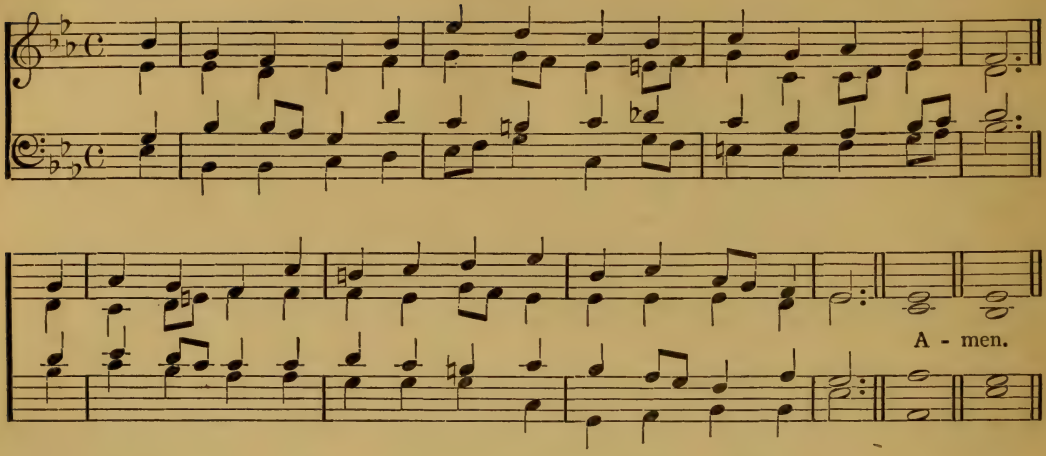
3 Often have we grieved Thee sore;
May we never grieve Thee more,
Thou the feeble canst protect,
Thou the wandering direct.

4 We are dark; be Thou our Light;
We are blind; be Thou our Sight;
Be our Comfort in distress;
Guide us through the wilderness.

F 5 Praise the blessèd Three in One,
Praise the Father and the Son,
To the Holy Ghost arise
Praise from all below the skies! Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE.

SUDELEY. C.M. JOHN STAINER.



153 *"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."*—Acts ii. 2.

F 1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

f 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
f In sudden torrents dread,
p Now gently light, a glorious crown,
p On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

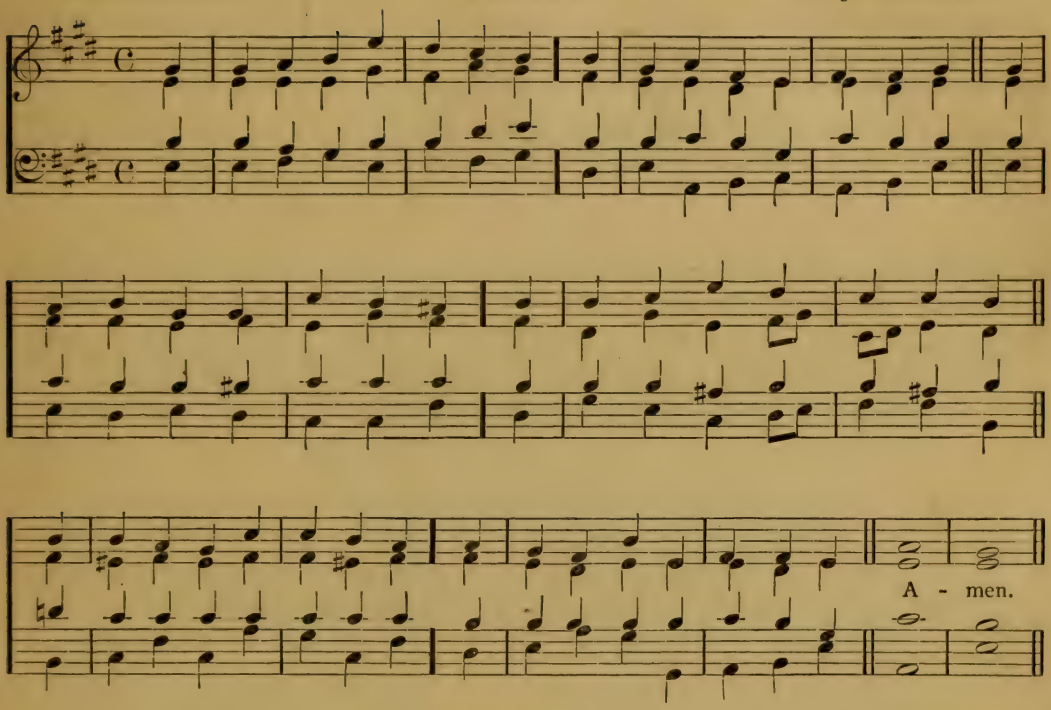
7 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

Also the following:—

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire (346).
COME, Holy Ghost, who ever one (347).
COME, to our poor nature's night (350).
HOLY Spirit, come in might (382).
OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed (481).

Also Litany 590.

HUNTINGDON. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



154

"*Let Us make man.*"—Gen. i. 26.

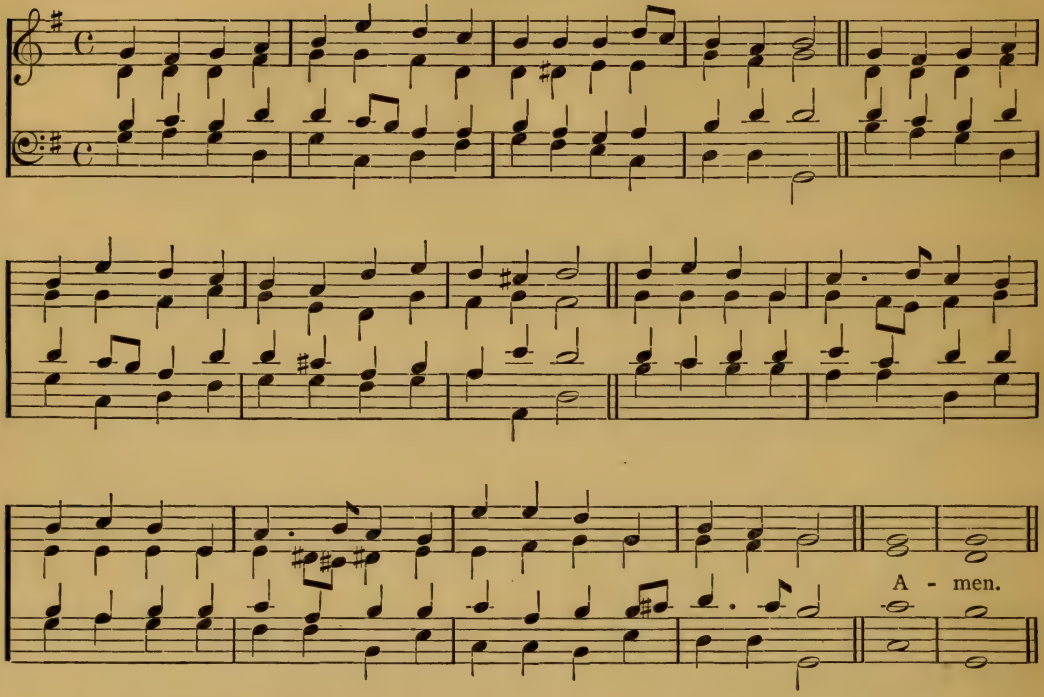
F 1 ALL glory to the Father be,
Who made the earth and sky and sea,
Gave life to every living thing,
Created man their earthly king;
Then gave His Son for man to die;
Thee, Father, God, we glorify!

2 All glory to the Son, who came
Clothed in our flesh and mortal frame;
Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give
Himself to die that we might live;
All-perfect God and Man in One,
Be praise to Thee, Incarnate Son!

3 All glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who on the Day of Pentecost
From heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame,
The promised Comforter and Guide,
Through whom our souls are sanctified.

4 Three Persons, but One God! whose grace
Has formed and saves our human race;
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee,
We sing this mighty mystery;
Thy Holy Name we magnify,
O Trinity in Unity. Amen.

FIDES. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



155

"*Hallowed be Thy Name.*"—St. Matt. vi. 9.

F 1 SOUND aloud Jehovah's praises,
Tell abroad the awful Name;
Heaven the ceaseless anthem raises,
Let the earth her God proclaim:
God, the Hope of every nation,
God, the source of consolation,
Holy, Blessèd Trinity!

2 This the Name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the Name that kings and sages
Prayed and strove to know aright,
Through God's wondrous Incarnation
Now revealed the world's Salvation,
Ever Blessèd Trinity!

3 Into this great Name and holy
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,
Homeward, heavenward, bids them rise,
Gathers them from every nation,
Bids them join in adoration
Of the Blessèd Trinity!

4 In this Name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer:
In this Name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare;
Offering humble supplication,
Thanks, and praise, and veneration
To the Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

EISENACH. L.M. GERMAN.

156 *"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost."*—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 THRICE Holy God, of wondrous might,
O Trinity of Love Divine,
To Thee belongs the changeless light,
And everlasting joy is Thine.

2 Before Thy throne dark clouds abound;
About Thee shine such dazzling rays,
That Angels, as they stand around,
For ever tremble as they gaze.

3 Thy sons anew created, Lord,
Confess Thee in Thine own great Name;
By faith they taste the rich reward
Which love already longs to claim.

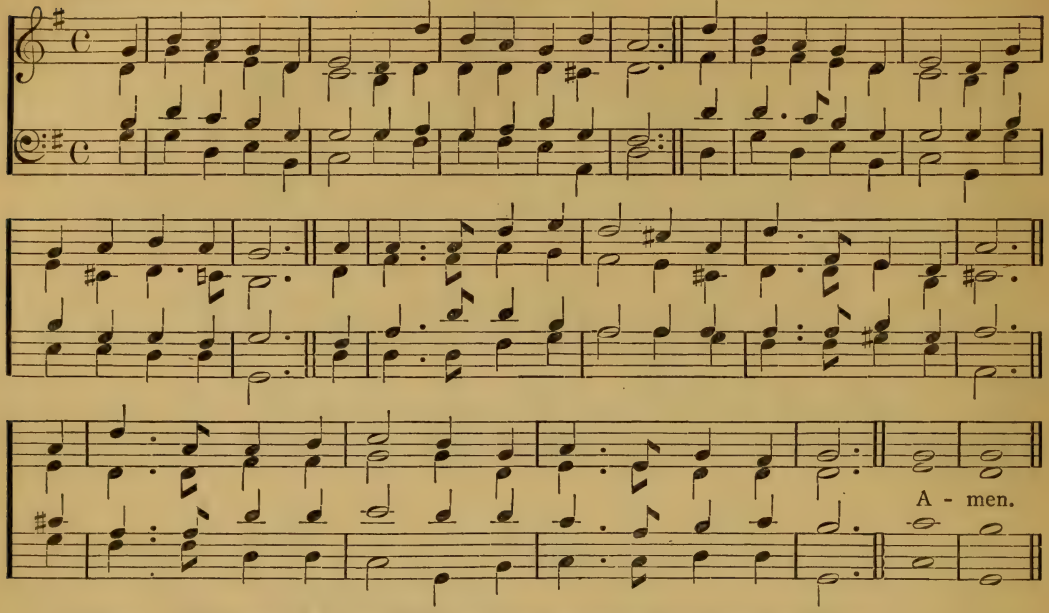
4 Grant us, O Father, power to do
The work which Thou hast laid on each;
Grant us, O blessèd Son, to know
The heavenly wisdom Thou dost teach;

5 And Thou, O Holy Ghost, inspire
Our wills Thy counsels to approve!
What Thou desirest, to desire,
And love whatever Thou dost love. Amen.

Also the following—

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound (359).
HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty (7).
O LORD, our God, in reverence lowly (454).
ROUND the Lord in glory seated (491).
THE strain upraise of joy and praise (516).
THOU, whose Almighty word (528).
THREE in One and One in Three (529).

HOLY CHURCH. 7.6.7.6. D. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



157* *"The saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever."*—Dan. vii. 18.

1.

F FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesu, all praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be; [Thee.
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from

2.—SPECIAL VERSE varying with the Day.

I.—ST. ANDREW.

Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

II.—ST. THOMAS.

All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord; [adored.
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God

III.—ST. STEPHEN.

Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand, [hand.
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's right
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own, [crown.
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr-

IV.—ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed;
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

V.—THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

P Praise for Thine infant Martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they rest from pains and cares:
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright, as theirs.

* In this Hymn, the first and last two Verses are to be used, together with the special Verse for the Day.

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

VI.—THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his Conversion we glorify to-day:
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

VII.—ST. MATTHIAS.

Lord, Thine abiding Presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And, by Thy parting promise, be with her to the end.

VIII.—ST. MARK.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong, [song.
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

IX.—ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

All praise for Thine Apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true.
And grant the grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

X.—ST. BARNABAS.

The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend, [extend.
That Thy true consolations may through the world

XI.—ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

We praise Thee for the Baptist, Forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray.
Make us the rather blessèd, who see Thy glorious day.

XII.—ST. PETER.

Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold:
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to feed Thy fold. [from ill;
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks
And grant them dauntless courage with humble earnest will.

XIII.—ST. JAMES.

P For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word. [cree;
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled de-
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

XIV.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom, underneath the fig-tree, Thine Eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed;
That Thine abiding Presence our longing souls may feed.

XV.—ST. MATTHEW.

Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy royal right declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, oh! give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

XVI.—ST. LUKE.

For that beloved physician all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with Thy Spirit's unction anoint us evermore.

XVII.—ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy kingdom gain.

XVIII.—ALL SAINTS.

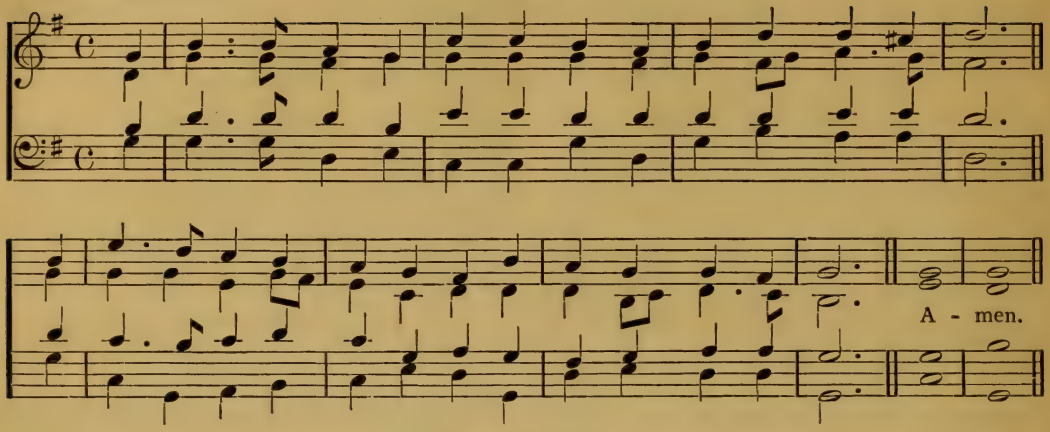
For grace which did in mercy for all their sins atone;
For love which hath ingathered the blessèd, one by one;
We praise Thy Name, O Saviour, and pray that we with them
May shine as precious jewels in Thy bright diadem.

GENERAL ENDING.

3 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

4 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed nation fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.
Amen.

WINCHESTER. C.M.



ST. ANDREW.

158 *"One of the two which heard John speak and followed Jesus was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother."*—St. John i. 40.

1 O JESU, our redeeming Lord,
In whom alone we live,
All glory for Thy saints to Thee,
Saviour of men, we give.

2 All glory for Thy chosen band,
To whom the charge was given,
From land to land publish peace,
And point the way to Heaven.

3 All glory for Saint Andrew's faith,
Who sought Thy low abode,
And, warmed by love, his brother led
To Thee, the Lamb of God.

4 For him we bless and praise Thy Name,
And humbly pray that we,
Strong in Thy faith, may follow him,
As he, Lord, followed Thee.

F 5 Our Lord and God, eternal Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

KREUZNACH. 7.6.7.6. D. GERMAN.

159

"Ye shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with."—St. Matt. xx. 23.

F 1 THE strain of joy and gladness
To Christ our King raise high,
Who left for us His glory
p Upon the Cross to die;
Then, all our sins atoned for,
Rose Victor o'er the grave,
Henceforth alive for ever,
At God's right hand to save!

2 The Martyrs' noble army,
Who in His strength o'ercame,
Followed their Master's footsteps,
And took His path of shame,—
p That path which leads through sorrow
f To where all sorrows cease,
p Through blood, and fire, and torture,
f To rest, and joy, and peace.

3 We praise God for Saint Andrew
On this his festal day,
And hear his dying accents
In deepest rapture say,
"O precious Cross! I hail thee,
I cling to thee with love;
For thou wilt bear me safely
To my bright home above."

4 Jesu, Thou Strength of Martyrs,
Enabled by Thy grace,
Oh! may we, like Saint Andrew,
With joy our cross embrace;
And by all kindly actions,
And gentle words of love,
Lead others here to know Thee,
And see Thy Face above.

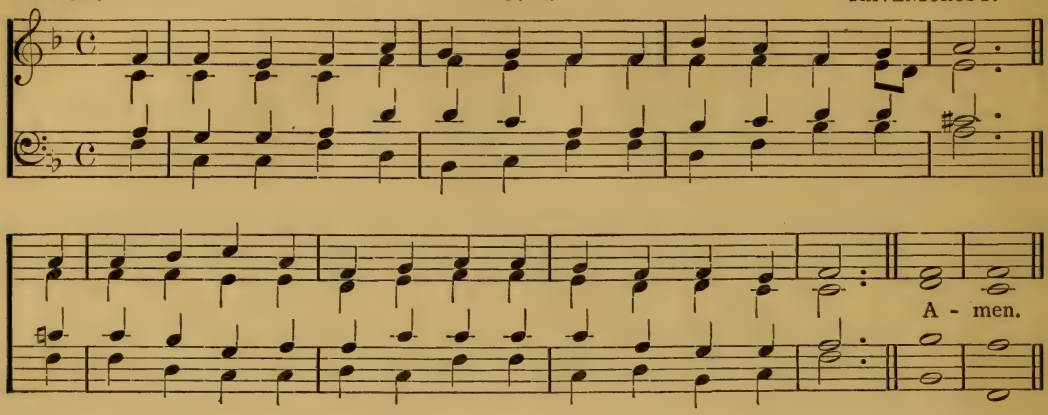
5 And as we daily struggle,
By mighty foes oppressed,
Unite us in communion
With all Thy Church at rest,
With Angels and Apostles,
The white-robed Martyr band,
The Virgins crowned with lilies,
The Saints from every land.

p 6 Here faintly rise our praises
cres. To join their strain of mirth;
m For one the song in heaven,
m And one the song on earth.
F All glory to the Father,
The Spirit and the Son;
Sing "Holy, Holy, Holy"
To the great Three in One! Amen.

Also the following:—

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult (404).

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. RAVENSCROFT.



ST. THOMAS.

160 "*And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God.*"—St. John xx. 28.

1 THOU, who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide;
Bidding the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded Hands and Side;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
Faith in the Incarnate Word.

3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh! let us, Lord, the lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

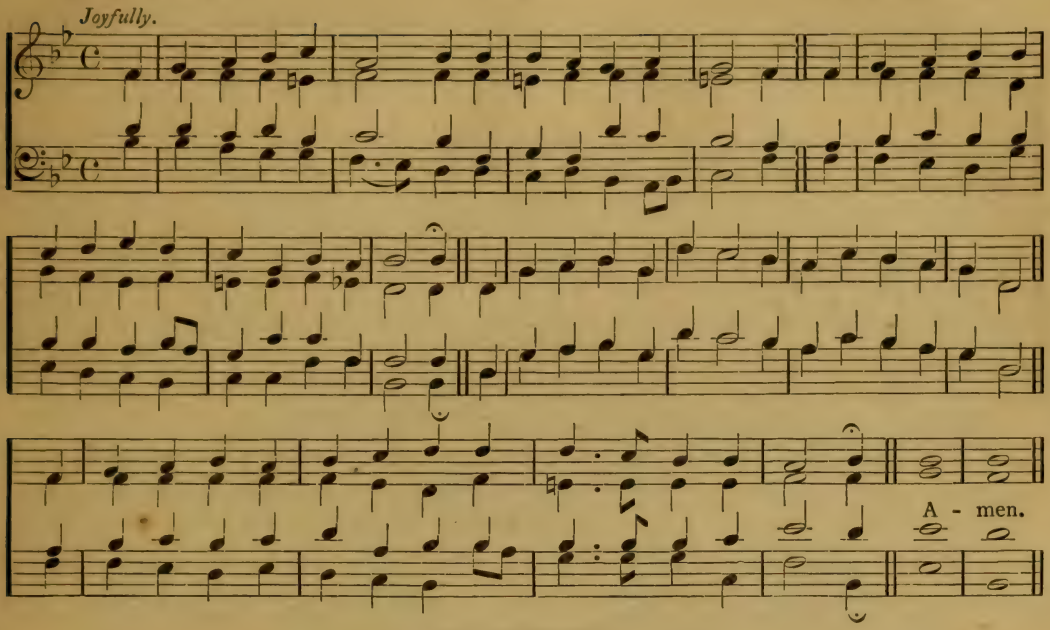
4 And grant that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.

5 Our Lord and God, eternal Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

Also the following:—

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread (541).

PROTOMARTYR. P.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



ST. STEPHEN.

161 *"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."*—Ps. cxvi. 15.

1 HEAD of Thy Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

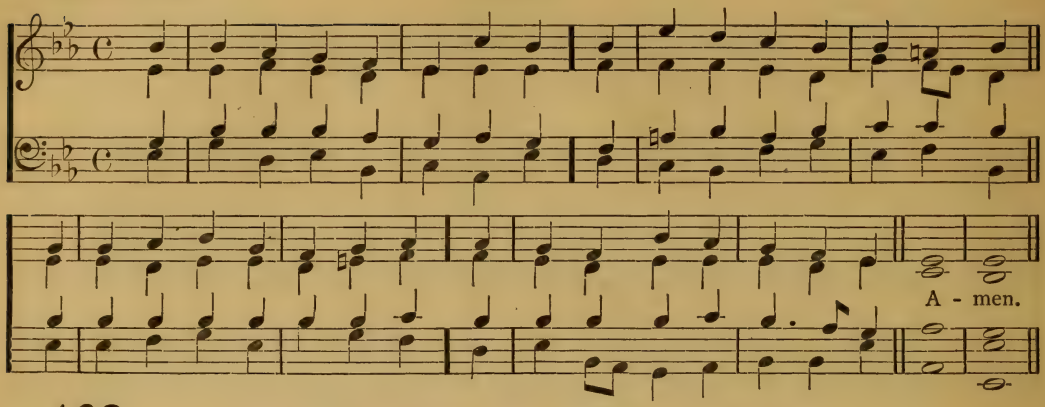
2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days
And ever lifts us higher:
We raise our hearts exulting
In Thine almighty favour;
The Love Divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes:
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The shame despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven. Amen.

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

MELCOMBE. L.M.



162

"*Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three.*"—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 O SON of Man, Thyself once crossed
By every suffering here below,
Who taught'st Thy noble Martyr-host
To follow in Thy path of woe:—

2 O Son of God, whose glory cast
Its light upon Thy Champion's face,
Revealing to his eyes at last
The marvels of the Holiest Place:—

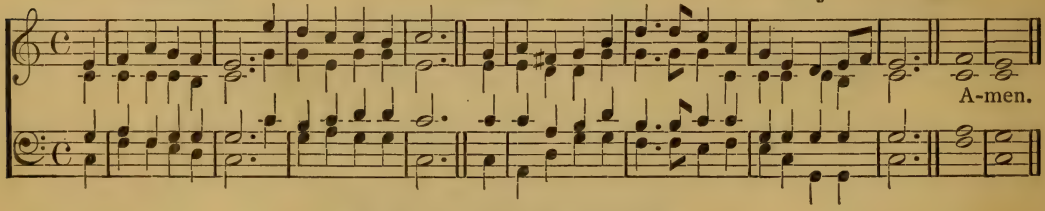
3 Be ours the Faith that sees Thee stand
Beside the throne of God on high,
To succour with Thy strong right Hand
Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

4 Be ours the Hope, resigned and meek,
That trusts the spirit to Thy care,
That longs Thy face in Heaven to seek,
And dwell with Thee in glory there.

5 Be ours the Love, divine and free,
Which asks forgiveness for our foes;
Which draws in life its life from Thee,
And, dying, finds in Thee repose. Amen.

Also the following:—THE Son of God goes forth to war (201).

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

163

"*That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us.*"—1 St. John i. 3.

1 AN exile for the faith
Of his Incarnate Lord,
With eagle gaze beyond the stars,
The loved disciple soared;

2 There saw in glory Him
Who for our ransom bled;
There saw the Faithful and the True,
Who liveth, and was dead:

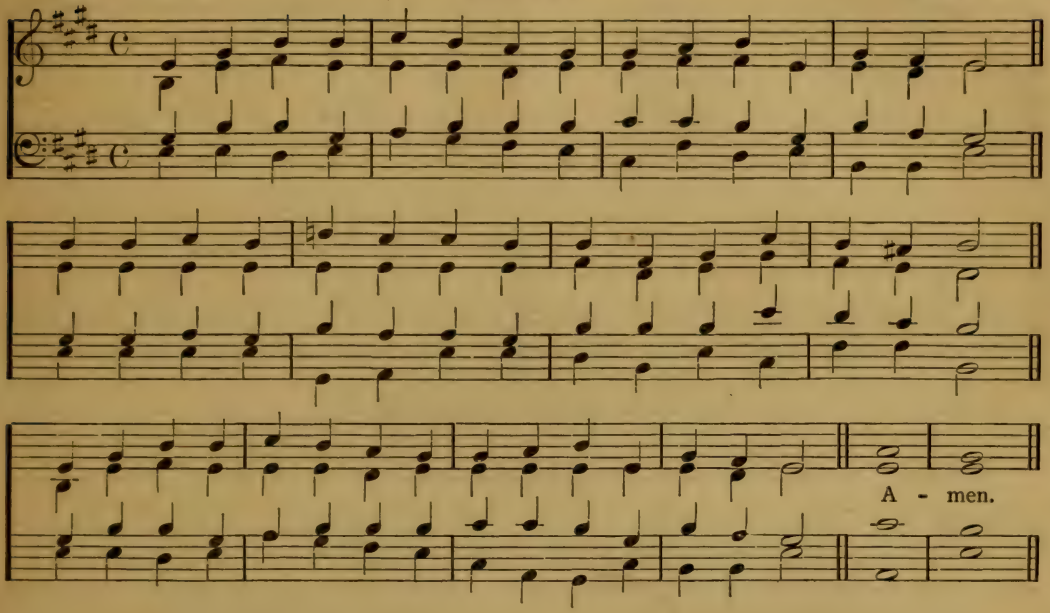
3 There of the Kingdom learnt
The measure and the time,
Of Elders, Thrones, and white-robed Hosts,
The mystery sublime:

4 There the new City, bathed
In her dear Bridegroom's light,
The seats of bliss, his spirit saw,
The Land that hath no night.

5 There heard through highest heaven
The Alleluia sound,
The loud Amen that ever rolls
The eternal Throne around.

6 Oh, grant us, Lord, with him,
Into those courts to gaze,
cres. To see the rainbow round Thy Throne,
f And hear those songs of praise!
Amen.

MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



164

"The disciple whom Jesus loved."—St. John xxi. 20.

1 WORD Supreme, before creation,
Born of God eternally,
Who didst will for our salvation
To be born on earth, and die;
Well Thy saints have kept their station,
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

2 Now 'tis come, and Faith espies Thee:
Like an eaglet in the morn,
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee,
Thy beloved, Thy latest born:
In Thy glory he descries Thee
Reigning from the tree of scorn.

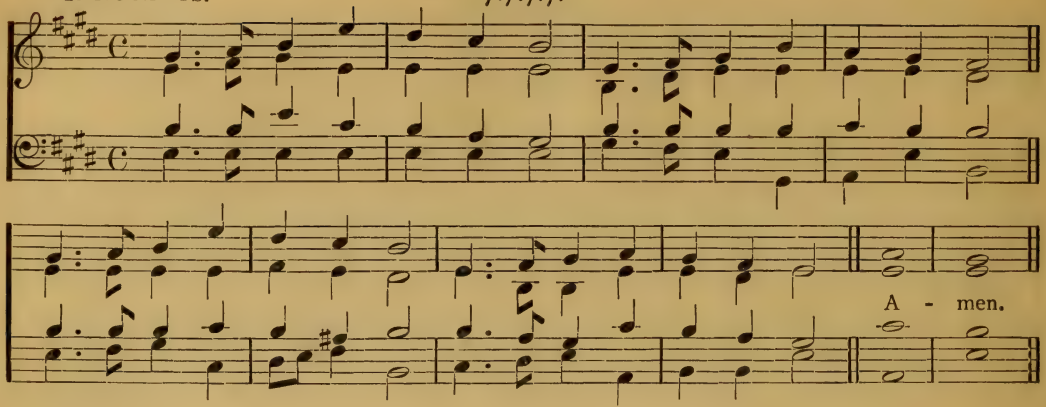
3 He upon Thy Bosom lying
Thy true tokens learnt to know;
And Thy dearest pledge in dying,
Lord, Thou didst on him bestow;
Shew'dst him how, all grace supplying,
Blood and water from Thee flow.

4 He first, hoping and believing,
Did beside the grave adore;
Latest he, the warfare leaving,
Landed on the eternal shore;
And his witness we receiving
Own Thee Lord for evermore.

F 5 Lo! Heav'n's doors lift up, revealing
How Thy judgments earthward move;
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine-cups from the wrath above;
p Yet o'er all a soft Voice stealing—
p "Little children, trust and love!"

F 6 Thee, the Almighty King eternal,
Father of the eternal Word,
Thee, the Father's Word supernal,
Thee, of Both, the Breath adored,
Heaven and earth and realms infernal
Own, One glorious God and Lord. Amen.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.



THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

165 "*These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.*"— Rev. xiv. 4.

P 1 AT Thy Birth, Incarnate Lord,
Early slain by Herod's sword,
These sweet flowers of Spring unblown
Thou didst weave within Thy crown.

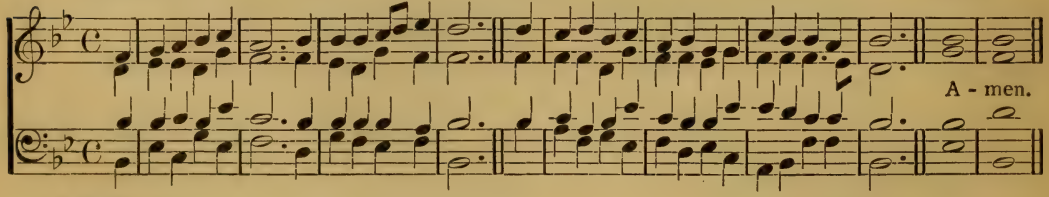
2 Thou, an Infant born, didst give
Life by which they dying live:
Now, beneath the altar, they
Wait the Resurrection-day.

3 Weeping Rachel weeps no more;
They have gained the promised shore;
Lost awhile, they come again,
One with all the martyr-train.

4 They unconscious witness gave
Unto Him who came to save;
Grant, good Lord, that we may be
Conscious witnesses to Thee.

F 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Praise to Thee, Incarnate Son,
With the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

GIBEON. S.M. ANON.



166 "*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*"— Ps. viii. 2.

1 GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win!

2 All praise to Thee, O Lord!
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in peace a free reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown.

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

p 3 Baptized in their own blood,
p Earth's untried perils o'er,
cres. They passed unconsciously the flood,
f And safely gained the shore.

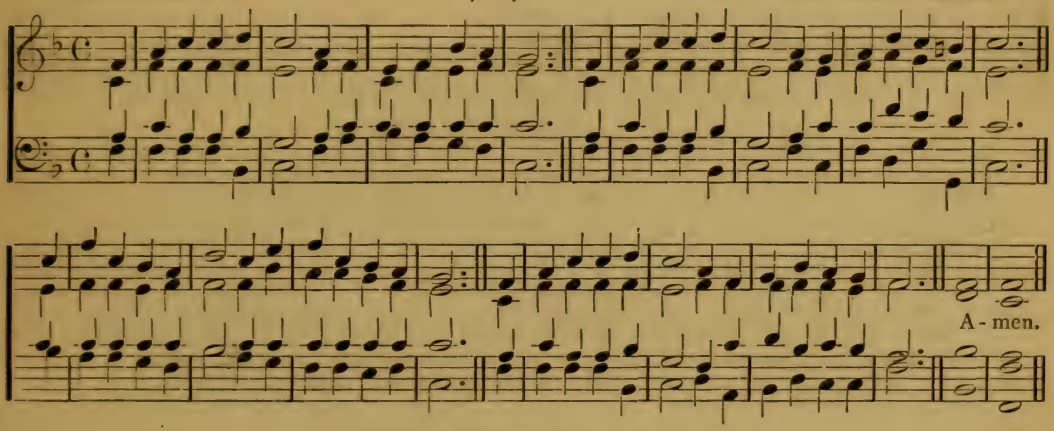
4 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land!

5 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright!
Oh, that as free from stain of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

6 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
f In life to glorify Thy power,
f In death to praise Thy name! Amen.

Also the following:—WE are but little children weak (579).

MISSIONARY. 7.6.7.6. D. DR. LOWELL MASON.



CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

167 *"He which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."*—Gal. i. 23.

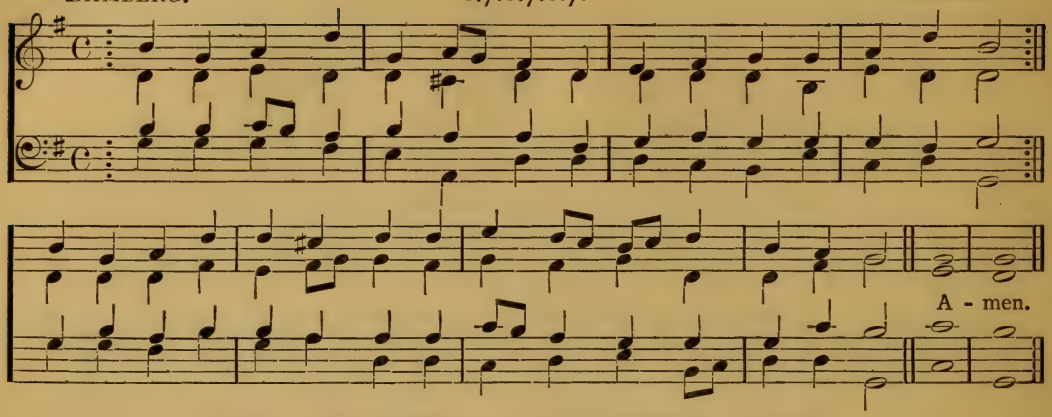
F 1 WE sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats and hate:
The ravening wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day!

2 Oh, Glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
Oh, Light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
Oh, Voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
Oh, Love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

M 4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power.
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
cres. Thy chosen Saint can find! Amen.

BAMBERG. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

168 *"And when the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished, they brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord."*—St. Luke ii. 22.

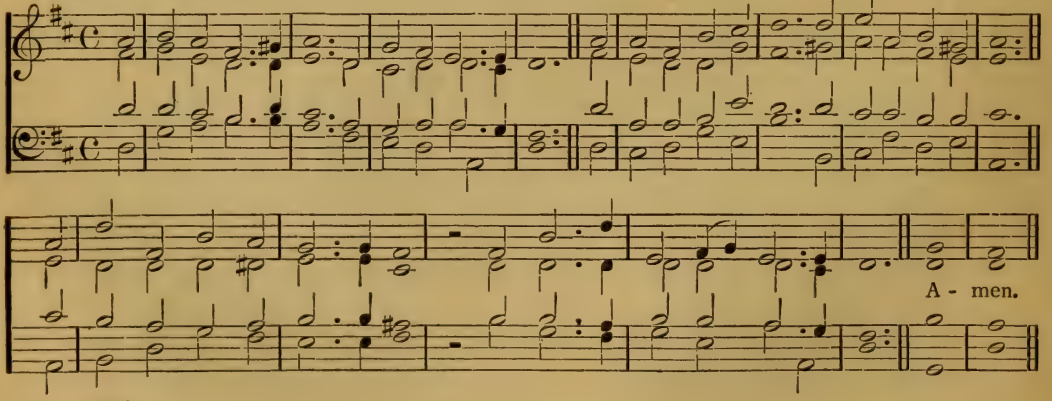
1 In His temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected Lord!
Ancient prophets had foretold Him;
God hath now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him His redeemèd
Shall break forth with one accord.

2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His agèd saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

3 Jesu, by Thy presentation,
Thou, who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

F 4 Prince and Author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesu, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme! Amen.

HANDEL'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.8.8.



169

"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."—St. Luke ii. 30.

1 f REJOICE, ye sons of men!
Your brightest praises yield!
The Everlasting Son
See in the flesh revealed!
The world's Redeemer comes to-day
His own redemption's price to pay!

2 Lo! Simeon's saintly arms
The holy Burden bear;
He sees with raptured eye
His true Salvation there.
The weary waiting now is past:
The Long-expected comes at last.

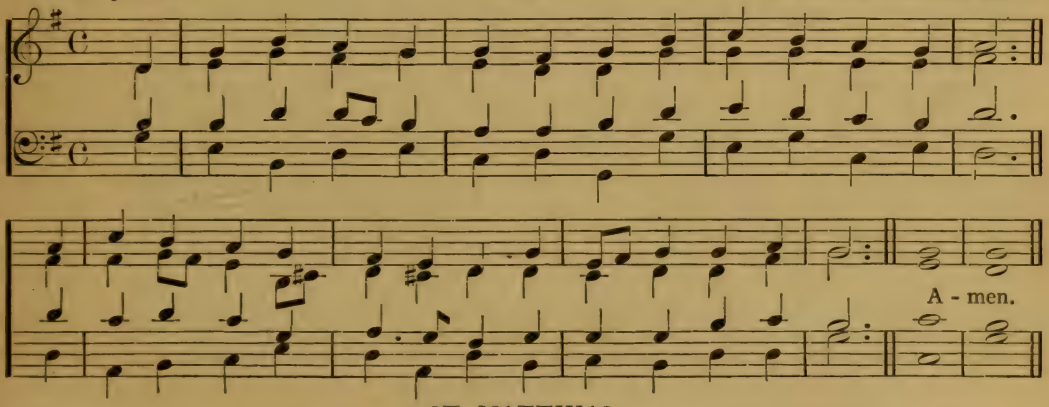
3 The agèd Saint's embrace
The blessèd mother saw,
And on his words so strange
She mused with silent awe.
What conflict for her Child is stored?
And what for her this piercing sword?

4 O Saviour, in Thy courts
We all our sins confess:
But Thou didst once for us
Fulfil all righteousness.
Impure, unclean, oh, may we be
Presented pure and clean in Thee!

5 And when, O God made Man,
Upon our waiting eye,
In glorious might revealed,
Salvation draweth nigh!
cres. In that great day Thy servants bless,
f And be "the Lord our Righteousness!" Amen.

Also the following:—
BLEST are the pure in heart (339).

ST. JUDE. C.M. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



ST. MATTHIAS.

170

"The lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles."—Acts i. 26.

1 CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He passed
From earth in heaven to reign,
He formed one Holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

2 His Twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

3 And, first the Church's grace to own,
First called by human hands,
Matthias wins the traitor's throne,
As 'mid the Twelve he stands.

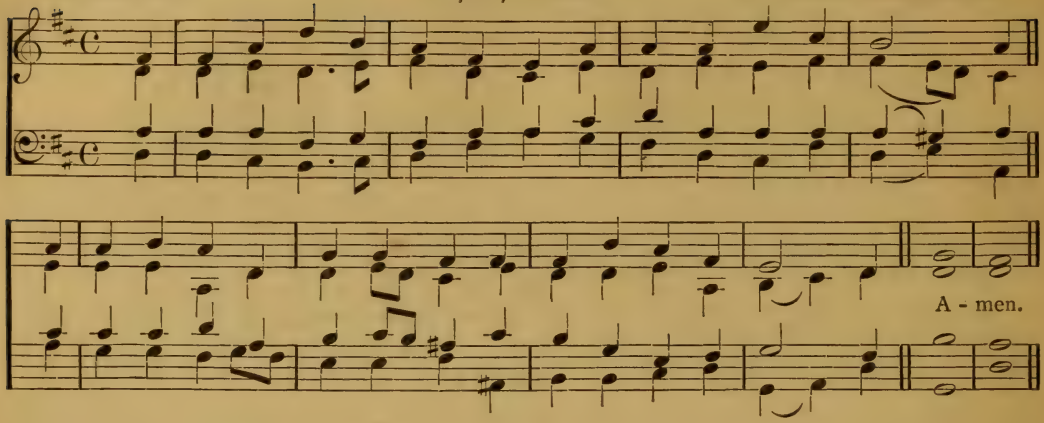
4 So, age by age, and year by year,
Christ's grace is handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

5 Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee
Whose love to her is cold;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one fold. Amen.

Also the following:—GUIDE Thou, O God, the guardian hands (250).

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

ABERDEEN. 8.7.8.7. IAMBIC. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

171 *"In this was manifested the love of God towards us."*—1 St. John iv. 9.

1 GREAT Gabriel sped on wings of light,
With wondrous tidings laden;
He came from heav'n's unclouded height
To greet a lowly maiden.

2 For God upon her low estate
Had looked with Royal favour;
And all earth's kindreds celebrate
The mighty Gift He gave her!

3 Oh, awful bliss! that from her womb
Should spring the Uncreated,
The Great and Holy One, for whom
The world so long had waited!

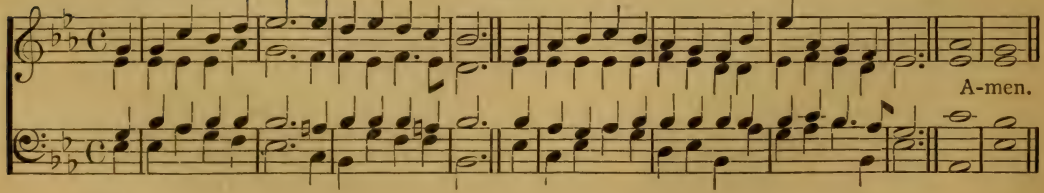
4 A day thrice blest for man is this,
Thou longed-for of all nations!
And men shall sing Thy Mother's bliss
Throughout all generations!

5 O Son divine! we fain would trace
Thy Mother's steps so lowly,
Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,
Her life so calm and holy.

6 But lo! as all too near we press,
A veil the scene enfoldeth!
No tongue may sing its loveliness,
No eye its peace beholdeth!

7 And as we read with kindling eye
This day's all-gracious story,
The blessèd Mother passeth by,
f And Thine is all the glory! Amen.

COLCHESTER. S.M.



172

"When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman."—Gal. iv. 4.

1 PRAISE we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold;
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old!

2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read:
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word:
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

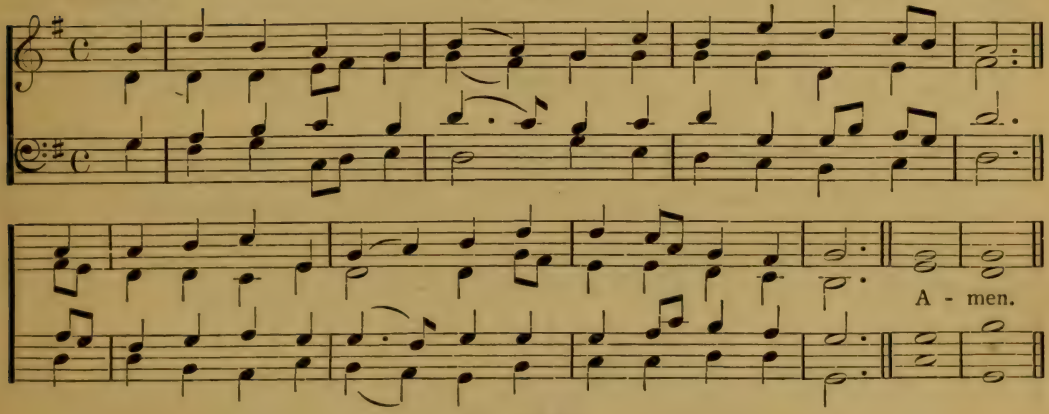
4 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came
The Incarnate Saviour's Birth!

F 5 To God the Father, Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By saints below be honour done,
And by the Heavenly host. Amen.

Also the following—

BLEST are the pure in heart (339).
JESUS! Name of wondrous love (406).

ARGYLE. 7.6.7.6. E. H. TURPIN.



ST. MARK.

173

"Take Mark, and bring him with thee, for he is profitable unto me for the ministry."—2 Tim. iv. 11.

1 WE praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

2 The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

3 From Thee, Lord, come the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy Love Thy Saint hath numbered
Among the blessèd Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

F 6 O Jesu, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.

LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

174 *"Whose leaf shall not fade."*—Ez. xlvii. 12.

F 1 ALL is bright and cheerful round us;
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too:
Every flower is full of gladness;
Dew is bright and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.

2 If the flowers, that fade so quickly,
If a day, that ends in night,
If the sky, that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's Land of Rest,
Where His sons, that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

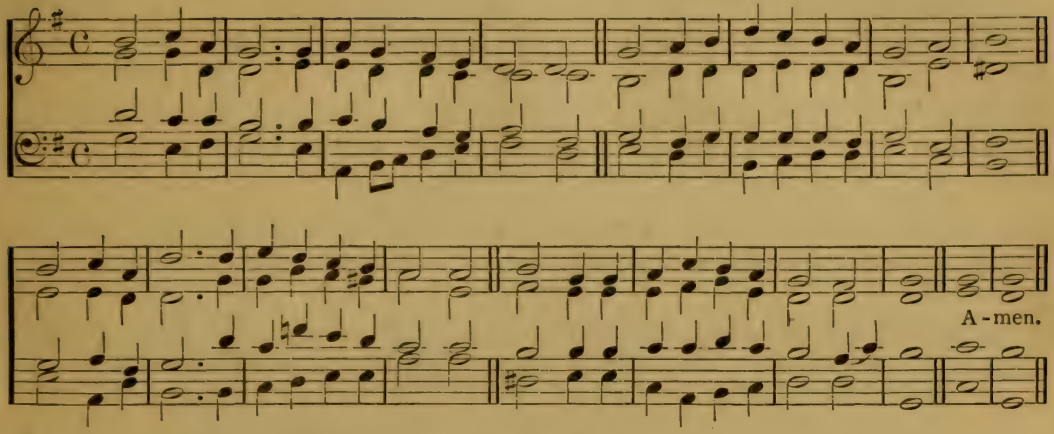
3 *There* are leaves that never wither,
There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither,
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
They have rest and peace and light.

p 4 They through grief and pain and scorning
Gave Thee, Lord, their willing names,
Like the saints we praise this morning,
Like Saint Philip and Saint James.
Oh, that we might, ceasing never,
Follow them, as they did Thee,
f Till we magnify for ever
f God the Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

Also the following:—

THOU art the Way,—To Thee alone (526).

EIRENE. 11.10.11.10. FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



ST. BARNABAS.

175 "*Comfort ye, comfort ye My people.*"—Isa. xl. 1.

1 O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief:—

2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast:—

3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again:—

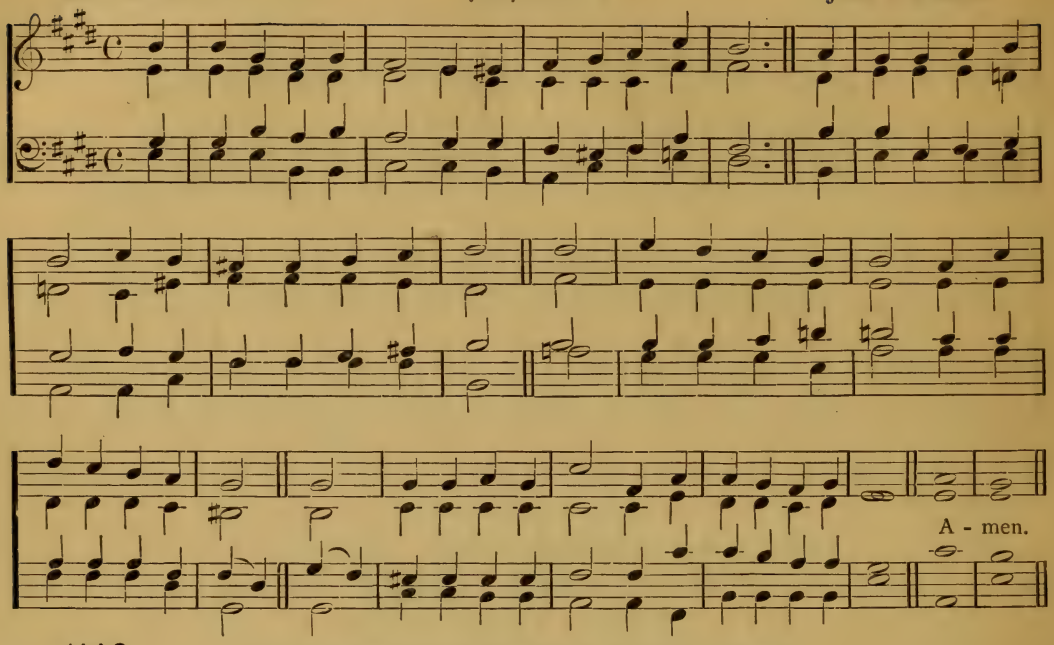
4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye";
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6.7.6. D. JOSEPH BARNBY.



176 *"We have great joy and consolation in thy love."*—Philem. 7.

1 THE Son of Consolation!
Of Levi's priestly line,
Filled with the Holy Spirit
And fervent faith divine,
With lowly self-oblation,
For Christ an offering meet,
He laid his earthly riches
At the Apostles' feet.

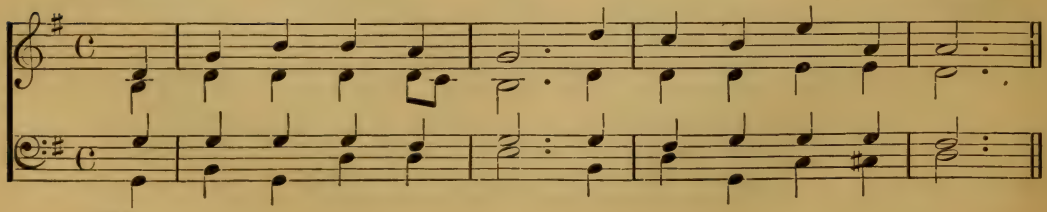
2 The Son of Consolation!
Oh, name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heav'n's own calm!
And the blest Son of Comfort
With fearless loving hand
The Gentiles' great Apostle
Led to the faithful band.

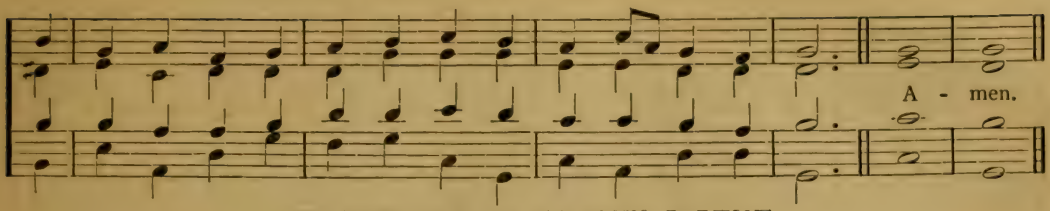
3 The Son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
He won the martyr's glory,
And passed to his reward.
With him is Faith now ended,
For ever lost in sight,
cres. But Love, made perfect, fills him
f With praise, and joy, and light.

4 The Son of Consolation!
Lord, hear our humble prayer
That each of us Thy children
This blessed name may bear;
P That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
'Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.

F 5 The Sons of Consolation!
Oh, what their bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them
"Ye did it unto Me"!
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne. Amen.

SANDFORD. S.M. J. STEPHENSON.





THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

177 *"Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me."*—Mal. iii. 1.

1 The Heavenly King must come
His desert realm to see;
Must leave His own eternal home,
And all His majesty.

2 And lo! before Him sent
His herald, who must cry
And never spare, "Repent, repent;
Your King, your God, is nigh!"

3 He must the world forswear,
Must live his lonely life,
Alone the prophet's burden bear,
And wage alone the strife.

4 He must to kings proclaim
God's holy law and true,
At court, in prison, still the same,
Be bold to speak and do.

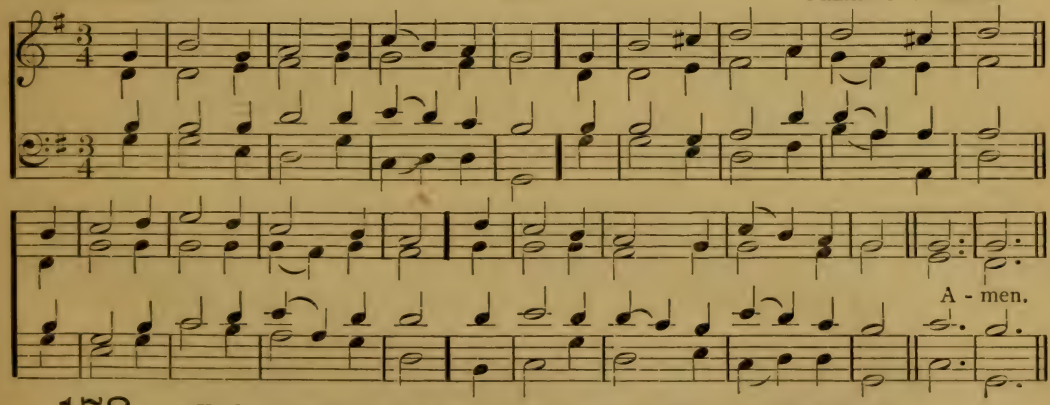
5 He, when his work is done,
Must see his light decay,
Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,
The glorious King of day.

6 O Lord, O King, O Sun,
Whose messenger he came,
Baptize us all, most holy One,
In Thy refining flame.

7 Give us Thy grace, that we
All evil may forsake,
May boldly speak the truth for Thee,
The lowest place may take.

8 So, when Thou com'st again,
Thy realm redeemed to see,
Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men
A way made straight for Thee. Amen.

ANGELS' SONG. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS.



178 *"He that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he."*—St. Luke vii. 28.

1 When Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His messenger before Him went;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

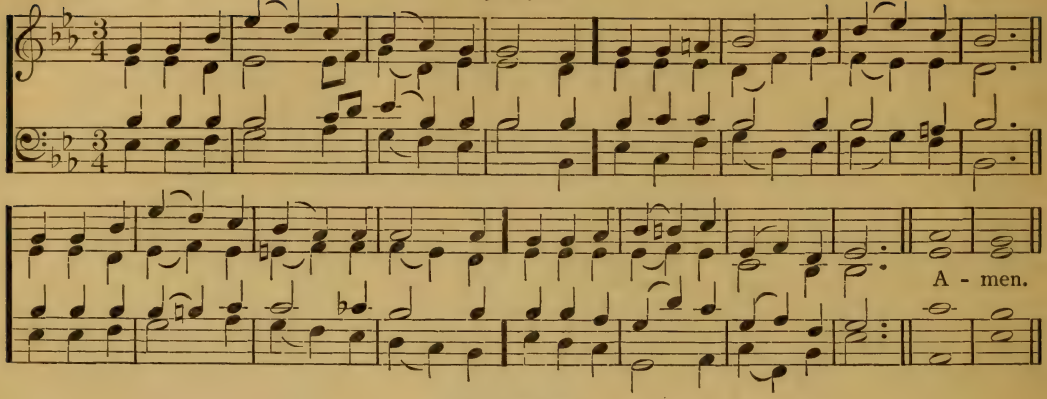
2 The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and His Spouse are we;

3 A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn!

4 And, as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord;
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice. Amen.

Also the following:—On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry (71).

CHEDDON. 9.8.9.8. F.



ST. PETER.

179

"Upon this rock I will build My Church."—St. Matt. xvi. 18.

F 1 O Rock of ages, One Foundation,
On which the living Church doth rest,—
The Church, whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise,—Thy Name be blest!

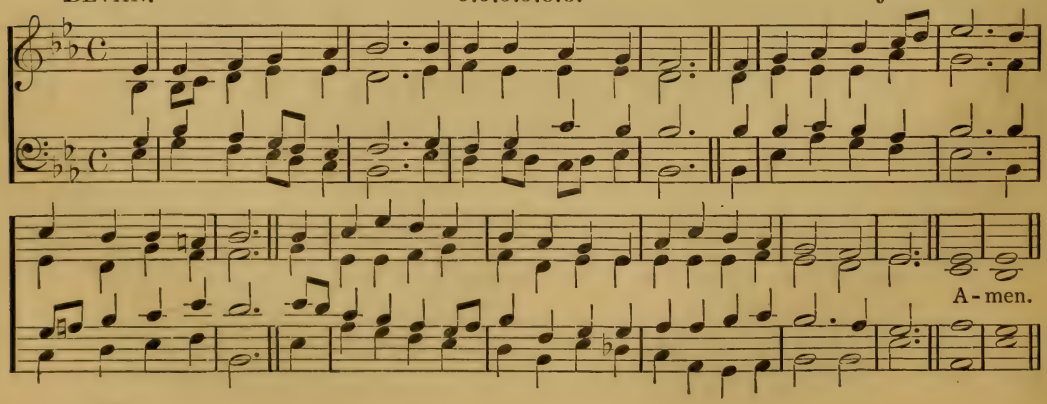
2 Son of the living God! Oh! call us
Once and again to follow Thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befal us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

p 3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,
cres. Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
"Why doubt?"—and in Thy love prevailing
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

P 4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

F 5 Oh! strengthen Thou our weak endeavour
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
cres. And find Thee with us to the end. Amen.

BEVAN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. JOHN GOSS.



180

"Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."—St. Matt. xvi. 16.

F 1 "THOU art the Christ, O Lord,
The Son of God most high!"
For ever be adored
That Name in earth and sky,
In which, though mortal strength may fail,
The Saints of God at last prevail!

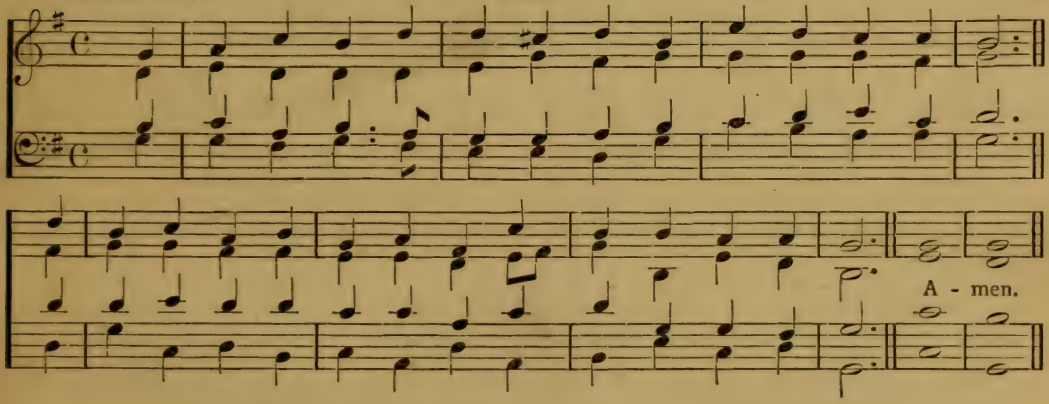
2 Oh, surely he was blest
With blessedness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confessed
The Godhead in the Christ!
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own
Thy Saint a true foundation-stone.

P 3 Thrice was he put to shame,
Thrice did the dauntless fall;
But, oh! that look that came
From out the judgment-hall,—
It pierced and broke the spell-bound heart,
cres. And foiled the Tempter's sifting art!

M 4 Thrice fallen—thrice restored!
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardour burnt.
The cross he took he laid not down
Until he grasped the martyr's crown!

5 Oh bright triumphant faith!
Oh courage void of fears!
Oh love most strong in death!
Oh penitential tears!
By these, Lord, keep us, lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call. Amen.

SALISBURY. C.M.



ST. JAMES.

181

"Ye know not what ye ask."—St. Matt. xx. 22.

1 TWO brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son,
The cost of conquest counting not,—
They deem the battle won.

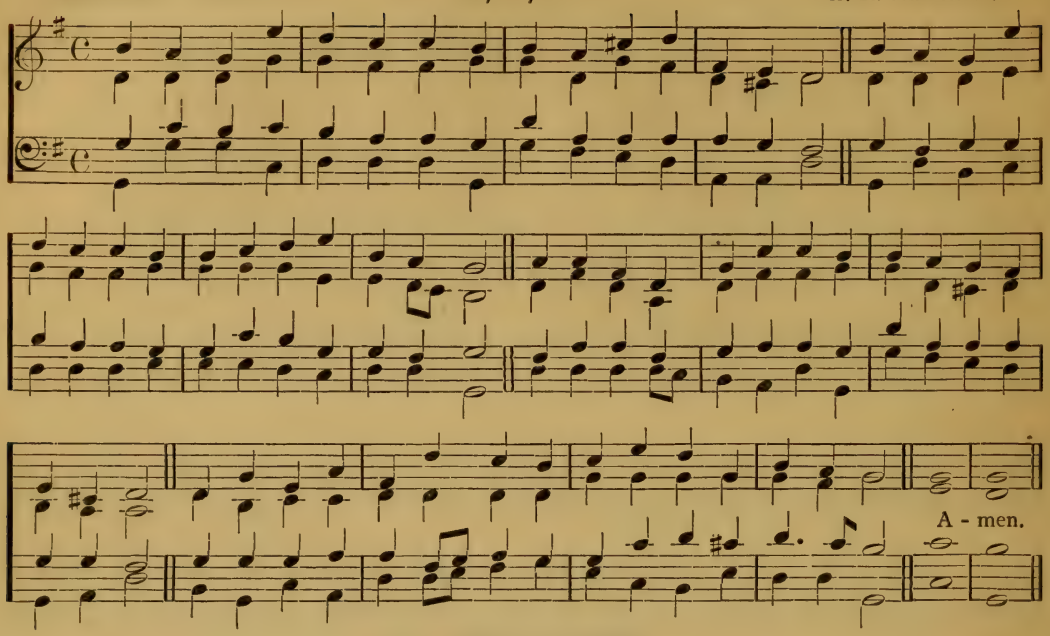
2 Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

3 Christ heard, and willed that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage,
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

4 Now they join hands once more above
Before the Conqueror's throne:
Thus God grants prayer; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

F 5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit blest,
By saints on earth be honour done,
And by the saints at rest. Amen.

MERTON COLLEGE. 8.7.8.7. D. A. R. REINAGLE.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

182

"*The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"—2 Tim. ii. 19.

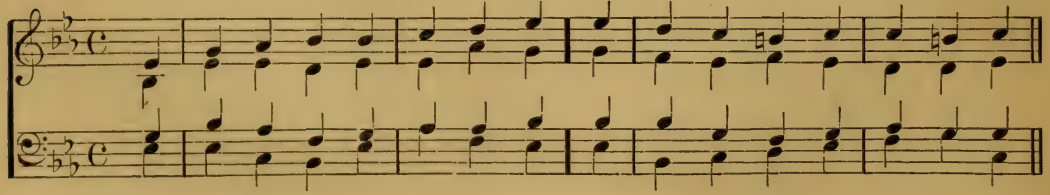
1 KING of Saints, to whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name by man forgotten
Lives for ever round Thy Throne:
Lights which earth-born mists have darkened,
There are shining full and clear—
Princes in the court of heaven,—
Nameless, unremembered, here.

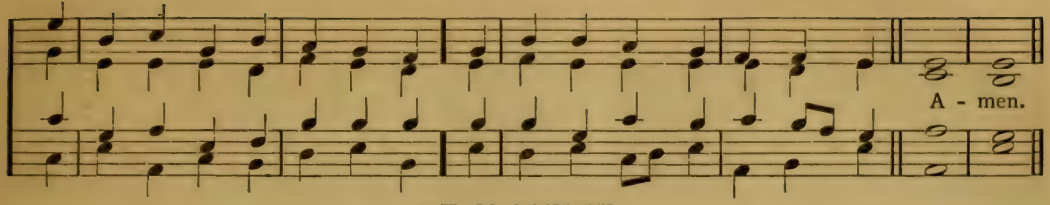
2 In the roll of Thine Apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer
Year by year our praises due;
How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord.

3 Was it he, beneath the fig-tree
Seen of Thee, and guileless found;
He who saw the Good he longed for
Rise from Nazareth's barren ground;
He who met his risen Master
On the shore of Galilee;
He to whom the word was spoken,
"Greater things thou yet shalt see!"

4 None can tell us; all is written
In the Lamb's great book of Life—
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling and the strife:
There are told Thy hidden treasures:—
Number us, O Lord, with them,
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living diadem! Amen.

BAVARIA. L.M. GERMAN.





ST. MATTHEW.

183

"*Arise, He calleth thee.*"—St. Mark x. 49.

1 BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
Oh, seest thou not His pleading Eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee—
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
Behold, the Master passeth by!

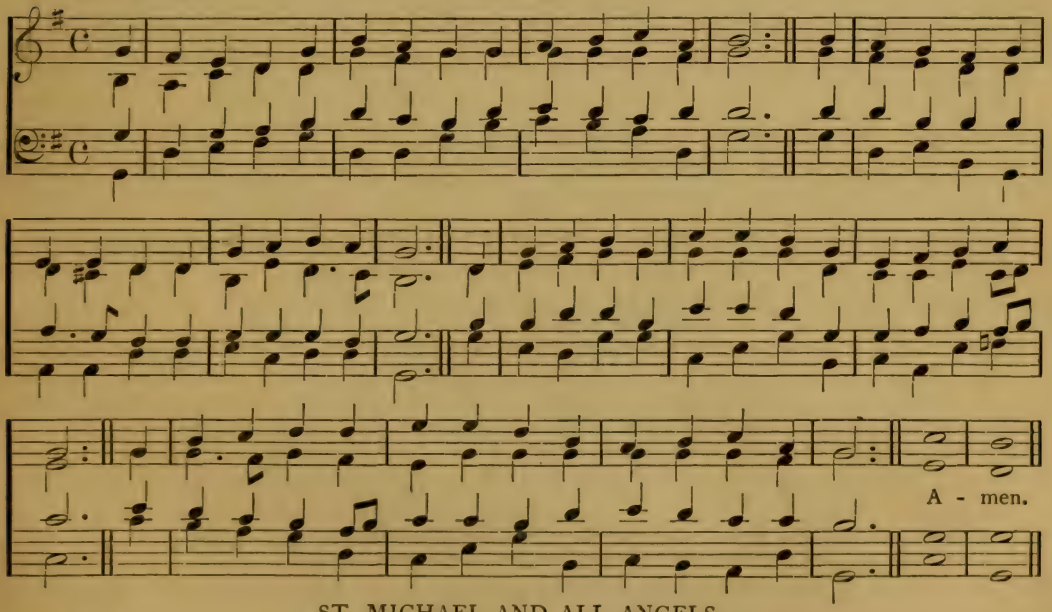
3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessed Cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven and endless light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee. Amen.

OLD 137TH. D.C.M.



ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

184

"*All the Angels stood round about the throne.*"—Rev. vii. 11.

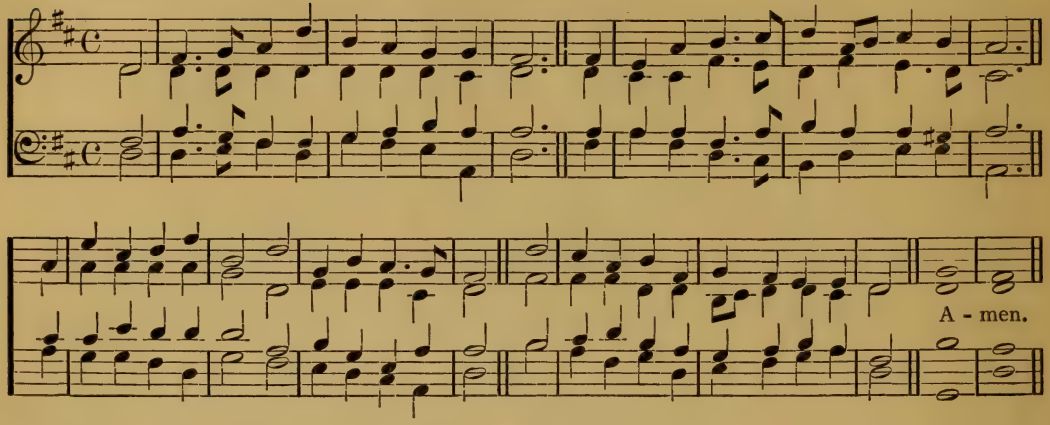
1 FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian Angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
cres. With voice and lyre, in happy choir,
f Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

2 And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
Oh! may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

3 Here where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly Home,
And serve Thee e'en as they;
With them to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own;
cres. That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
f Be Thine, and Thine alone! Amen.

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

TENBURY. P.M. F. A. G. OUSELEY.



185 *"The Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him."*—St. Matt. xxv. 31.

F 1 O GOD the Son eternal, Thy dread might
Sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of heaven,
And from the realms of light
Cast down in burning fight
Satan's rebellious hosts, to darkness given.

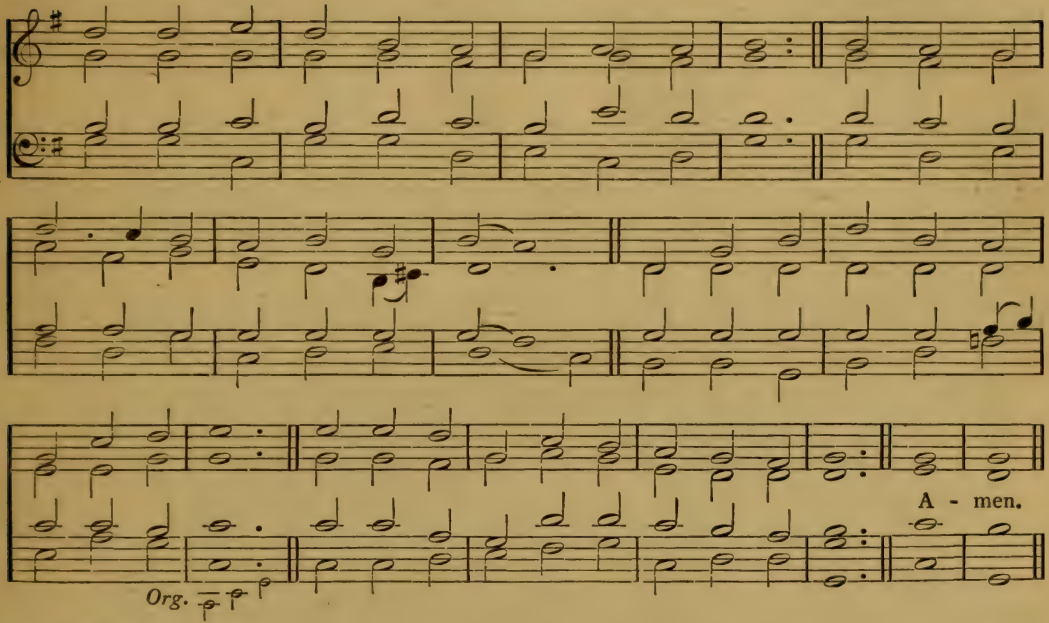
2 Thine Angels, Lord, we sing with thankful lays,
Dwelling with Thee above yon depths of sky;
Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,
Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,
And gird Thy Throne in faithful ministry.

M 3 We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their King
To mortal saints to bring,
p Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

4 But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with Thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

5 Therefore with Angels and Archangels we
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to Thee,
Who art, and art to be;
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise! Amen.

TRISAGION. 10.10.10.10. H. SMART.



186 *"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."*—Job xxxviii. 7.

1 STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the Tris-hagion * ever and aye;

2 These are Thy counsellors: these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth! the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy ministers; these Thou dost send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

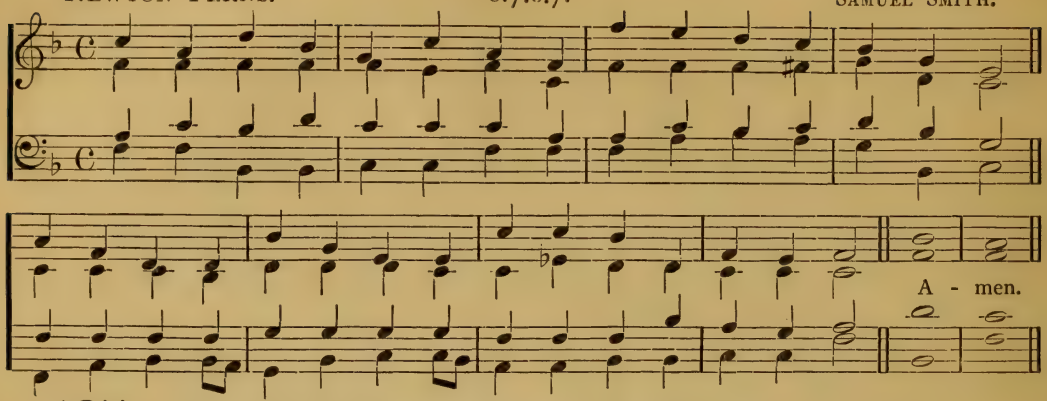
3 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid-space,—
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,—
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

4 Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore! Amen.

* This word, signifying 'Thrice-Holy,' represents in the Greek liturgies the "Holy, Holy, Holy," sung in the Communion Service.

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

NEWTON FERNS. 8.7.8.7. SAMUEL SMITH.



187 *"The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of Angels."*—Ps. lxviii. 17.

F 1 WHERE angelic hosts adore Thee,
Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign;
At Thy word they rose around Thee,
And Thy word doth them sustain.

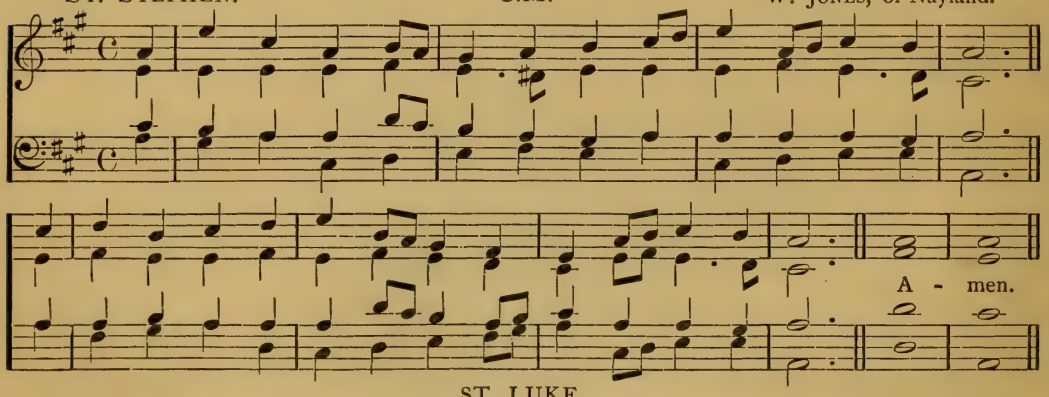
2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending
At Thy throne, their homage pay;
Flames of fire in strength excelling
Haste Thy pleasure to obey.

3 Ranged around in wondrous order
Thee they serve, their Lord and King,
m Grant that in our cares and danger
m They may timely succour bring.

4 Praise to Thee, Who hast created
Earth and heaven, with all their host;
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Also the following:—O YE immortal throng (463). THEY come, God's messengers of love (521).

ST. STEPHEN. C.M. W. JONES, of Nayland.



ST. LUKE.

188 *"Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil."*—Acts x. 38.

1 OH, blest was he, whose earlier skill
The suffering frame made whole,
Called, Lord, by Thee from deadlier woes
To heal the dying soul!

2 O true Physician! heal the souls
That sick and wounded lie;
With wholesome medicine of Thy word,
Oh, heal them lest they die!

3 Lord, to our nature cleaveth still
The leprosy of sin;
Put forth Thy hand and touch us, Lord,
And make us clean within.

4 Lo! souls are lying cold and dead
In palsy's numbing chain;
Speak Thou the word of power, good Lord,
And bid them live again.

5 The fever burns in guilty breasts—
Hot passion's wilful fire;
Calm Thou the storm with words of peace,
And quell each vain desire.

6 O Jesu, Healer of all ills,
To Thee for help we flee;
Our souls, by Thine all-cleansing grace,
From every bond set free. Amen.

ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

189

"*Gather the wheat into My barn.*"—St. Matt. xiii. 30.

1 SAINTS of God, whom faith united
In the Twelve Apostles' band;
Who for Christ in pain delighted,
Who are now at Christ's right hand;
Ye had many a bitter trial,
Ye were scorned and set at nought,
Fearing nothing but denial
Of the Lord for whom ye fought.

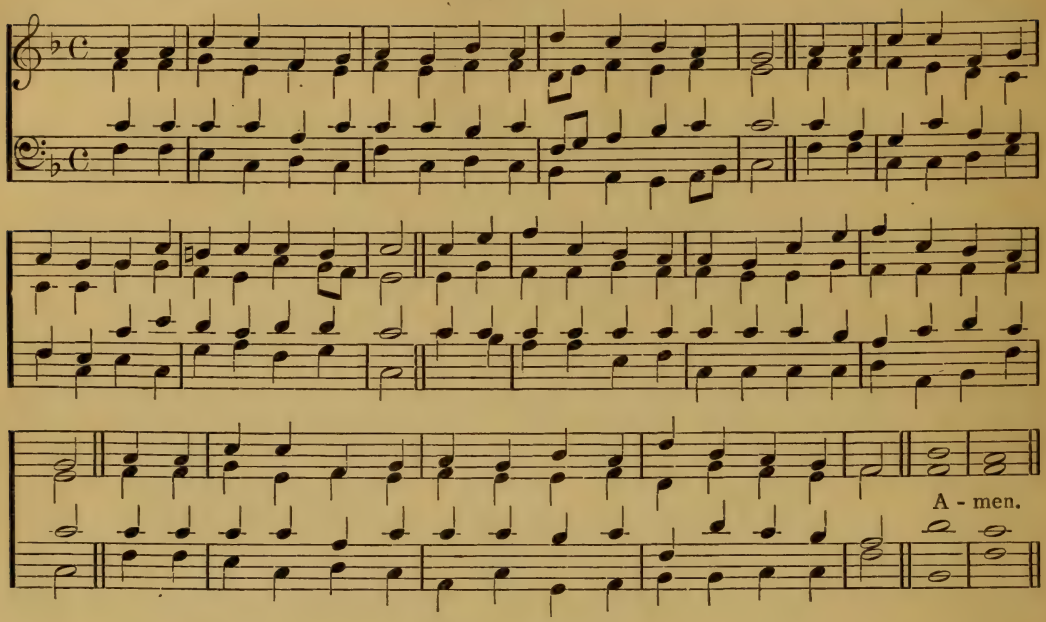
2 Called on earth to different stations
In the battle of the Lord,
Ye went on through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and truth your sword:
Far apart through toils and dangers
Passed ye onward to your rest
In the land where none are strangers
Now together ye are blest!

P 3 Leaves of Autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And that this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the summer grass:
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best;
Christ's true Martyrs, we would follow
In your steps, and gain our rest!

P 4 Him whose love mankind created,
Him who came for man to bleed,
Him who hath regenerated
Us and all His chosen seed,
We, as we are onward pressing
To His glorious Home on high,
With His saints and angels blessing
Now and ever magnify! Amen.

HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.

ST. HILARY. 8.7.8.7. D. GANTHER.



ALL SAINTS.

190 *"She shall be brought unto the King."*—Ps. xlv. 14.

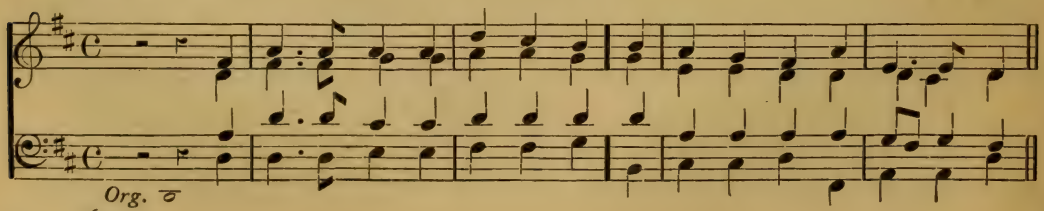
1 CHURCH of Christ, whose glorious warfare
Still through all the world goes on,
Lift to-day thy voice exulting;
Sing of those whose crown is won.
Joyous be the day that brings us
Visions of the saints on high;
Earth and heaven together blending
In our hymns of victory!

2 Lo! the Twelve, majestic Princes
In the Court of Jesus sit,
Calmly watching all the conflict,
Raging still beneath their feet;
Lo! the martyrs, robed in crimson,
Sign of life-blood freely spent,
Finding life because they lost it,
Dwell in undisturbed content.

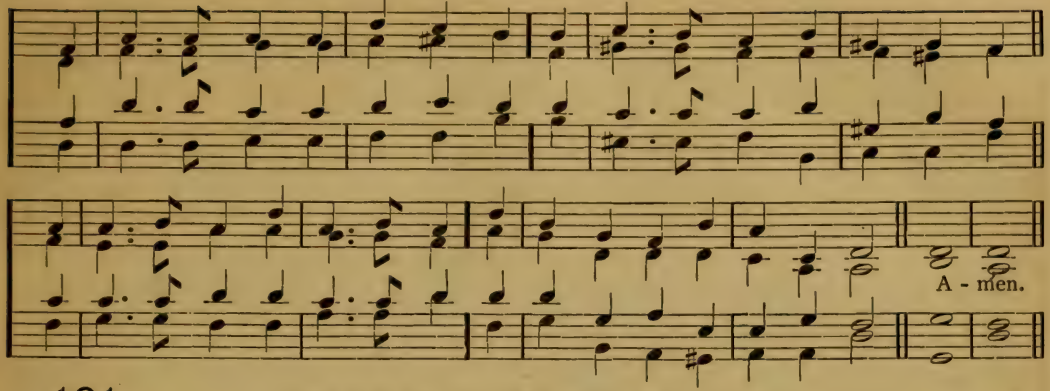
3 All the countless host who witnessed
Good confessions for His sake—
Godly prelate, faithful deacon—
Of their Master's joy partake:
Every wise and holy virgin
Following Him with steadfast love,
Brings her roses and her lilies
To the Marriage-feast above.

4 All unite in blissful concord
God their King to magnify,
And the "Holy, Holy, Holy,"
Evermore to raise on high.
So may God in mercy grant us
Here to live in holiness,
Till He call us to our portion
In the joys His saints possess. Amen.

SAINTS OF GOD. 8.8.8.8; 8.8. S.



HOLY-DAYS, SPECIAL.



191 "*Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well.*"—St. John xi. 12.

1 THE Saints of God! Their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
cres. O happy Saints! for ever blest,
dim. At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

2 The Saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:—
cres. O happy Saints! for ever blest,
dim. In that dear home how sweet your rest!

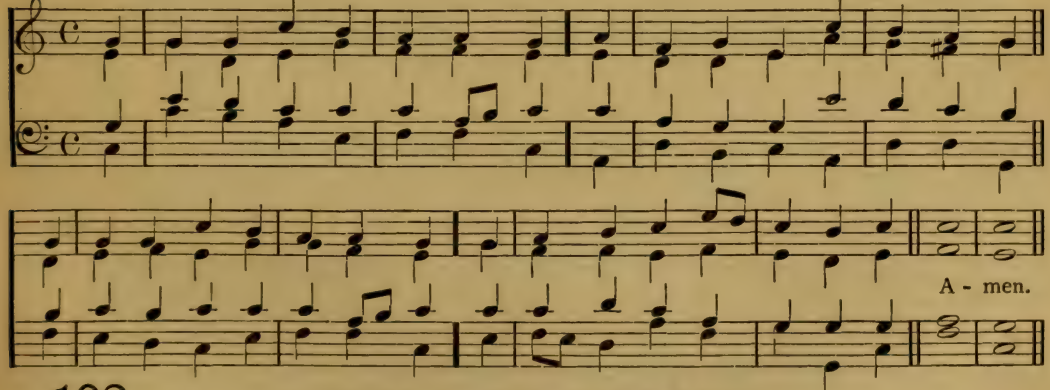
3 The Saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:—
cres. O happy Saints! for ever blest,
dim. In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:—
cres. O happy Saints! rejoice and sing,
f He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5 O God of Saints! to Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
cres. That with All Saints our rest may be
f In that bright Paradise with Thee! Amen.

APOSTLES.

MAINZER. L.M. DR. MAINZER.



192 "*Ye shall sit upon twelve thrones.*"—St. Matt. xix. 28.

1 LET all on earth their voices raise,
Re-echoing heaven's triumphant praise,
To Him who gave the Apostles grace
To run on earth their glorious race.

2 Thou at whose word they bore the light
Of Gospel truth o'er heathen night,
To us that heavenly light impart,
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

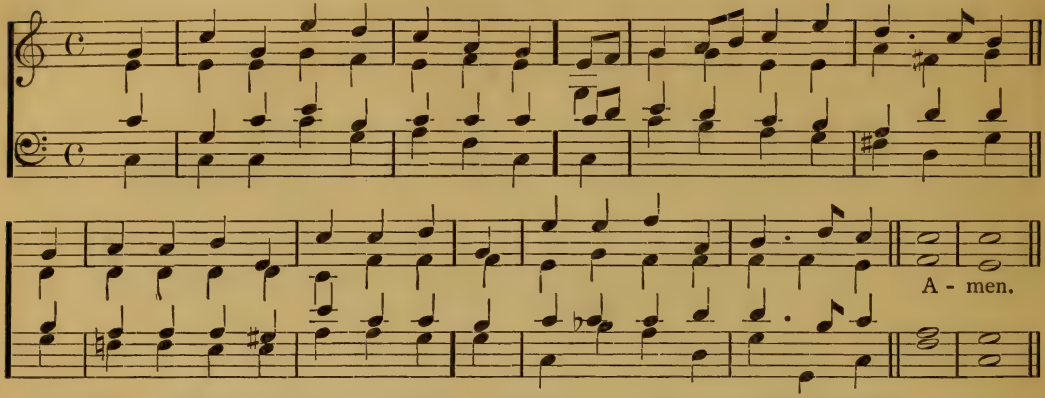
3 Thou at whose will to them was given
To bind and loose in earth and heaven,
Our chains unbind, our sins undo,
And in our hearts Thy grace renew.

4 Thou in whose might they spake the word
Which cured disease and health restored,
To us its healing power prolong,
Support the weak, confirm the strong.

5 And when the thrones are set on high,
And judgment's awful hour draws nigh,
Then Lord, with them, pronounce us blest,
And take us to Thine endless rest. Amen.

APOSTLES.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



193 *"The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb."*—Rev. xxi. 14.

F 1 THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
The Apostles' glory, let us sing;
To Him, with hearts of gladness, raise
The voice of thankful love and praise.

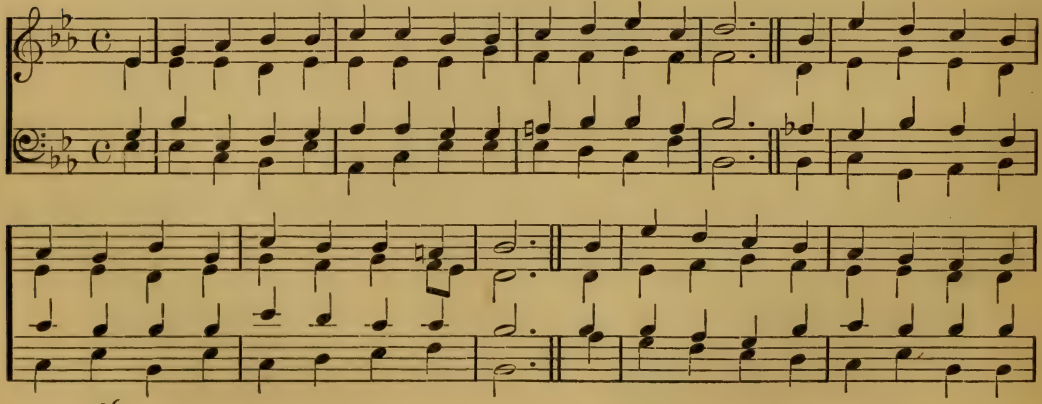
2 For they the Church's princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war;
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

3 Their's was the steadfast faith of Saints,
The hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of Christ in perfect glow,
That lays the prince of this world low.

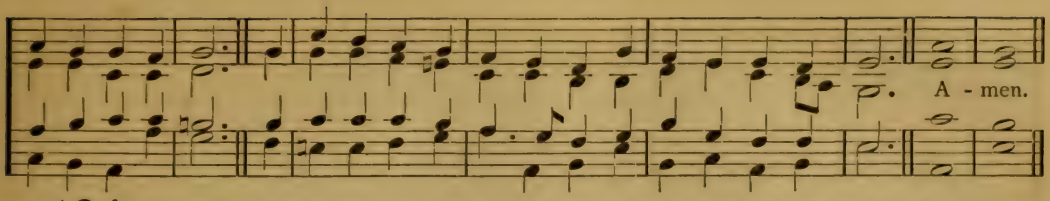
4 So praise is to the Father brought,
The work of God the Son fulfilled,
The will of God the Spirit wrought,
The courts of heaven with gladness thrilled.

5 To God, the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Was praise before the worlds begun,
And praise for evermore shall be. Amen.

WEARMOUTH, *or* OLD 81ST. D.C.M.



APOSTLES.



194 *"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."*—Ps. xix. 4.

F 1 THE leaders of the Church of Christ, twelve stars of holy light,
First in their Master's kingdom, first proclaimers of His might,
Despised on earth, yet high in heaven, the Church her chiefs shall tell,
When sitting on their thrones they judge the tribes of Israel.

2 They poured the rays of Truth divine on darkness and decay,
Glad tidings sped, the idols fell, foul spirits shrank away;
The chains fell from the slaves of sin, the tear was dried from grief,
To those within the vale of death their message brought relief.

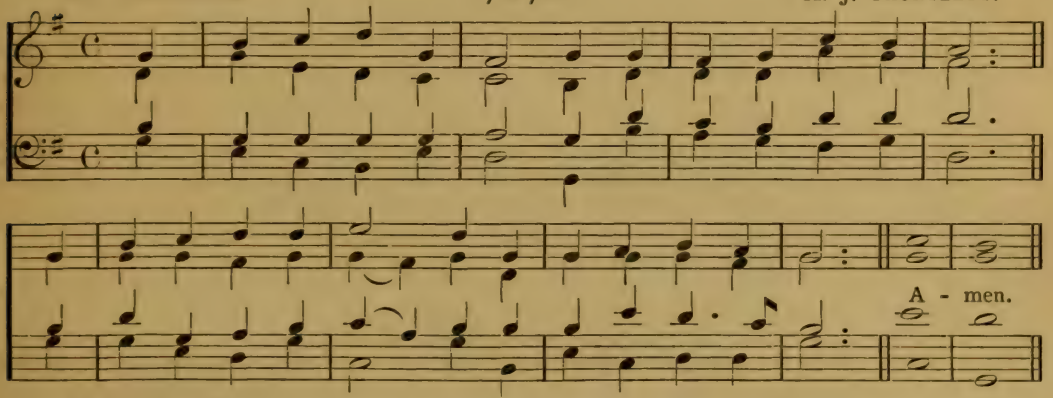
3 It was not by the sword and spear, nor power of human might,
Nor speech of human wisdom, that they triumphed in the fight:
cres. But by the Cross of Jesus, and by virtue of His Name,
They dared the foe, and won the crown, despising death and shame.

4 Oh, glorious task, to tread the path which they triumphant trod!
Oh, perfect freedom, that in Christ true service pays to God!
Oh, beautiful as morning's song the voice which speaks release!
Oh, beautiful upon the hills the messengers of peace!

5 Still, therefore, Twelve of Jesus, doth the Church delight to sing,
How ye the world led captive to the footstool of its King;
Still she your message onward bears, till all shall own their Lord,
Her warfare all accomplished, and Himself her great reward! Amen.

EVANGELISTS.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



195 *"And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live."*—Ezek. xlvii. 9.

1 FROM hidden source arising,
A mighty river ran,
Through Eden's pleasant garden,
Where God created man.

2 Thence, parted into branches,
In four great streams it rolled,
To water fields and vineyards,
To wash down sands of gold.

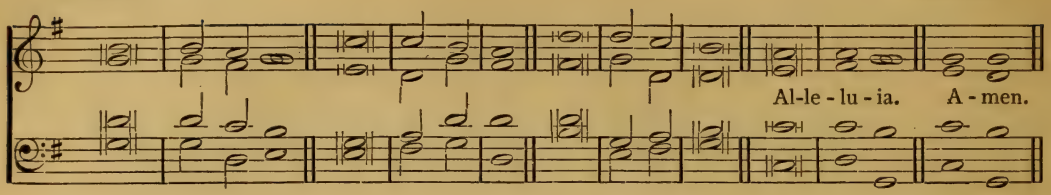
3 And so, from highest heaven,
The Lord, the Holy Dove,
In fourfold manner sends us
The tale of Jesus' love;

4 The tale whose words are golden,
The tale whose flood divine
Makes glad the Lord's own garden
With plenteous corn and wine.

5 Four are the sacred voices,
The story is but one;
In fourfold wise they praise Him,
The Sole-Begotten Son.

F 6 For this Thy fourfold Gospel,
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
In it Thyself revealing,
Eternal Trinity! Amen.

CHANT. A. H. D. TROYTE.



196

"*I am glorified in them.*"—St. John xvii. 10.

F 1 FOR all the Saints who from their | labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the | world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for | ever blest. Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, | and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the | well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their | one true Light. Alleluia!

* 3 For the Apostles' glorious | company,—
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er | land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world,—we | sing to Thee, Alleluia!

* 4 For the Evangelists,—by | whose pure word,
Like fourfold stream, the garden | of the Lord
Is fair and fruitful,—be Thy | Name adored. Alleluia!

* 5 For Martyrs,—who with rapture- | kindled eye
Saw the bright crown descending | from the sky,
And, dying, grasped it,—Thee we | glorify. Alleluia!

6 Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, | true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly | fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's | crown of gold. Alleluia!

7 Oh, blest communion! Fellow | ship divine!
p We feebly struggle; *f* they in | glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for | all are Thine. Alleluia!

p 8 And when the strife is fierce, the | warfare long,
cres. Steals on the ear the distant | triumph-song,
f And hearts are brave again, and | arms are strong! Alleluia!

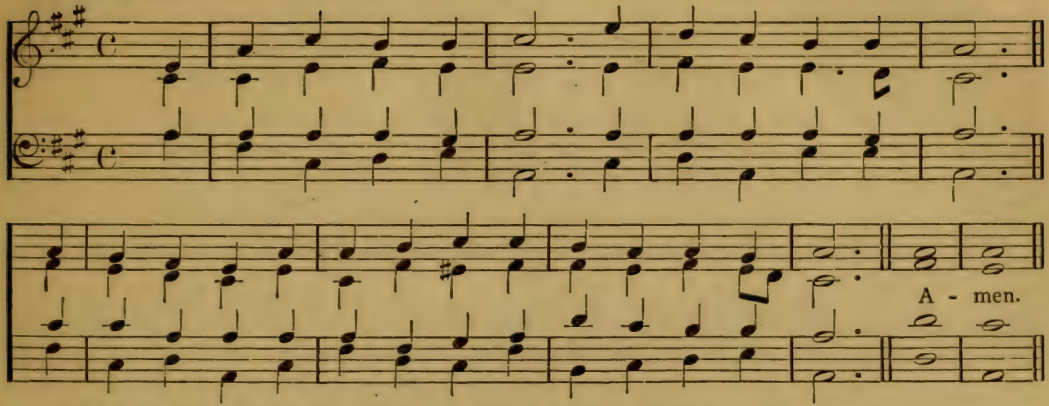
P 9 The golden evening brightens | in the west:
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors | cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Para | dise the blest. Alleluia!

F 10 But lo! there breaks a yet more | glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in | bright array;
The King of Glory passes | on His way! Alleluia!

FF 11 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's | farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the | countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and | Holy Ghost—Alleluia! Amen.

* These verses to be sung FF and in Unison on the Festivals of Apostles, Evangelists, and Martyrs, respectively.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M.



197 *"Be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."*—Heb. vi. 12.

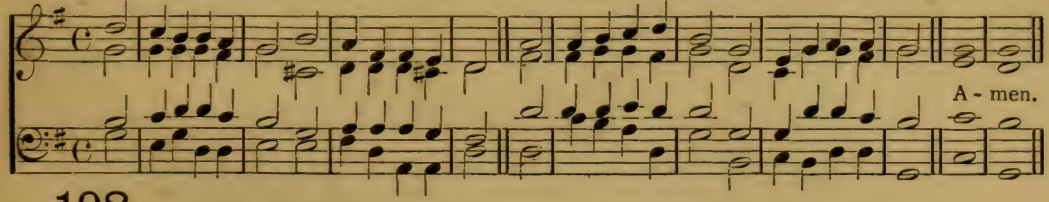
1 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learnt from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee. Amen.

ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6. L. G. HAYNE.



198 *"Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation."*—Heb. xiii. 7.

1 GLAD light illumes this day;
For now his race is run,
And Christ's blest saint with joy
His heavenly robe has won.

2 The honours of the world,
And wealth he cast away,
He left its desert paths,
And trod the royal way.

3 O joyous day! For now
This champion of the Lord,
Through death's short agony,
Has gained his sure reward.

4 O happy brother! Thou
Hast found, in glory bright,
The eternal Father's Son,
Who led thee on to light.

p 5 Thou in this vale of tears
p Didst for His presence sigh;
f He with His fulness now
f Thy soul doth satisfy.

6 Lord, draw us to Thyself,
And keep us still Thine own,
That we, with saints at rest,
f May rise to share Thy Throne. Amen.

HOLY VOICES. 8.7.8.7. D. JAMES LANGRAN.

199 *"A great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne."*—Rev. vii. 9.

F 1 HARK, the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord, to Thee.
Multitudes which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

P 3 They have come from tribulation, and have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus; tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cres. They have conquered Death and Satan, by the might of Christ the Lord.

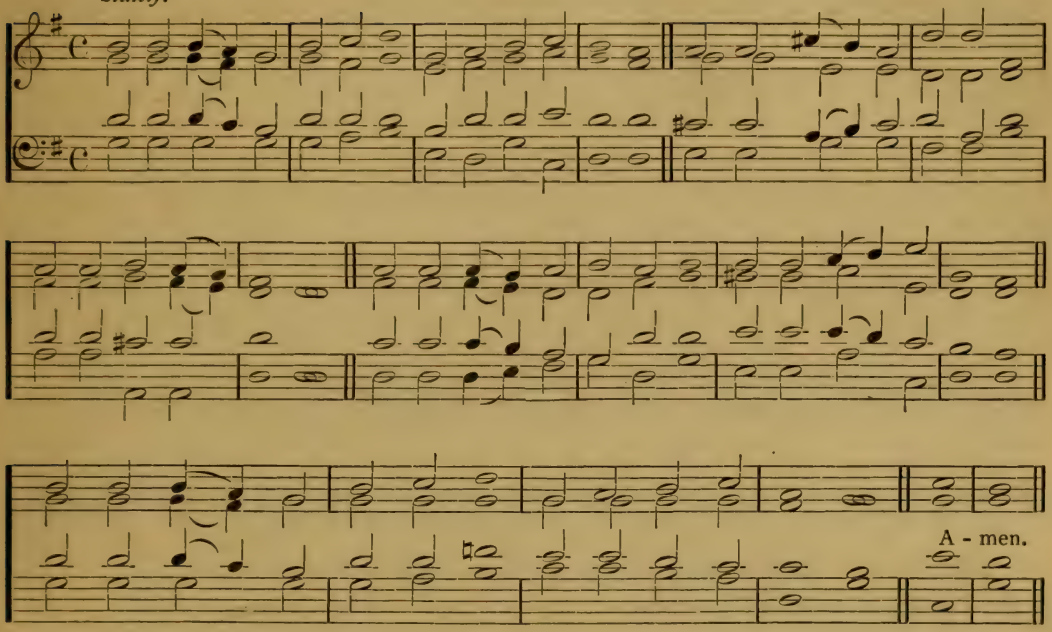
4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed, following
Thee the Captain of Salvation, Thee their Saviour and their King;
p Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cres. And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and Peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

6 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose Body joined together all the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

ST. KEVIN. 7.6.7.6. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Stately.



200

"They loved not their lives unto the death."—Rev. xii. 11.

F 1 LET our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness:
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyr's sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the Land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish,
And eternal hope o'ercame
That one moment's anguish.
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then—
Oh, the glorious morrow! Amen.

OLD 137TH. (*First Tune.*) D.C.M.

201

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—Rev. vii. 14.

F 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:—
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:—
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:—
Who follows in their train?

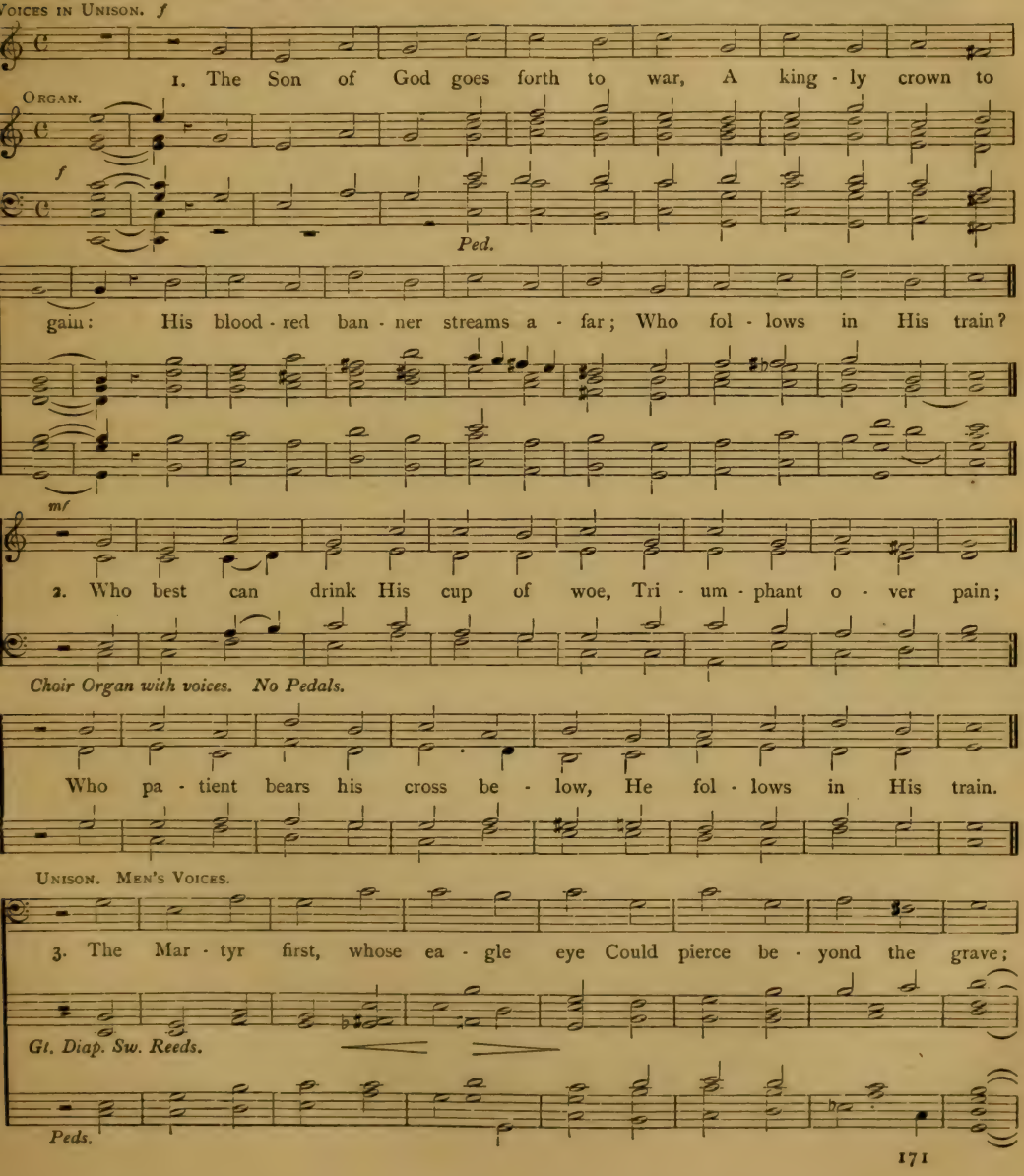
4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

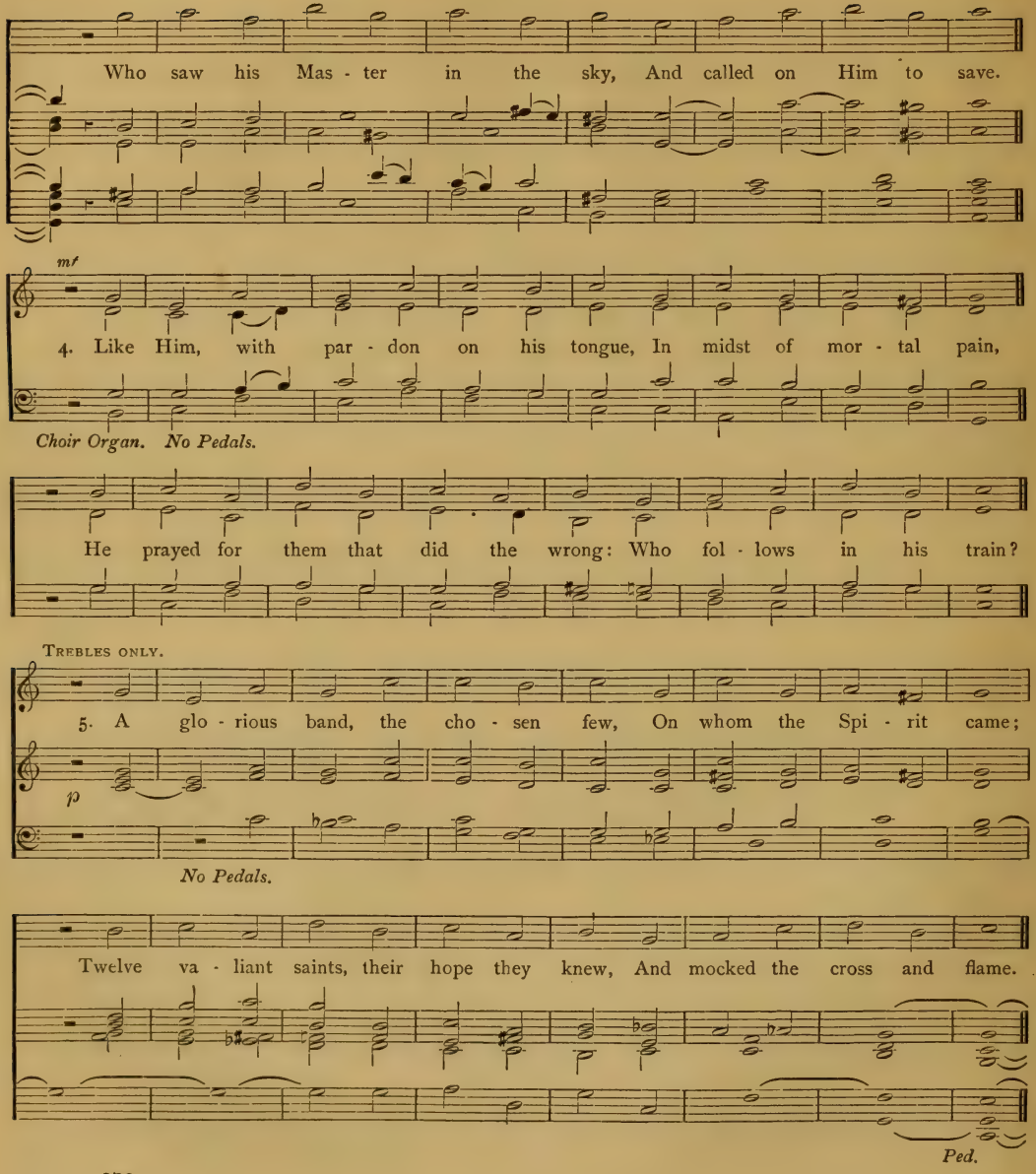
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

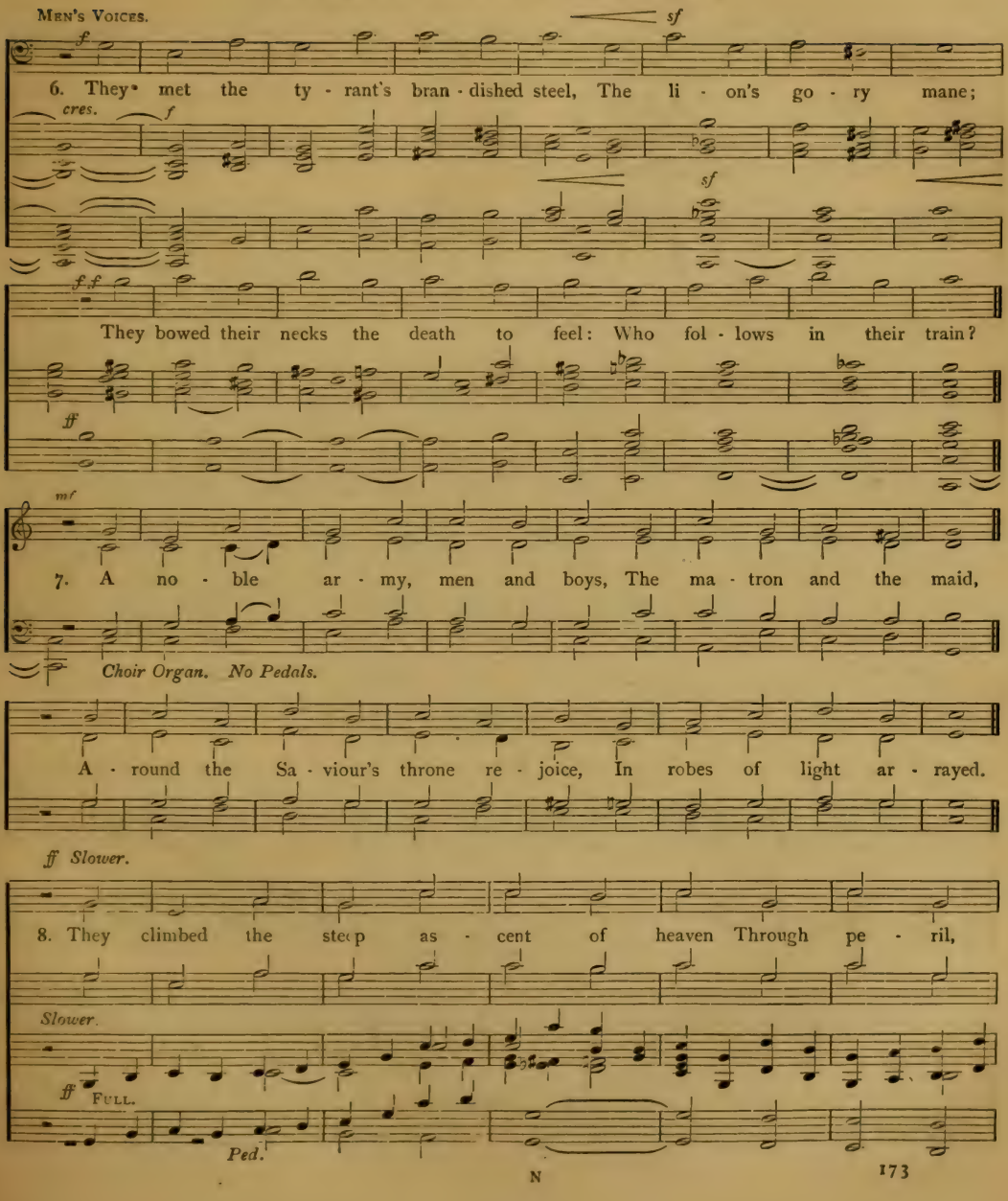
Also the following:—

DISPOSER Supreme (356).
GOD hath two families of love (371).
HOW bright these glorious spirits shine (384).
JERUSALEM, my happy home (392 *or* 393).
JERUSALEM on high (394).
JERUSALEM the golden (395).
SAFE home, safe home in port (492).
SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise (497).
THE Church's one foundation (509).
THE saints on earth, and those above (515).
THEY whose course on earth is o'er (522).
THOSE eternal bowers (524).
WHO are these, like stars appearing (554).

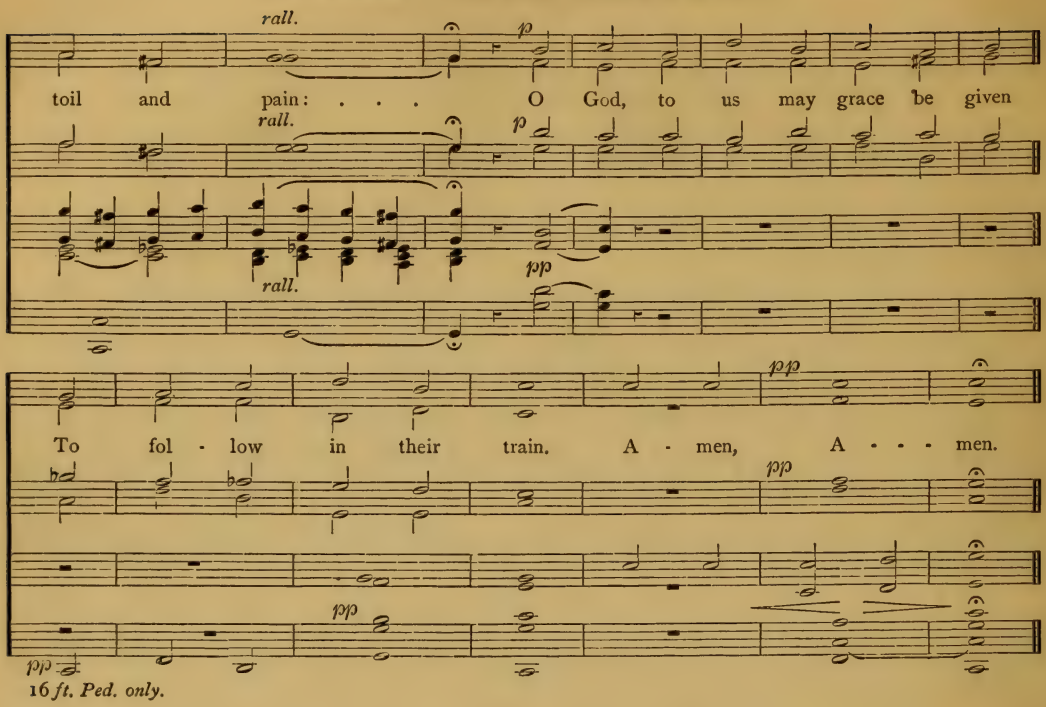
ST. ANN'S. (*Second Tune.*) *Arranged by* ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


Voices in Unison. f
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to
Organ.
f
Ped.
gain: His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
mf
2. Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain;
Choir Organ with voices. No Pedals.
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
Unison. Men's Voices.
3. The Mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.
Peds.


Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
mf
4. Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
Choir Organ. No Pedals.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
Trebles only.
5. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spi - rit came;
p
No Pedals.
Twelve va - liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
Ped.

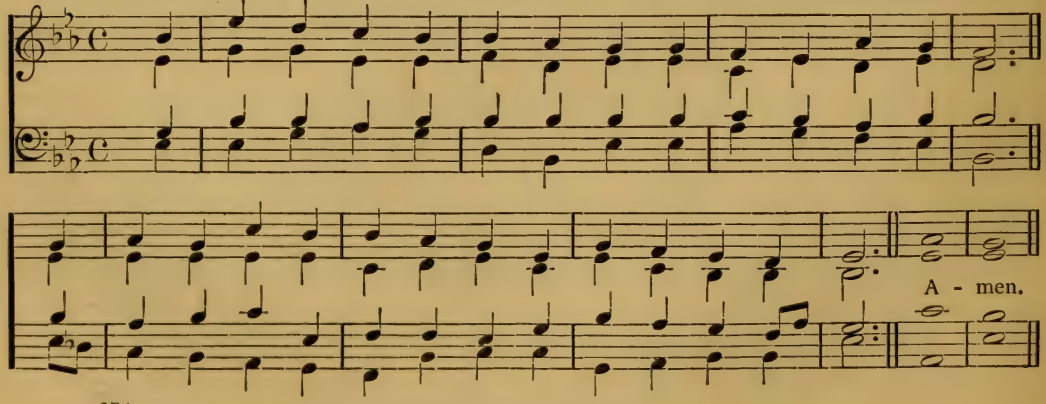

Men's Voices.
6. They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
7. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
Choir Organ. No Pedals.
A - round the Sa - viour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.
Slower.
8. They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through pe - ril,
Slower.
Full.
Ped.

SAINTS' DAYS, GENERAL.



HOLY COMMUNION.

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



202

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

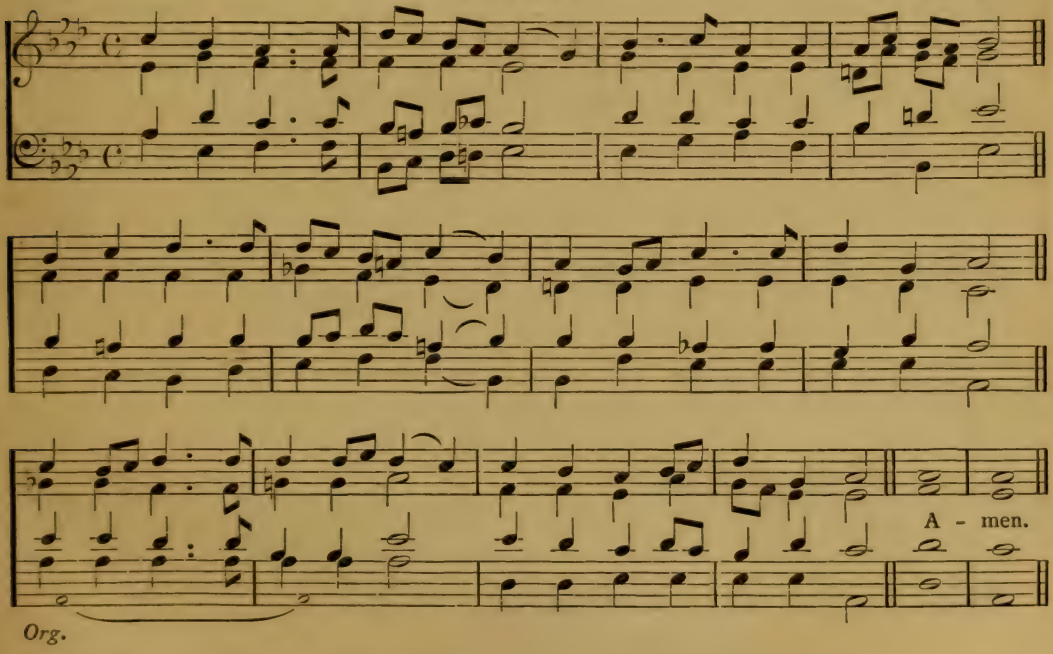
P 1 Behold Thy servant drawing near
Thine altar, Lord, to-day;
And though I come with doubt and fear,
Oh! send me not away.

2 I would not dare to seek Thy Throne
With such a guilty soul,
But that Thy Flesh and Blood alone
Can make a sinner whole.

3 In faith, in love, I would receive,
With mingled joy and grief;
I would not question, but believe;
Help Thou mine unbelief.

4 By each Communion teach my feet
To go from strength to strength;
cres. Till I with all Thy faithful meet
mf Around Thy throne at length. Amen.

REQUIEM. 7·7·7·7·7·7. W. SCHULTES.



Org.

203

"My Father giveth you the true Bread from Heaven."—St. John vi. 32.

1 Bread of heaven! on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed.
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread.
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
Lord! Thy wounds our healing give;
To Thy Cross we look, and live.
Jesu, may we ever be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee! Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

ST. BLANDINA. 9.8.9.8. D. F. C. CHATTOCK.

204

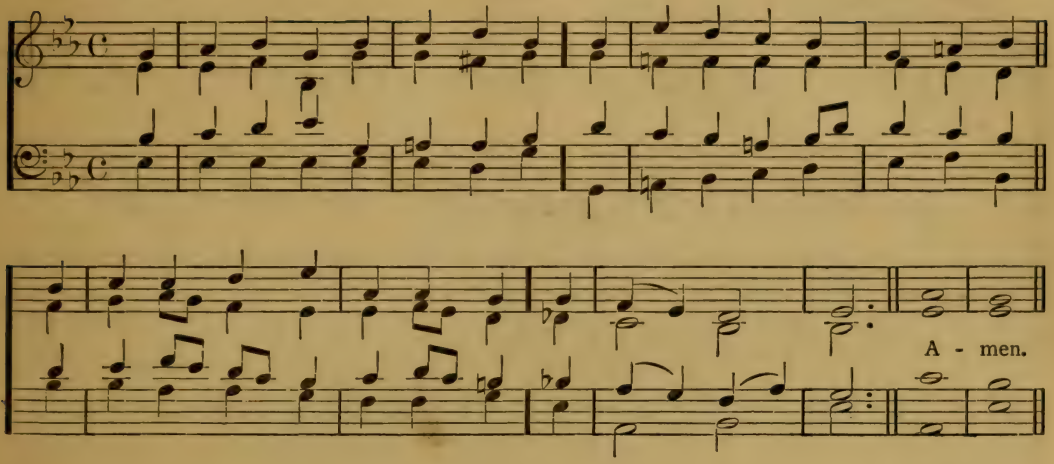
"I am the Bread of Life."—St. John vi. 35.

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the hearts by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

REDEMPTION. 8.8.8.4. J. L. NAYLOR.



205 *"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew the Lord's death till He come."*—1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 BY Christ redeemed, to God restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

2 His Body slain upon the tree,
His Life-blood, shed for us, we see;
Thus faith shall read the mystery
Until He come.

3 And thus His dark betrayal night
With His last Advent we unite
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come:—

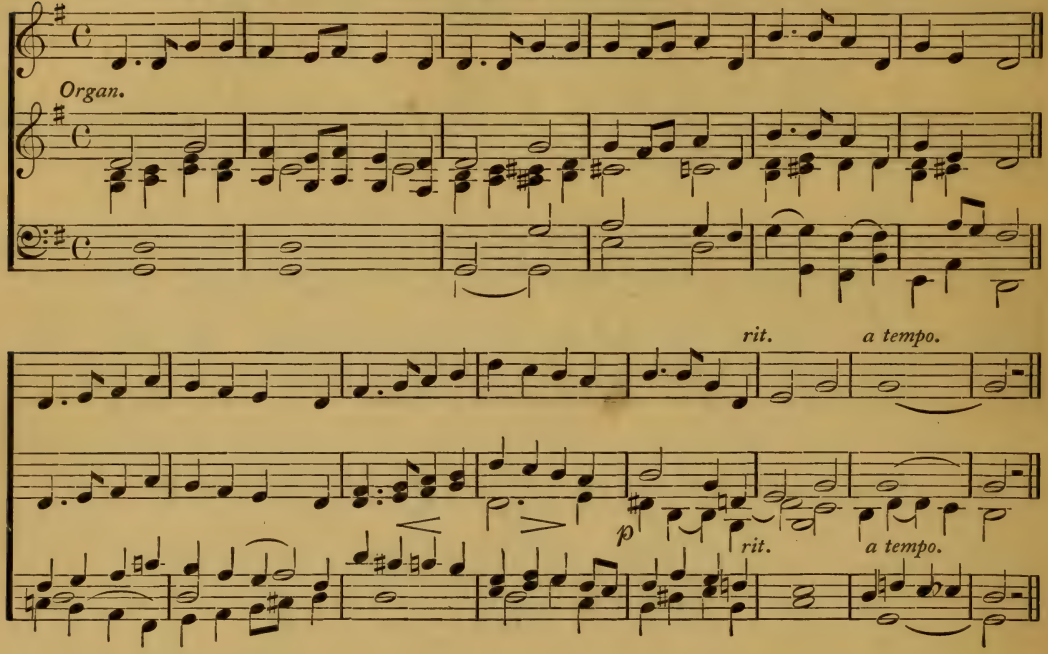
4 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come:—

5 Oh, blessèd hope! With this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come! Amen.

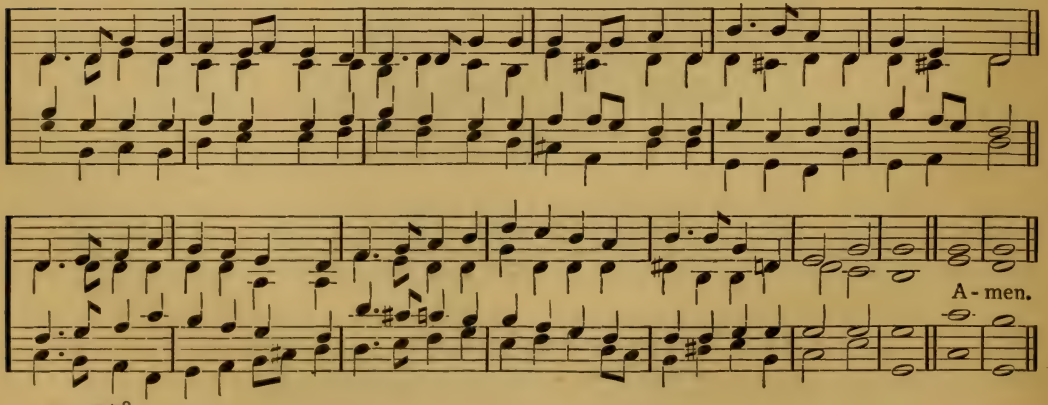
HOLY COMMUNION.

BONAR. 8.8.7.8.8.7. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

FIRST VERSE, Trebles Unison; SECOND VERSE, Men Unison.



THIRD VERSE, Harmony.



206

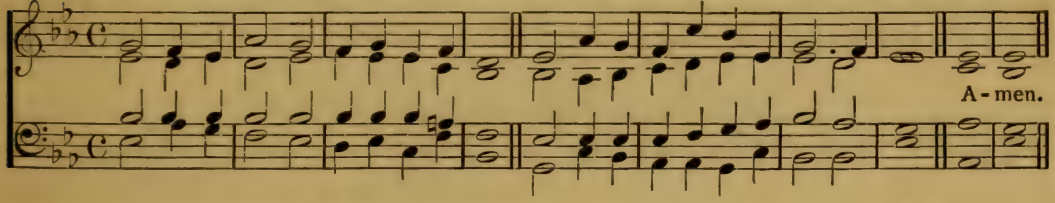
"My presence shall go with thee."—Ex. xxxiii. 14.

1 Come, O Jesu, to Thy table,
Come, for else we are not able
True refreshment to receive:
But if Thou vouchsafe to feed us,
To this feast of blessing lead us,
There to taste Thee and believe.

2 In the Bread which here is broken,
In the Wine, no empty token
Of an absent Lord we see.
Flesh and Blood indeed are given,
When by faith, O Bread of Heaven,
Not by sense, we feed on Thee.

3 Sweet it is, O Christ, to meet Thee,
In Thy Sacrament to greet Thee,
Thee, our God, as Host and Friend.
By Thy presence here prepare us
For the day when Thou shalt bear us
To the feast that knows no end. Amen.

Cœna Domini. 10.10. S.



207

"The Law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God."—Heb. vii. 19.

1 Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.

2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's Giver, Christ, the Only Son,
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And taste the pledges of salvation here.

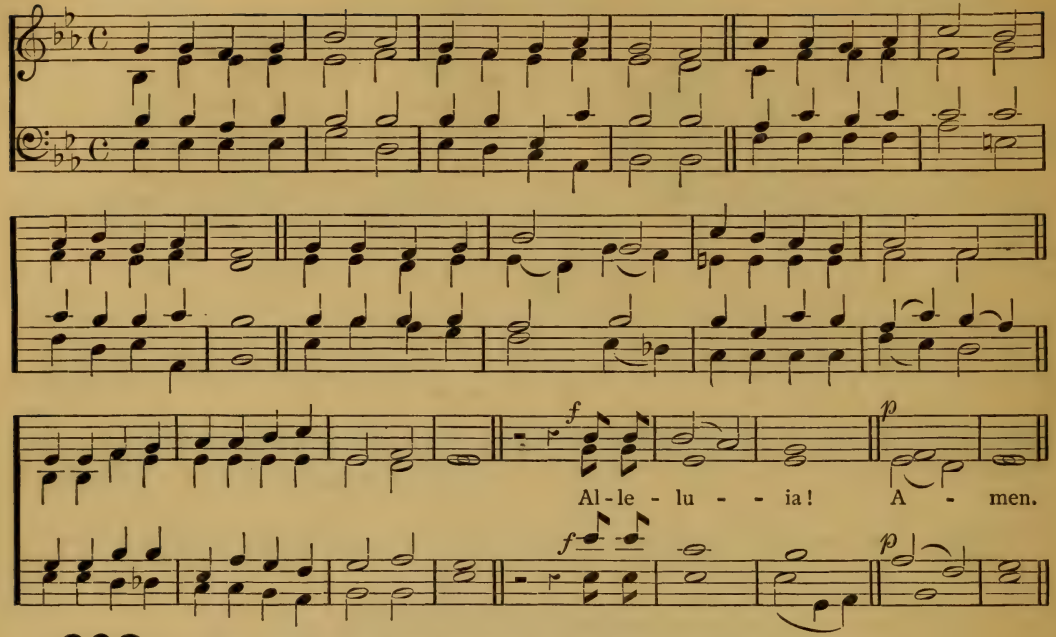
8 He, that in this world rules His saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

9 With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living Waters to the thirsting soul.

F 10 O First and Last, to whom all creatures bow,
Our God and Saviour, Thou art with us now. Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

OSWESTRY. 12.11.12.11. J. B. DYKES.



208 *"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God."*—Rom. xii. 1.

* PART I.

1 GREAT and glorious Father, humbly we adore Thee,
p Poor and weak and helpless sinners in Thine eyes;
Yet, in meek obedience, low we fall before Thee,
Trusting, pleading only Jesus' Sacrifice.

2 Bowed beneath Thy footstool, yet with boldness pleading
This the only plea on which our hope relies,
Unto Thee, O Father, all Thy mercy needing,
Make we this Memorial of Christ's Sacrifice.

PART II.

3 To our brother sinners we repeat the story,
('Tis the Gospel story pictured to our eyes,)
Ever in this Service, till He comes in glory,
Showing forth the Saviour's priceless Sacrifice.

4 For His own dear members He is interceding,
Far above in light unseen by mortal eyes;
Yet is present now, His faithful children feeding,
Giving His own Self, their one true Sacrifice.

* Part I. is to be sung with either Part II. or Part III.

5 Then, O gracious Father, bent in reverence lowly,
We would taste the pledges we so dearly prize,
Food that none may dare to take with hands unholy,
Feasting on the once accepted Sacrifice. Alleluia! Amen.

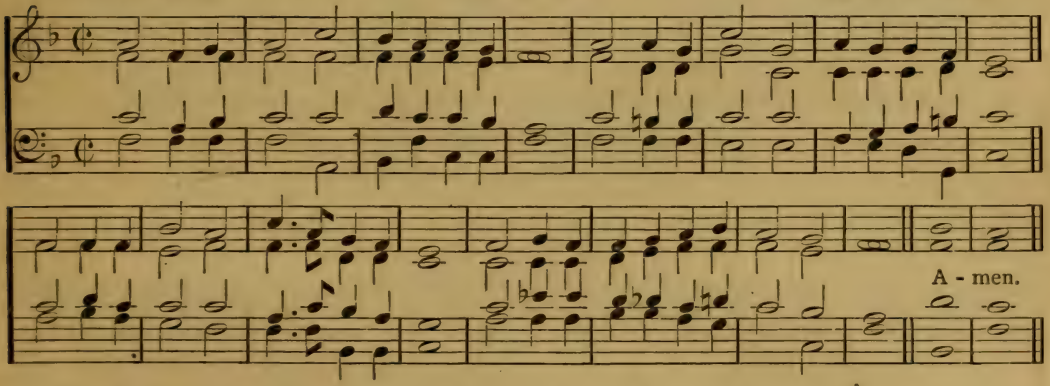
PART III.

p 6 Hath He died to save us, in His love so tender,
And shall we repay Him nought but fruitless sighs?
Nay, our souls and bodies, all we have we render:
Father, for His sake accept our sacrifice.

f 7 Great and gracious Father, at Thy right hand glorious,
m As our souls to Thee in trembling worship rise,
f Lo! the Lamb once offered reigneth now victorious,
f And the Angel choirs adore His Sacrifice!

F 8 We too would adore Thee, Saviour, ever raising
Praises to the Lamb who reigns above the skies.
Oh, the mercy boundless! Oh, the love amazing!
Glory be to Thee, our one true Sacrifice! Alleluia! Amen.

ST. AGNES. 10.10.10.10. JAMES LANGRAN.



209

"I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."—St. John xiv. 21.

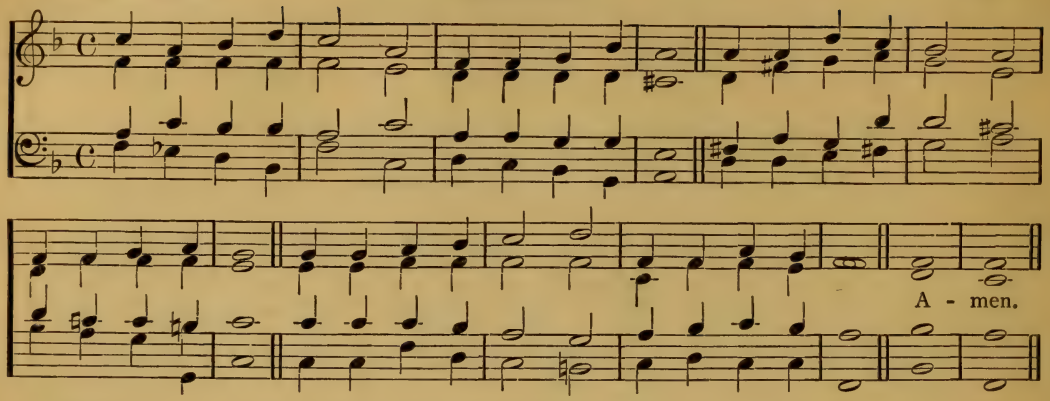
1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!
Amen.

ENGLEFIELD. 6.5.6.5.6.5. E.



210

"If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever."—St John vi. 51.

1 JESU, ever present with Thy Church below,
In the day of gladness, in the night of woe,
From Thy holy altar life divine bestow.

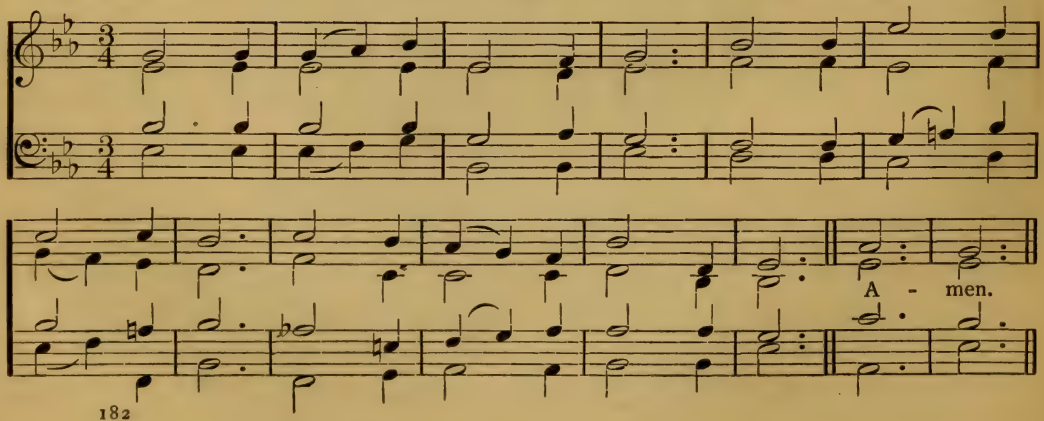
2 Here we kneel before Thee, pleading face to face;
Here with awe adore Thee, thirsting for Thy grace;
That our hearts, O Saviour, may Thyself embrace.

3 We are frail and sinful, and no love can claim;
But withhold not from us, by Thy sacred Name,
Light to keep our footsteps from the paths of shame.

4 Strength to fight the battle with the powers of Death;
Trust to hold us steadfast in Thy holy Faith;
Comfort to sustain us to our latest breath.

5 Jesu, ever present with Thy Church below,
Hear us in our weakness, hear us in our woe:
Faint our souls and hungry; Bread of Life bestow! Amen.

LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



211

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

1 JESU, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy true Presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous Love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

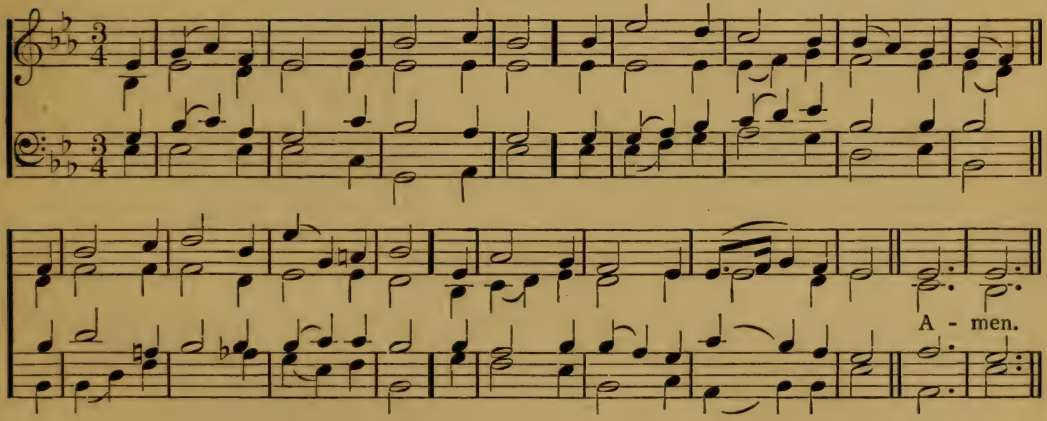
4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out-poured Blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded Side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cres. Till around Thy throne we stand,
f In the bright and better land. Amen.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



212

"Come, for all things are now ready."—St. Luke xiv. 17.

1 MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the Victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's bread?

4 Oh, let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes! Amen.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M. TALLIS.

213

"Ye shall be filled at My table."—Ezek. xxxix. 20.

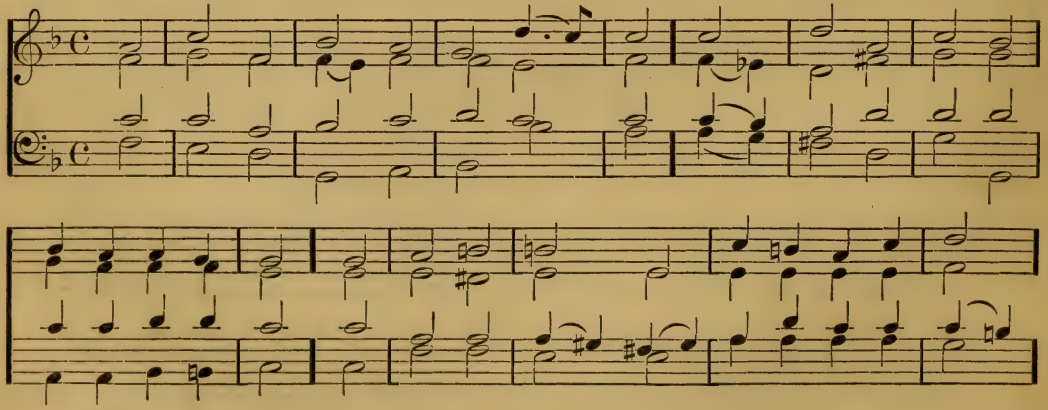
1 O GOD, unseen yet ever near!
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine altar kneel!

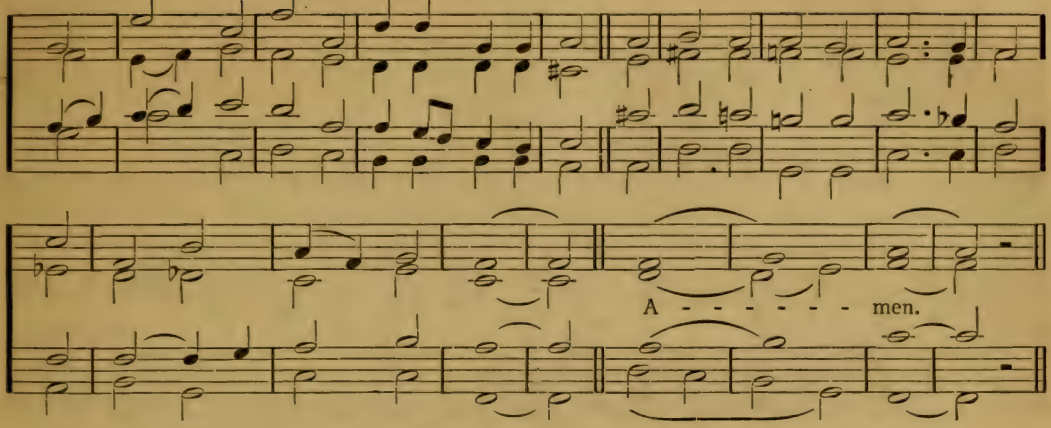
2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above!

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
cres. And go rejoicing on our way,
f Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

ST. CATHERINE. P.M. JOHN NAYLOR.





214

"We, being many, are one bread and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread."—1 Cor. x. 17.

1 O Holy Jesu, Prince of Peace!
Thy peace be with us gathering round Thy board,
Where the dread presence of an unseen Lord
Waits to be gracious, charged with full release
To every heavy-laden soul
Which here remembers Thee.

2 Once more, as in that upper room,
Thou who didst love Thine own unto the end,
Thou whose dear voice to every sorrowing friend
Spoke the great promise through the deepening gloom,
Thou bidst us, Master of the Feast,
To-day remember Thee.

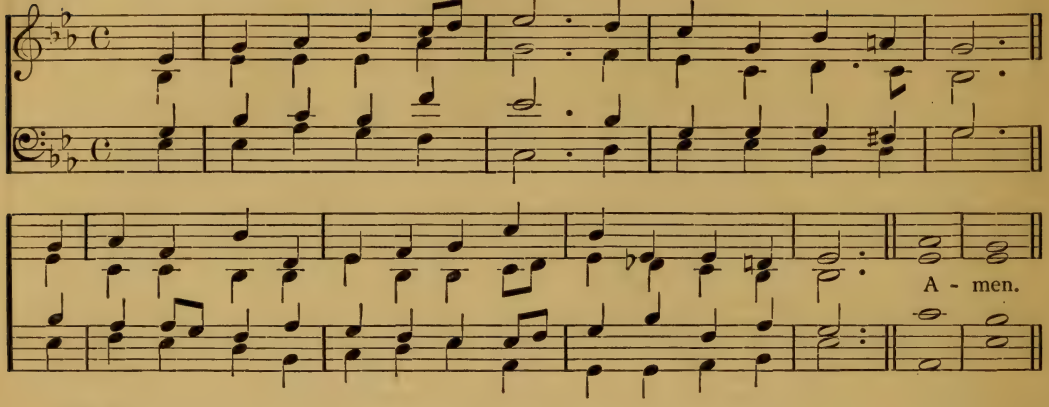
3 And e'en as in our hands we take
This broken bread, this precious cup of love,
Thy dying testament, which from above
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,
A fount of grace and life to all;
We do remember Thee.

4 Ours is the bond of love divine,
Which knits us each to all and all to each,
That love whose ever-lengthening cords can reach
From the white choir around Thy heavenly shrine
To those who come in faith to-day
Here to remember Thee.

5 Thy banquet over, as we go,
Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,
To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,
Abide with us, O Lord, that still
We may remember Thee! Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

BEN RHYDDING. S.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



215

"Which are the figures of the true."—Heb. ix. 24.

1 O LORD, refresh Thy flock!
Athirst to Thee they cry;
Thou art the spiritual Rock
Whence they must drink, or die.

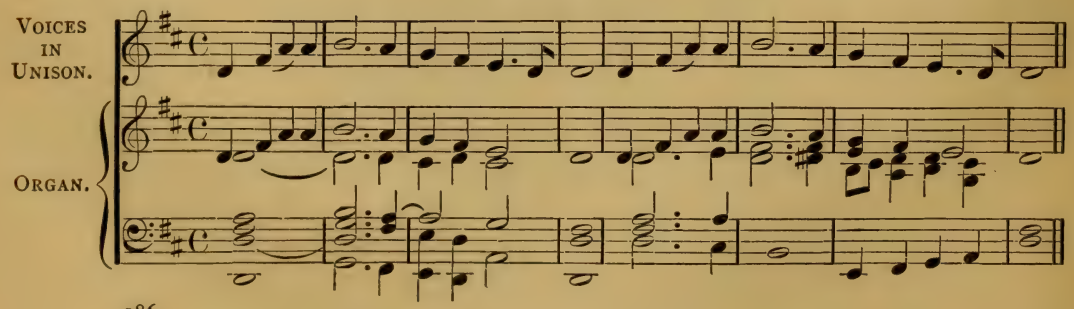
2 O Lord, our sickness heal!
Thou in our sufferings sore
Wert lifted up that we might feel
Sin's poison-fangs no more.

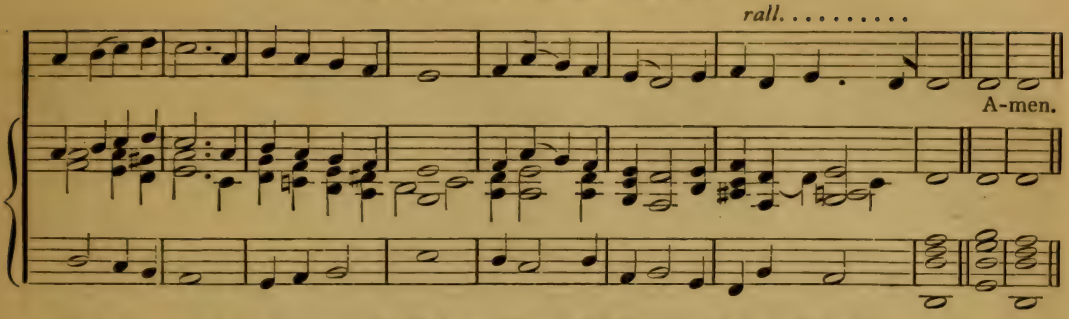
3 Preserve us, Lord, from death!
Thou art the Lamb, whose Blood
Sprinkled o'er Israel's doors in faith
A token was for good.

4 With many a bitter herb
Of wishes dear subdued,
'Tis meet that, dressed in pilgrim garb,
We take Thee for our food.

5 Away those types are cast,
And now Thyself we see;
Yet let each sign that cheered the past
Still lift our hearts to Thee. Amen.

ADORO TE. 10.10.10.10. OLD FRENCH PLAIN SONG.





216

"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me and I in him."—St. John vi. 56.

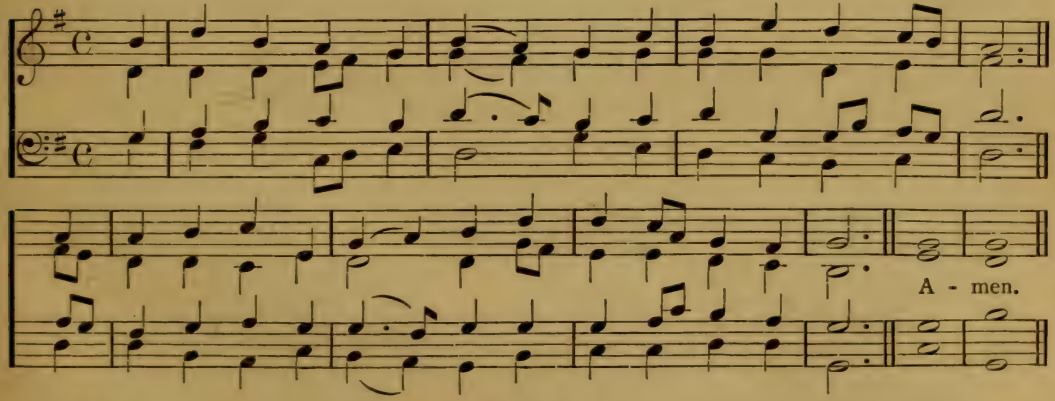
1 THEE we adore, O unseen Saviour! Thee,
Who in Thy Feast art pleased with us to be.
Both flesh and spirit at Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

2 Oh, blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

3 Fountain of goodness! Jesu, Lord and God!
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy Presence flow.

4 O Christ! whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
cres. To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy Face,
f The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

ARGYLE. 7.6.7.6. E. H. TURPIN.



217

"Thou art a Priest for ever."—Ps. cx. 4.

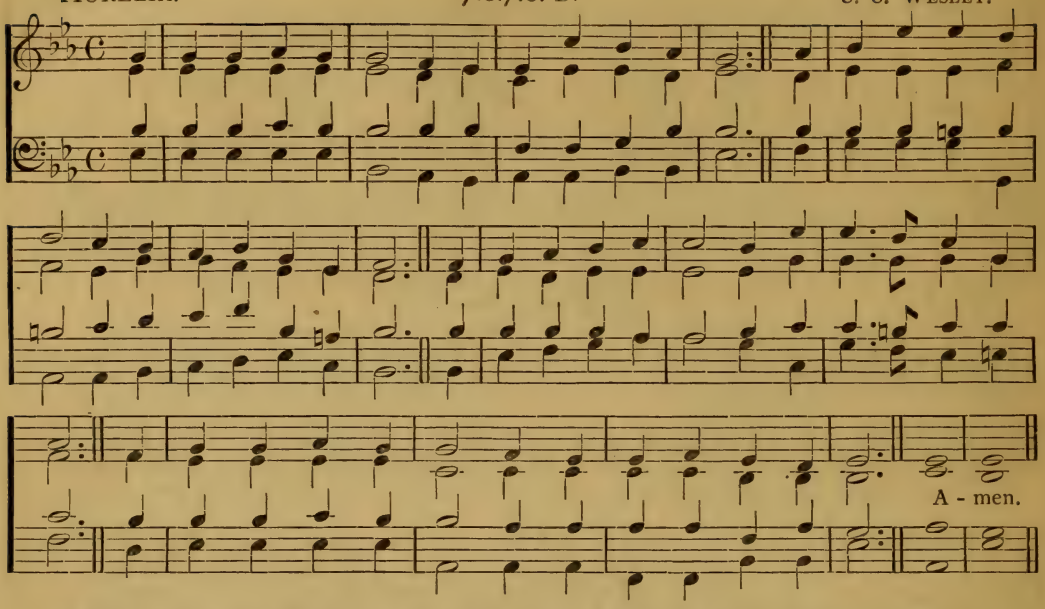
1 THOU standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer;
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee ever there.

2 Out of Thy Hand the incense
Ascends before the Throne,
Where Thou art interceding,
Lord Jesu, for Thine own.

3 And through Thy Blood accepted
With Thee we keep the feast;
Thou art Thyself the Victim,
Thou art Thyself the Priest.

4 We come, O only Saviour,
On Thee, the Lamb, to feed;
Thy Flesh is Bread from Heaven,
Thy Blood is Drink indeed. Amen.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.



218

"Every man that hath this hope in Him, purifieth himself even as He is pure."—1 St. John iii. 3.

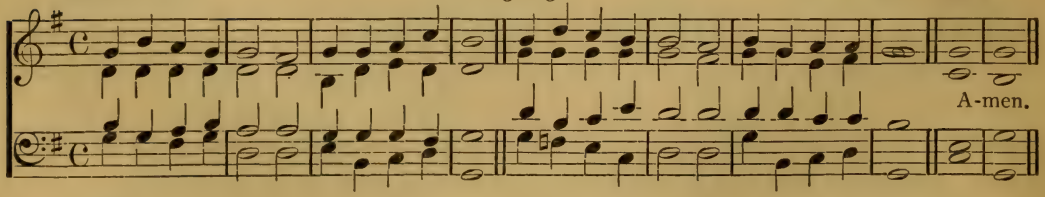
1 We pray Thee, heavenly Father,
To hear us in Thy love,
And pour upon Thy children
The unction from above;
That so in love abiding,
From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer
Our Eucharist to Thee.

2 Be Thou our Guide and Helper,
O Jesu Christ, we pray;
So may we well approach Thee,
If Thou wilt be the Way.
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
Eternal Source of Life.

3 And Thou, Creator, Spirit,
Look on us, we are Thine;
Renew in us Thy graces,
Upon our darkness shine;
That with Thy benediction
Upon our souls outpoured,
We may receive in gladness
The Body of the Lord.

4 O Trinity of Persons!
O Unity most high!
On Thee alone relying,
Thy servants would draw nigh.
Unworthy in our weakness,
On Thee our hope is stayed,
And blest by Thy forgiveness,
We will not be afraid. Amen.

FULSTOW. 6.5.6.5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



HOLY COMMUNION.

(AFTER COMMUNION.)

219 *"Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with men."*—Rev. xxi. 3.

1 JESU, Lord and Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In Thy saints this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesu, Lord and Saviour!
Be Thou in us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

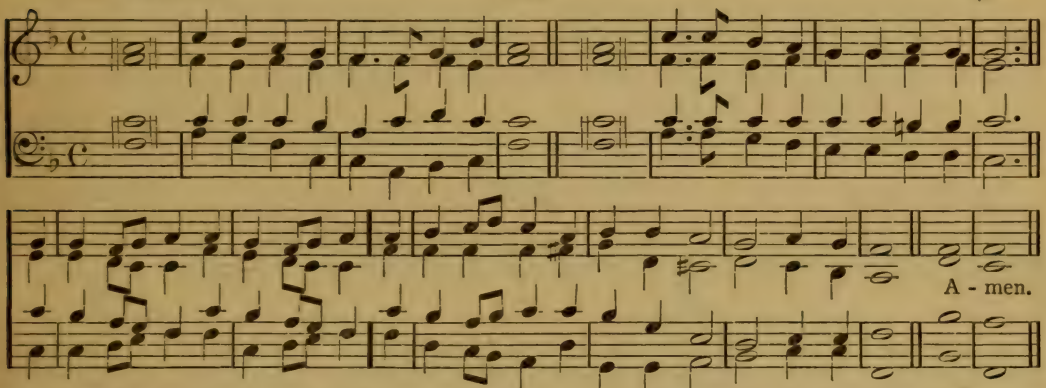
6 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest,
Grace to persevere. Amen.

Also the following:—

JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts! (403). O THOU before the world began (458).
JUST as I am, without one plea (408).

HOLY BAPTISM.

ST. FRANCIS. P.M. S.



220 *"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."*—St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

1 FATHER of heaven, who hast cre | ated all,
And rulest all, we pray,
Look on this child, who at Thy | gracious call
Now enters in life's way!
Oh, make it Thine, Thy blessing give,
That to Thy glory it may live,
Father of heaven!

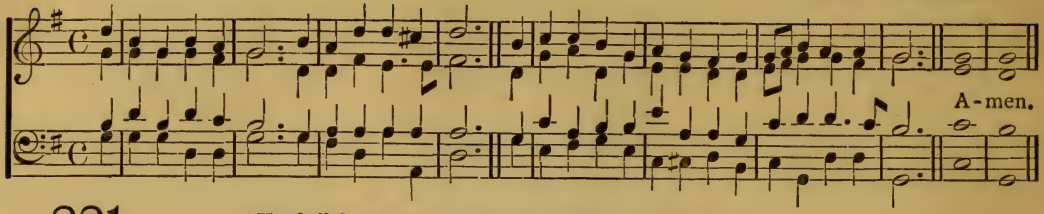
2 O Son of God, atoning | Lord, behold,
We bring this child to Thee;
Take it, O loving Shepherd, | to Thy fold,
For ever Thine to be:
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it in the path of life,
O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodedst | o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its | spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
An heir of bliss, a shrine for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

4 O Triune God, lo, at Thy | Word 'tis done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our | earthly sun
Yet pour on it Thy light
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God! Amen.

HOLY BAPTISM.

ALMA MATER. S.M. RICHARD REDHEAD.



221

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost."—St. Matt. i.i. 11.

1 GLAD sight! The Holy Church
Spreads forth her wings of love,
To welcome to her breast a child
Begotten from above;

2 Begotten unto hope
By God the Spirit's grace—
A little helpless lamb brought in
From out the wilderness.

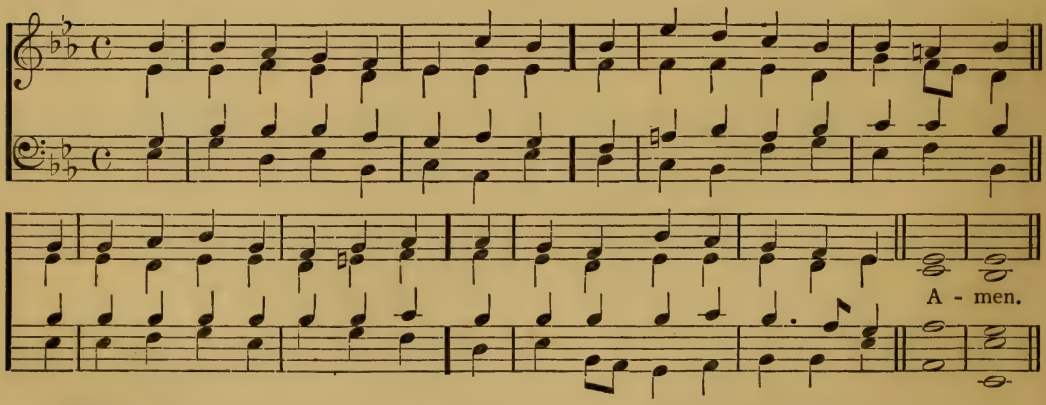
3 E'en now around the font,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Bright ministering Angels watch
The wondrous mystery.

4 There to receive their charge
In readiness they stand,
And long to guide its feeble steps
To their own happy land.

5 And all the host of heaven
Rejoice before the Lord,
To see a child of fallen man
A child of God restored.

℣ 6 Praise Him who made; praise Him
Who did redeem our race;
Praise Him who us doth sanctify
With pure baptismal grace! Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



222

"As long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 Sam. i. 28.

1 GOD of that glorious gift of grace,
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

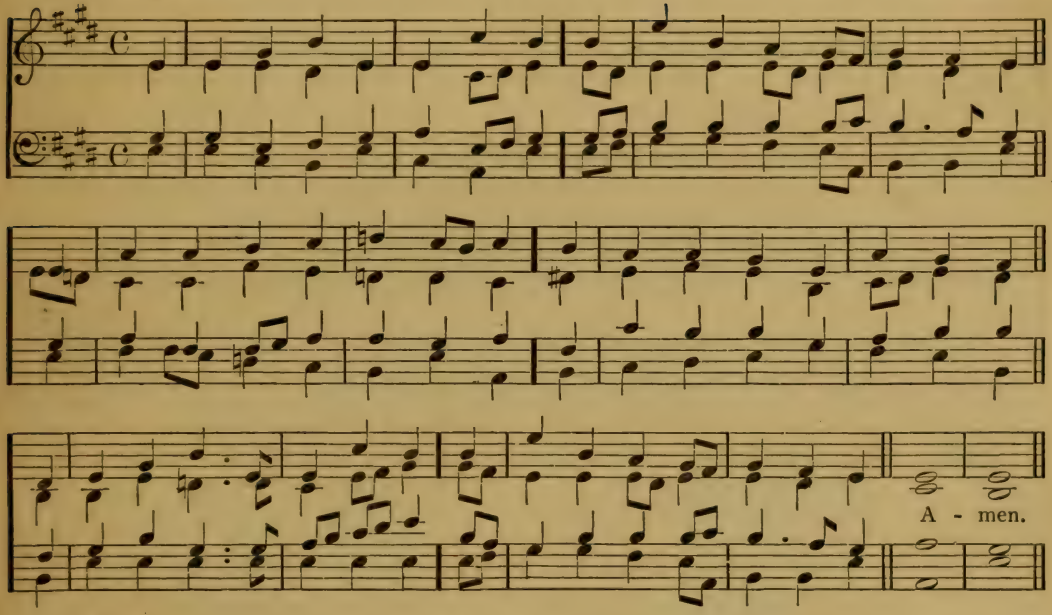
2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be received and reared for heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to Thee;
Assured that, if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head!
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face!

5 Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own child,
Meek follower of the undefiled;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above! Amen.

ST. WERBURG. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



223

"The child grew, and the Lord blessed him."—Judges xiii. 24.

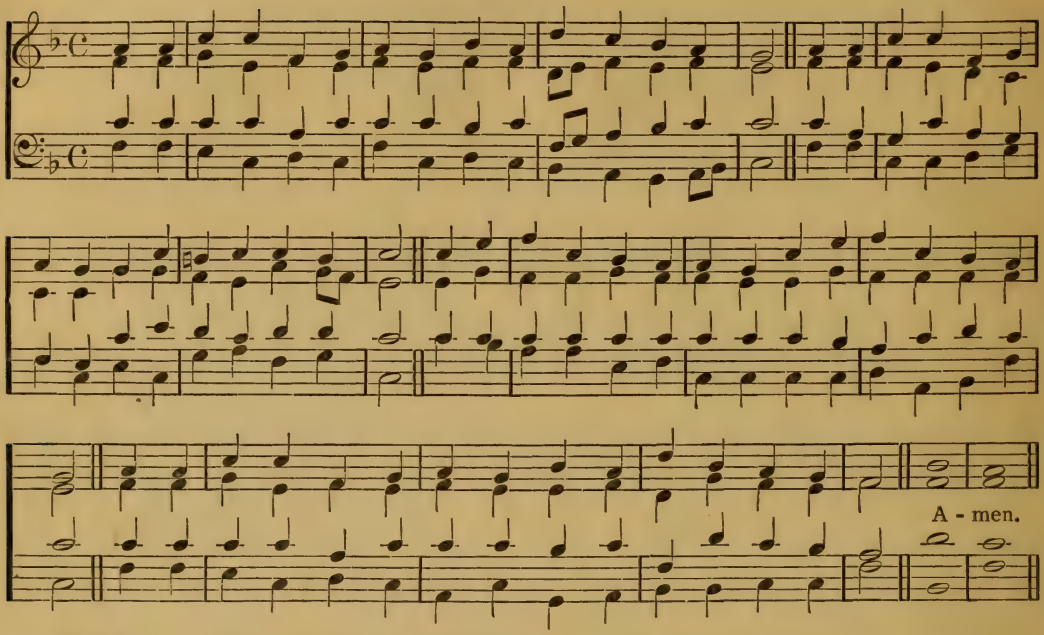
1 LORD Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an Infant here,
So give this child of Thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine.

2 As in Thy heavenly Kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy sacred word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine.

3 Their watch let Angels round it keep
Where'er it be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy Cross now let it bear,
That it Thy Crown with Saints may wear.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine. Amen.

HOLY BAPTISM.

ST. HILARY. 8.7.8.7. D. GANTHER.



224

"By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body."—1 Cor. xii. 13.

1 O'ER the shoreless waste of waters
In the world's primæval night,
Moved the quickening Spirit, waking
All things into life and light.

So, Lord, in Thy new creation
Light in Thine own Light we see,
By the water and the Spirit
Born again to life in Thee.

2 When from Thine avenging deluge
Thou Thy chosen ones wouldst save,
Lo! the Ark of Thine appointing
Rode in safety on the wave.

So, Lord, on the world's broad ocean,
Tossed with tempests fierce and dark,
Thine elect have found a refuge,
And Thy Church is now their Ark.

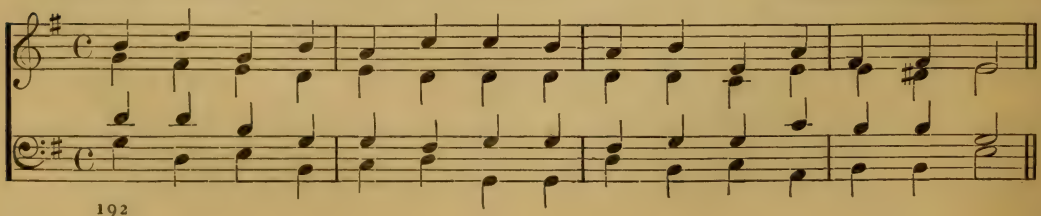
3 Through the Red Sea's cloven waters
Israel's children gained the shore,
Free to seek the land of promise,
Egypt's bond-slaves now no more.

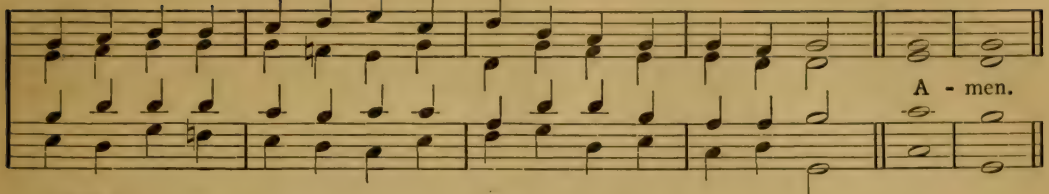
So upon their journey starting,
Thou Thy children, Lord, dost free;
Lo! they pass from Satan's bondage
Into glorious liberty!

4 Buried with their buried Saviour,
Raised with Him to life again,
Oh, that, dead to sin, Thy children
May to Christ-like life attain!

Father, guide them by Thy Spirit,
Lead them on from strength to strength,
Till, all toils and conflicts ended,
They are safe with Thee at length. Amen.

PASTOR BONUS. 8.7.8.7. CHARLES STEGGALL.





225

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—St. Mark x. 14.

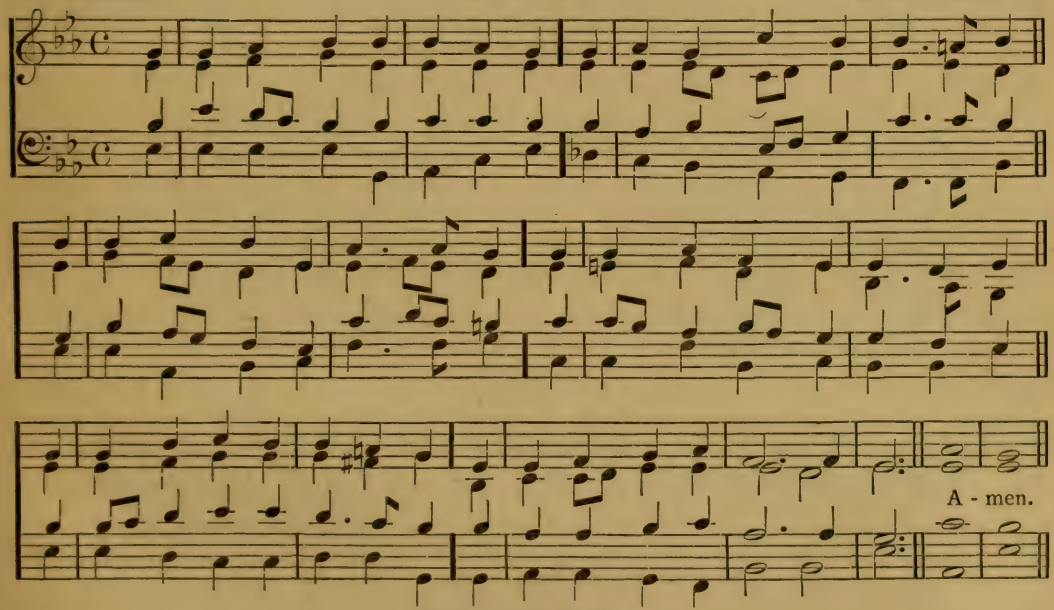
1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

FABER. 8.8.8.8.8.8. R. R. CHOPE.



(AFTER THE BAPTISM.)

226

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7.

1 No sign we ask from heaven above,
Nor rushing wind, nor hovering dove;
Our loving work content to do
With things of earth alone in view:
f But we believe, O Lord, that Thou
f With power divine art with us now.

2 No mortal ear, O Lord, hath heard
Thy quickening call, Thy cleansing word;
No eye but Thine can clearly see
What bindeth now this child to Thee:
f But we believe, O Lord, that Thou
f An heir of heaven art blessing now.

3 We cannot keep the mystic sign
Upon *his* brow, to mark *him* Thine;
We cannot reach the rooted sin
Whose deadly growth may soon begin:
f But we believe, O Lord, that Thou
f Wilt be *his* Saviour then as now.

4 O Father, who dost all things give,
O Saviour, by whose grace we live,
O Holy Spirit, who dost deign
In souls redeemed to live and reign,
f O ever blessèd Three in One,
f All praise we give to Thee alone! Amen.

ST. JAMES. C.M.

(RECEPTION INTO THE CHURCH.)

227

"*This is the token of the covenant.*"—Gen. ix. 12.

1 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

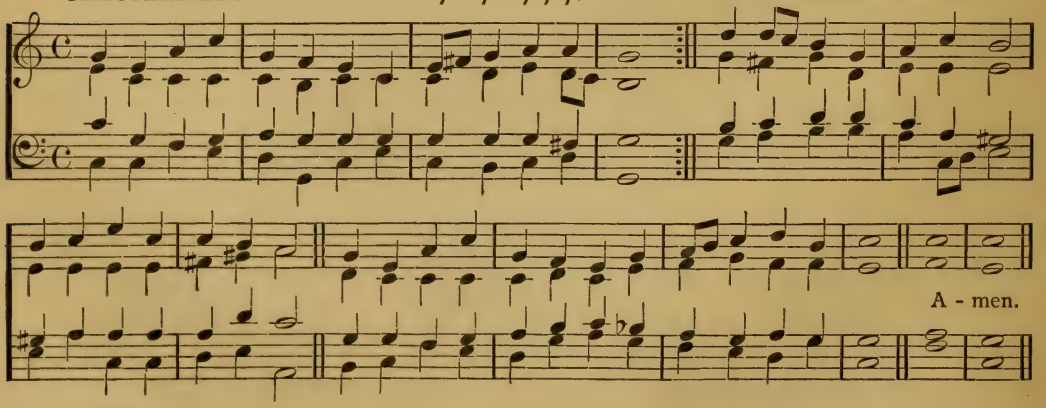
2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

4 In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
cres. And may the brow that wears His cross,
f Hereafter share His crown. Amen.

CHESTERFIELD. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. MORAVIAN MELODY.



HOLY BAPTISM.

BAPTISM OF SUCH AS ARE OF RIPER YEARS.

228 *"The like figure whereunto, even Baptism, doth also now save us."*—1 St. Pet. iii. 21.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with Thy Heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown.
See a sinful worm of earth!
Bless to *him* the cleansing flood!
Plunge *him* by a second birth,
Into the depths of God!

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On *his* new-born soul impress
The character divine!
Father, all Thy Name reveal!
Jesu, all Thy Name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew, and dwell
For ever in *his* heart! Amen.

FRANCONIA. S.M. GERMAN.

229 *"What doth hinder me to be baptized?"*—Acts viii. 36.

1 STAND, soldier of the Cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's Name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 Thine is our Country now,
Our Lord and Master thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow,
His Passion's awful sign.

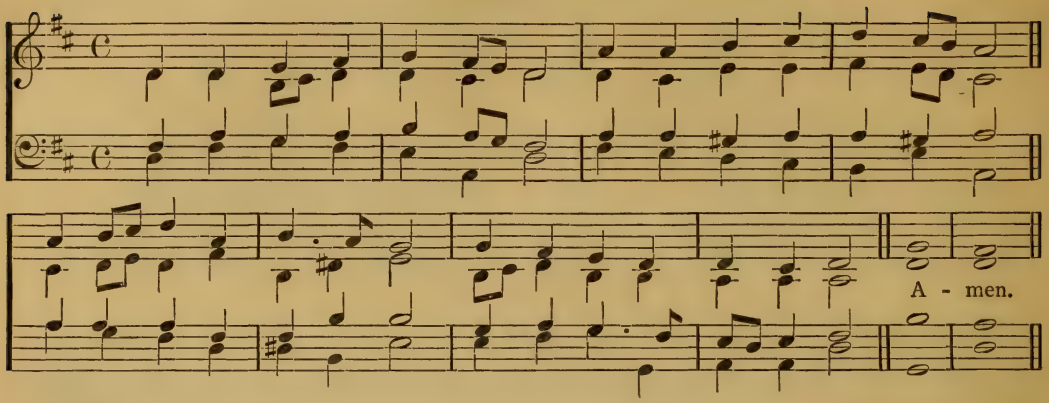
4 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled:

5 In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
f The victory must be ours.

F 6 Oh, bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet! Amen.

CATECHIZING.

ST. LUCY. 7.7.7.7. J.



230 *"I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee."*—Isa. xlviii. 17.

1 MARY at the Master's Feet
Sat to hear His gracious word;
So before Thy Face we meet!
Still be Thou our Teacher, Lord!

2 In Thy Father's Temple Thou
Once the scholar's place didst fill!
Look on these Thy scholars now,
Come, like Thee, to learn His will.

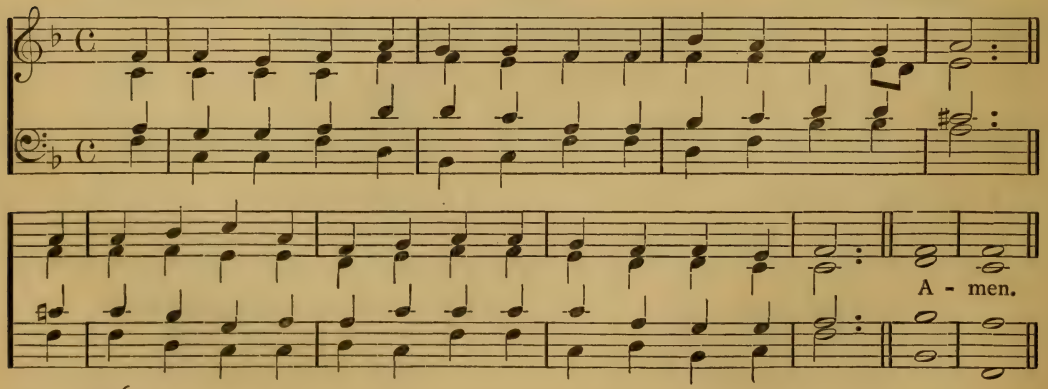
3 Word by word, and line by line,
Infant lips their faith confess;
Creed, and Law, and Prayer Divine—
Mystery of godliness!

4 Greater far than yet they know
Are the words they speak in turn;
Angels long to look into
Things which Christian children learn!

5 Open, Lord, Thy boundless store,
In Thy wisdom may we grow;
Learning daily more and more,
Till Thy perfect Truth we know. Amen.

See also Children's Hymns.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. RAVENSCROFT.



CONFIRMATION.

231

"We will serve the Lord."—Josh. xxiv. 15.

1 BEFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

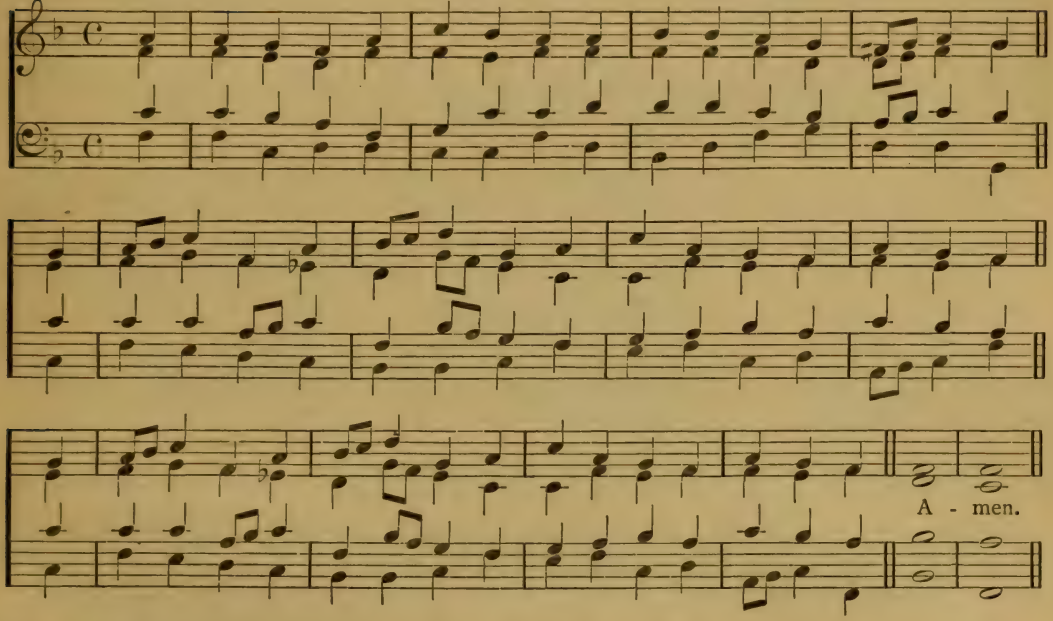
3 Once more we vow the holy Faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

4 Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright
Where Thou shalt lead, to go.

5 O Father, pardon all the past;
Give back Thy wasted grace;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

6 Still let Thy blessèd Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
Ever. We still will trust in Thee. Amen.

BENISON. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



232

"Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 17.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy Throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years,
Whose Feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
Who art true Man and perfect God.

2 To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
Our help is in Thine own dear Name;
For who on Jesus e'er relied
And found not Jesus still the same?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,
Oh, stablish well what Thou hast wrought!

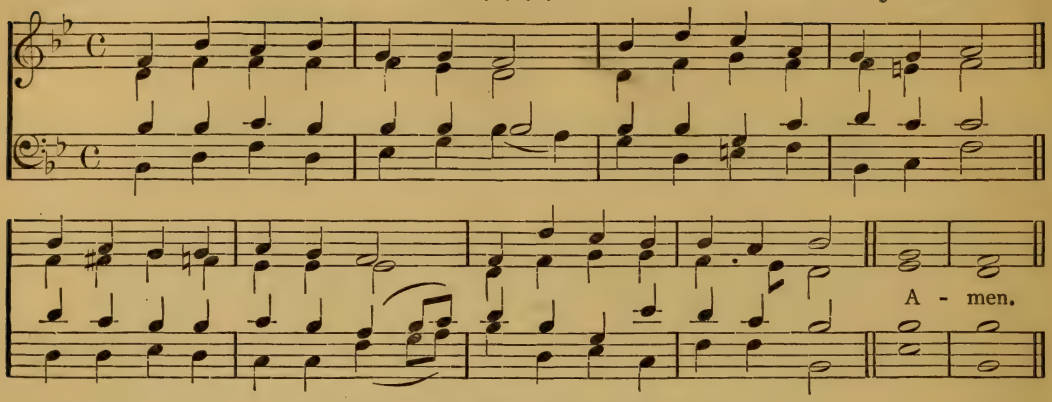
3 From Thee was our baptismal grace;
The holy seed by Thee was sown;
And now before our Father's face
We make the three great vows our own,
And ask, in Thine appointed way,
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

4 We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight, and won the crown.
We ask the help that bore them through;
We trust the Faithful and the True.

5 So bless us with the Gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful Presence kind and sweet
Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven,
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow:
Give us Thy Spirit here and now. Amen.

CONFIRMATION.

LONSDALE. 7.7.7.7. F. A. J. HERVEY.



233

"*Our help is in the Name of the Lord.*"—Ps cxxiv. 8.

1 FATHER! Name of love and fear!
Lo! Thy children venture near;
Trembling at Thy footstool stand;
Lowly kneel beneath Thy Hand:—

2 Stand—to speak the great "I do,"
And the threefold vow renew;
Kneel—to ask the Gift Divine
Sealing us for ever Thine.

3 Thine we were, before our eyes
Opened first on earth and skies;
Thine, before our lips could frame
This Thy dear and awful Name;

4 Thine, when on each infant face
Dropped the dewy pledge of grace,
Then, by Jesus' dying sign,
Marked, and claimed, and owned as Thine.

5 Through our childhood's joys and fears,
Through our school-tide's passing years,
Love Divine, unchanging, free,
Called and drew our hearts to Thee.

6 Thou hast helped us; Thou hast taught
All the works Thy love hath wrought;
All our lost and evil case;
All the marvels of Thy grace.

7 Sinful hearts indeed and weak
Here Thy promised blessing seek;
Small our might, and strong our foe;
Yet the saving Name we know.

8 In that Name our prayers we pour;
Send Thy Spirit down once more,
Let the Sevenfold gift be shed
Largely on each bending head.

9 So, with strength renewed to-day,
Send us forth on life's rough way;
Bound to Thee by Love's strong cords,
Living, dying, still our Lord's! Amen.

MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.

CONFIRMATION.

234

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."—Heb. x. 23.

1 Holy Spirit, Lord of glory,
Look on us, Thy flock to-day;
Meekly kneeling at Thine altar,
For Thy Sevenfold Gift we pray;
Guide us, all our earthly journey,
In the true and narrow way.

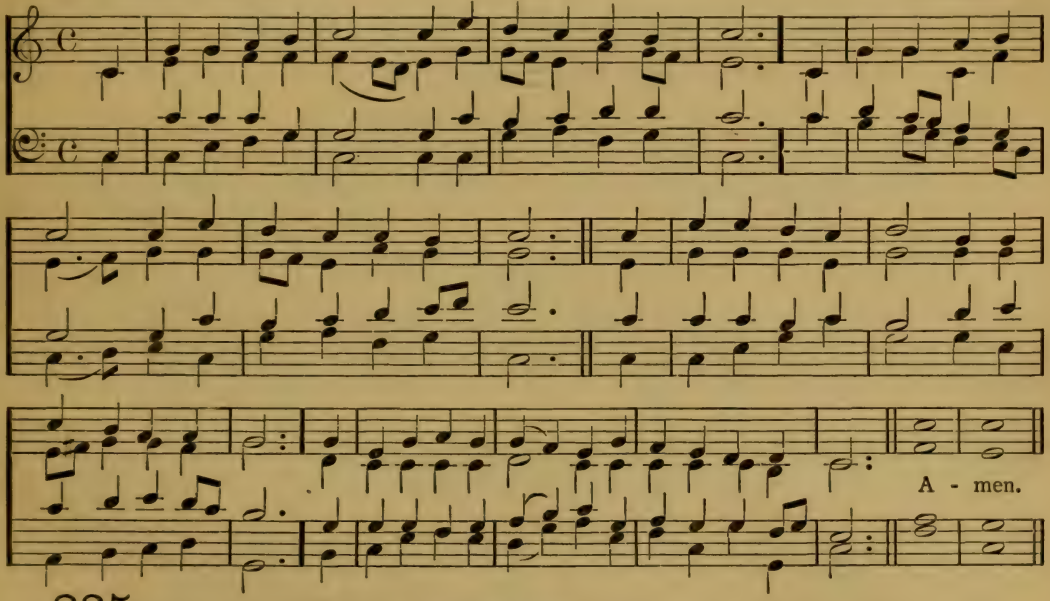
2 Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armour,
Never let us yield or quail;
Give us victory in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessèd Jesu, draw Thou near us,
As before Thy Cross we bow,
Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
We Thy soldiers are and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now!

4 Lead us by Thy hand, O Saviour,
Through the waste, with evil rife,
Feed us with the heavenly Manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirit's thirsting
From the fount of endless Life!

5 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
cres. Till we dwell with Him for ever
f In the Paradise of God! Amen.

ST. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6. D. GERMAN.



235

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

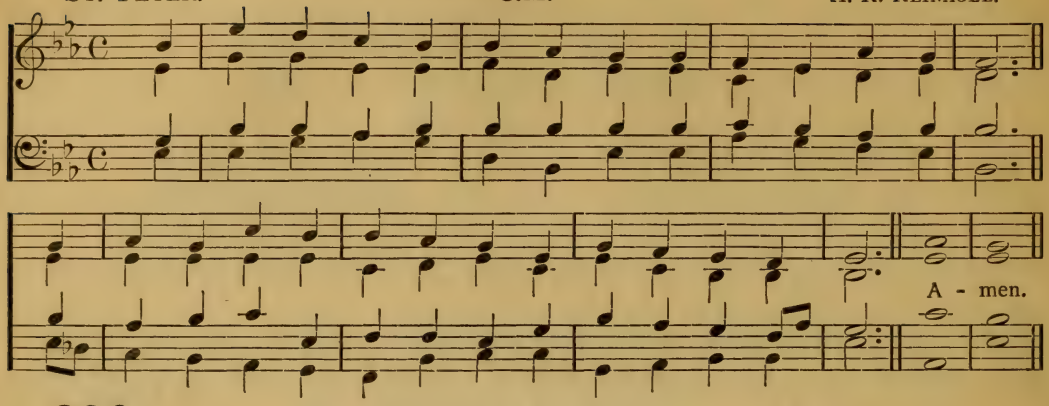
2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last! Amen.

CONFIRMATION.

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



236 *"My son, give me thine heart."*—Prov. xxiii. 26.

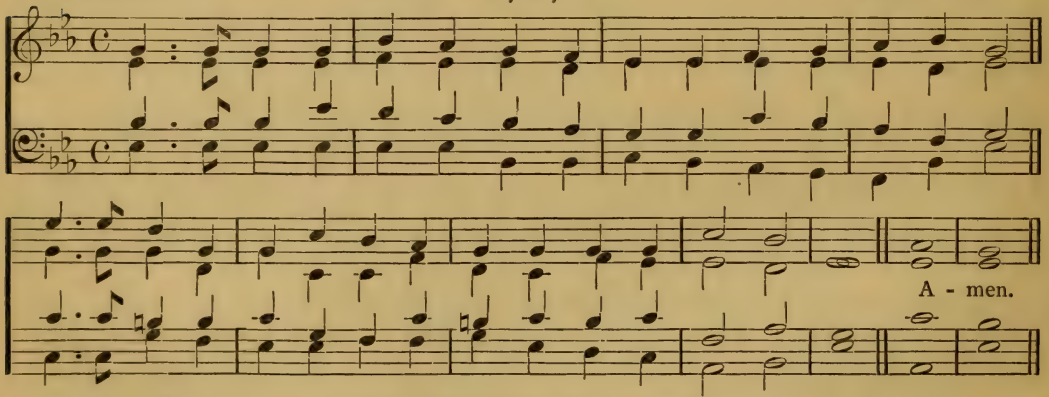
1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
cres. And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious Face,
And worship near Thy Throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
By Thee be ever blest;
cres. Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
dim. And death the gate of rest. Amen.

LOWTON. 8.7.8.7. ALBERT LOWE.



(AFTER THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.)

237 *"I am Thine, save me."*—Ps. cxix. 94.

1 THINE for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine.
Help, oh, help our weak endeavour,
Lord, for ever to be Thine.

2 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Thine for ever may we be:
May no sin nor sorrow sever
Us from union, Lord, with Thee.

CONFIRMATION.

3 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Armed with faith, and strong in Thee,
Ever fighting, fainting never,
May we march to victory!

4 Daily in the grace increasing
Of Thy Spirit, more and more,
Watching, praying without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

cres. 5 Hard the conflict; but what glory
mf Is revealèd to our eyes
f While we read the heavenly story
f Of our home beyond the skies!

6 "Thine for ever" we are singing
Here on earth, and while we sing
Voices in our ears are ringing,
Hymns of Angels to our King.

7 Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
Let Thy face upon us shine,
Help, oh! help our weak endeavour,
Lord for ever to be Thine.

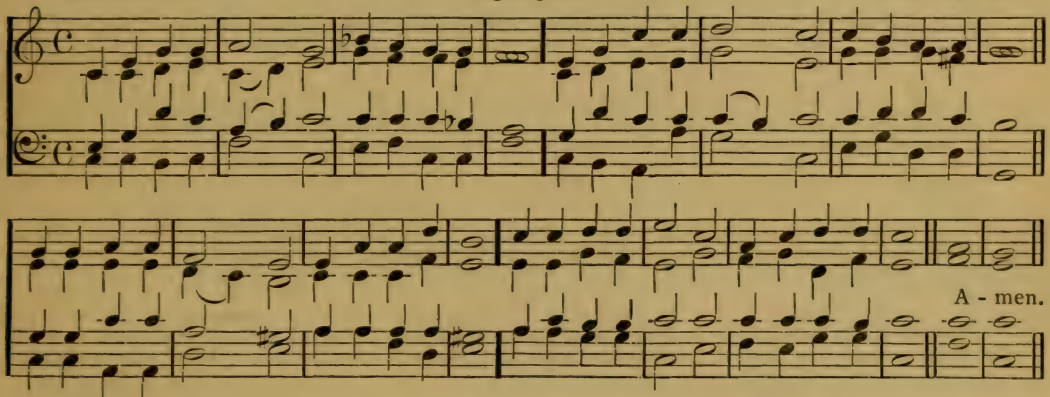
F 8 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One. Amen.

Also the following:—

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire (346).
COME, Holy Ghost, who ever one (347).
FIGHT the good fight with all thy might (362).
HOLY Spirit! come in might (382).
JESU, my Lord, my God, my all (399).
O JESU, I have promised (450).
SOLDIERS of Christ, arise (502).
THINE for ever! God of love (523).
THROUGH good report and evil, Lord (531).
Also Litany 590.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

EDGBASTON. 6.5.6.5. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.



238 *"This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."*—Eph. v. 32.

1 CHRIST, we come before Thee
On this happy day;
Thine all-priceless blessing
Grant us now we pray;
With this Christian bridegroom,
With this Christian bride,
Be Thou ever present,
Lord, and Life, and Guide.

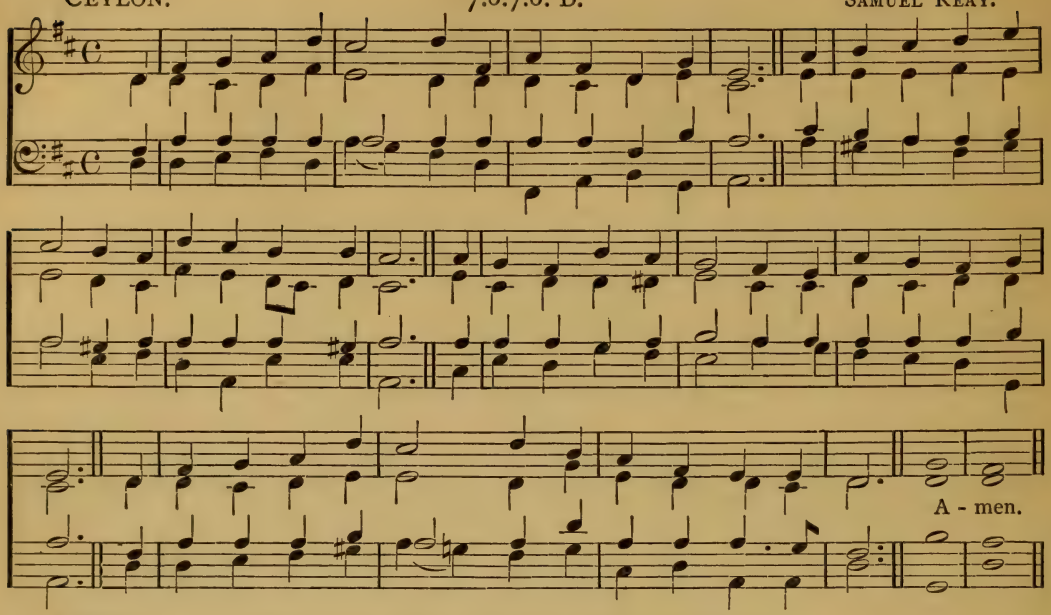
2 Thou didst take our nature,
As a bride to be,
One with Thee, O Saviour,
Through eternity;
Thou didst, as a Bridegroom,
Wed Thy Church; and still
She reflects Thy glory,
Loving all Thy will.

3 Grant to Christian bridegrooms
Such true love as Thine;
Grant to brides thus married
Like the Church to shine:
So shall life be gladness,
With Thee at their side;
All its joys and sorrows
In Thee sanctified.

F 4 For this first of blessings,
Dowry from above,
Bliss of holy marriage,
Joy of wedded love,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Unto Thee we raise,
Heart and voice uniting,
Now our thankful praise. Amen.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

CEYLON. 7.6.7.6. D. SAMUEL REAY.



239

"*Being heirs together of the grace of life.*"—1 St. Pet. iii. 7.

1 FATHER of life, confessing
Thy majesty and power,
We seek Thy gracious blessing
To greet the bridal hour.

The troth in Eden plighted
The wedded here renew;
May they, in Thee united,
Till death be pure and true.

2 Jesu, Redeemer, hear us!
Still be the Wedding Guest;
Thy gentle Presence near us
Makes common things more blest;

E'en care shall be a learning
Of blessedness divine,
If Thou wilt still be turning
The water into wine.

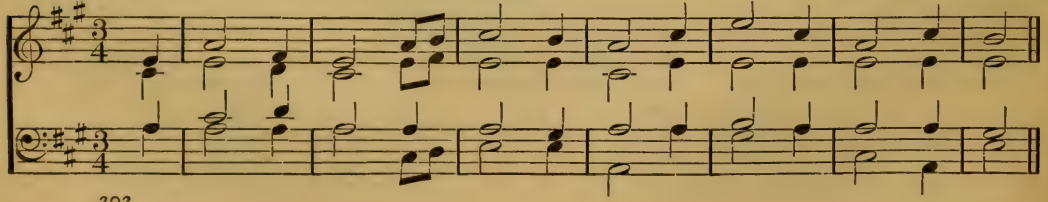
3 Spirit of Love, descending,
Impart Thy joy and peace,
These hopes together blending,
Bless with Thine own increase.

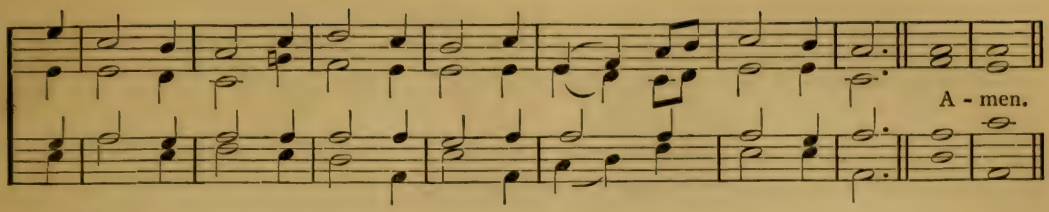
Athwart the roughened ocean,
Or on the peaceful tide,
Thy breath through each emotion
Their heavenward course shall guide.

4 The Church, Thy Bride, hath given
Her blessing on the vow;
Oh, ratify from Heaven
Her benison below.

Bless, Father, Son and Spirit,
The union here begun,
That in the life eternal
It may be ever one. Amen.

MARTYRDOM. C.M. HUGH WILSON.





240

"Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage."—St. John ii. 2.

1 O CHRIST, the King of human life,
In royal bounty pour
On these Thy servants, man and wife,
Thy blessing evermore.

2 On ties of home, in life, in death,
Thy seal divine was set:
Those thirty years at Nazareth
Thou, Lord, rememberest yet!

3 And by those holy years, we pray,
To these Thine own be nigh:
Their common life from day to day
Direct and sanctify.

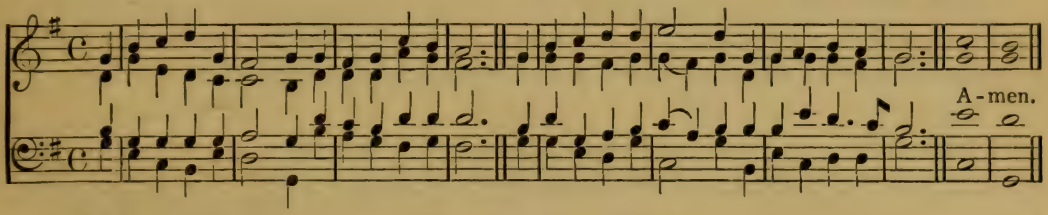
4 At Cana's marriage first didst Thou
Thy glory manifest;
Oh, come to be among us now
A wonder-working Guest!

5 Poor weakly elements are ours,
But wealth and might are Thine:
Rule earthly life by heavenly powers,
The water change to wine!

6 And in Thy faith, and in Thy fear,
May these united be,
True type of those Espousals dear
Between Thy Church and Thee.

7 So let them both at last attain
That better country's coast,
f Where with the Father Thou dost reign,
f And with the Holy Ghost. Amen.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



241

"And God blessed them."—Gen. i. 28.

1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not past away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said,

3 For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break.

4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

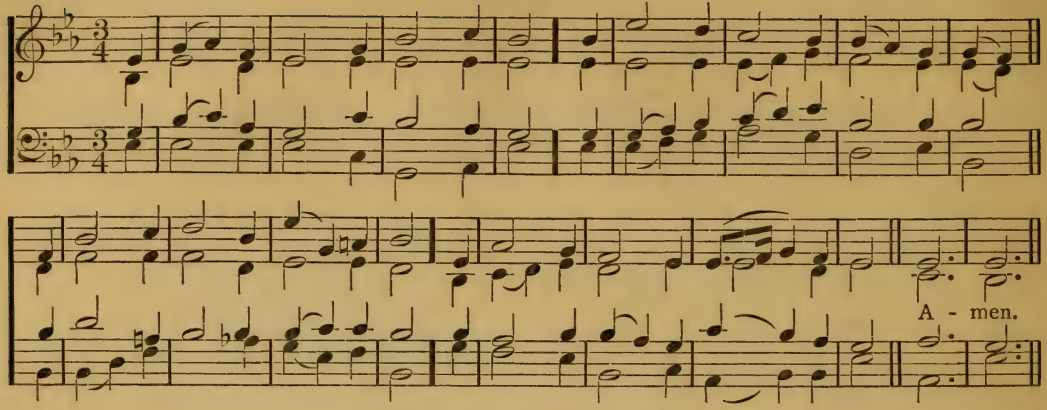
5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 Oh! spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace.

8 To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
cres. Till to the home of gladness
f With Christ's own Bride they rise! Amen.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



(ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.)

242

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. xi. 13.

P 1 COME, tread once more the path with song,
The way is short, the Rest is long;
The Lord hath given, He calls away;
This home was for a passing day.

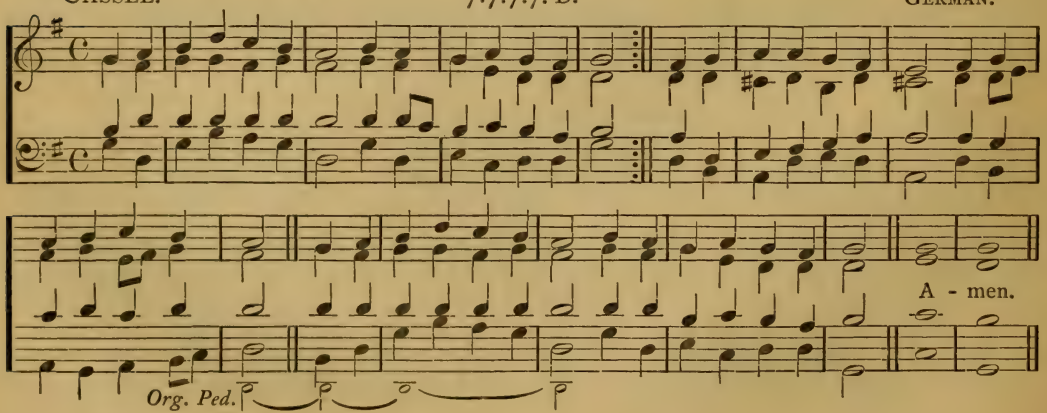
2 Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns *he* felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door,
The sojourner returns no more!

3 Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Then open to us, gates of peace,
And let the pilgrim's journey cease!

4 Now let the solemn bell begin;
It rings *his* Sabbath morning in;
The labourer's week-day work is done,
The Rest, which Christ hath gained, begun.

5 O Thou who reignest Lord alone,
Thou wilt return and claim Thine own!
cres. Come quickly, Lord, and let us see
mf Thy people perfected in Thee! Amen.

CASSEL. 7.7.7.7. D. GERMAN.



243

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

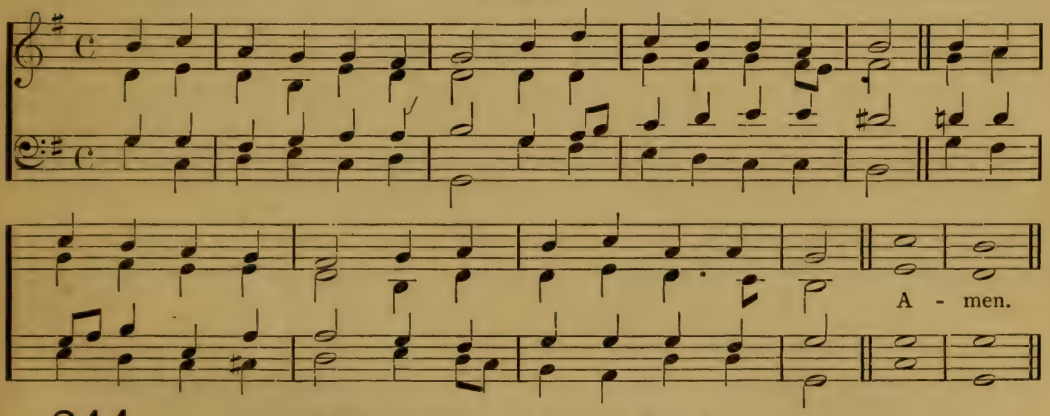
1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious Lord, to Thee:
Thou in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory.
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son:
Jesus Christ our dying Lord
Has for us the victory won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is released;
Lightened of *his* fleshly load,
Where the weary are at rest
And are gathered unto God.
Lo! the pain of life is past,
And *his* warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and sufferings are no more.

3 Happy are the faithful dead,
Blessèd who in Jesus die;
They from all their toils are freed,
In God's keeping safely lie:
These the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest,
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

4 Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song;
Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory! Amen.

ST. THOMAS. 7·7·7·7. E. H. THORNE.



244

"The Lord hath need of him."—St. Mark xi. 3.

P 1 CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

2 Day by day the Voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home":
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

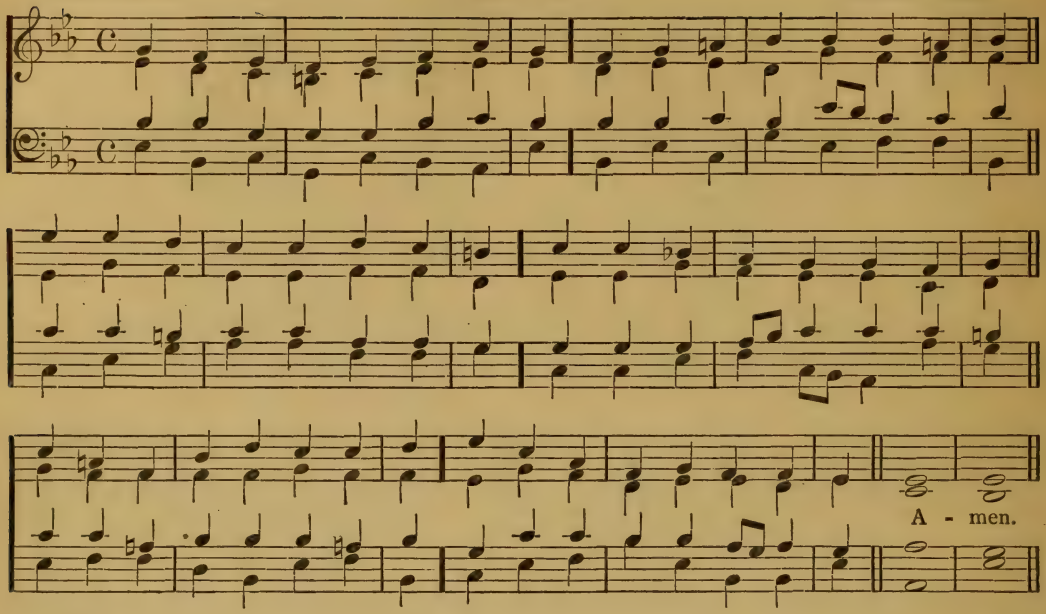
3 Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, Oh, spare this blow!
Yea, with streaming tears should pray,
Lord, we love *him*, let *him* stay.

4 But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

5 Many a heart no longer here,
Ah, was all too inly dear!
Yes, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all. Amen.

BURIAL.

LAMBETH. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ROBERT KING.



245 *"He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto Him."*—St. Luke xx. 38.

P 1 GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

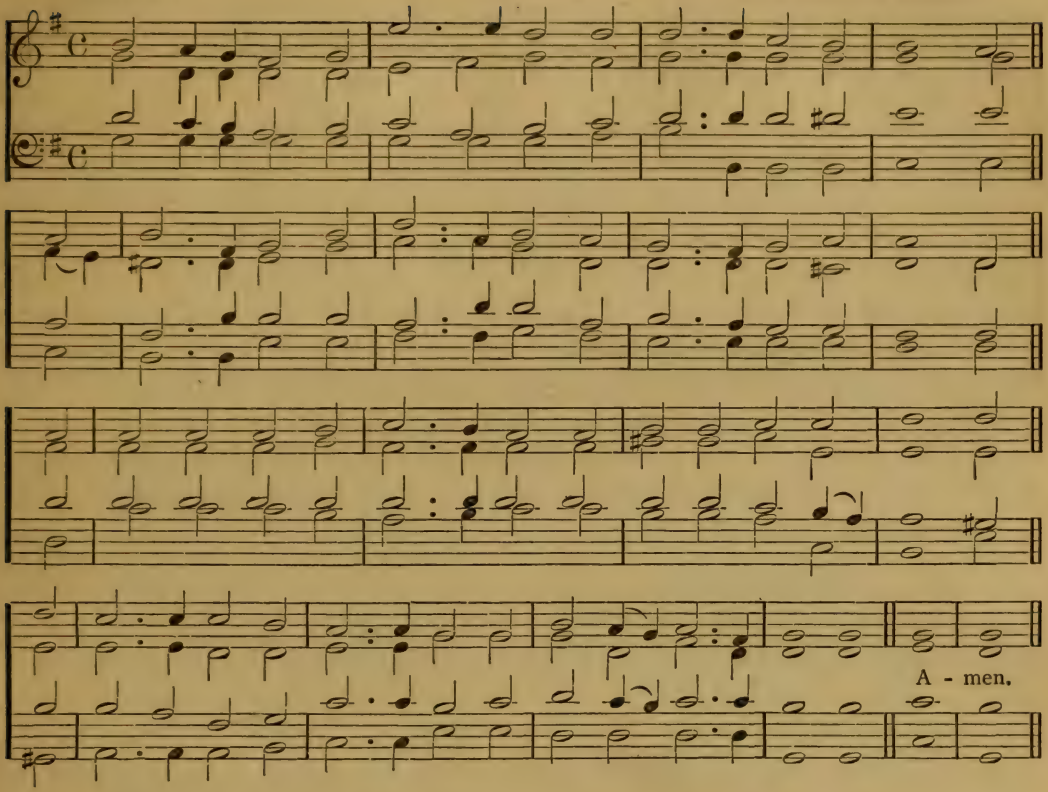
3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
cres. That body, soul, and spirit be
mf For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

BURIAL.

CALVARY. P.M. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.



246 *"He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."*—St. John xi. 25.

1 LORD, when beside the grave we mourn,
And sorrows round us gather,
For hope, for strength, to Thee we turn,
The living God, our Father!

2 Thy children blest, in Christ that die,
What power from Thee can sever?
All peaceful in Thine arms they lie;
To Thee they live for ever.

3 Thy saving might, Eternal Son,
The grave's dark fears hath banished;
Through Thy dear Cross, Thy victory won,
The sting from death hath vanished.

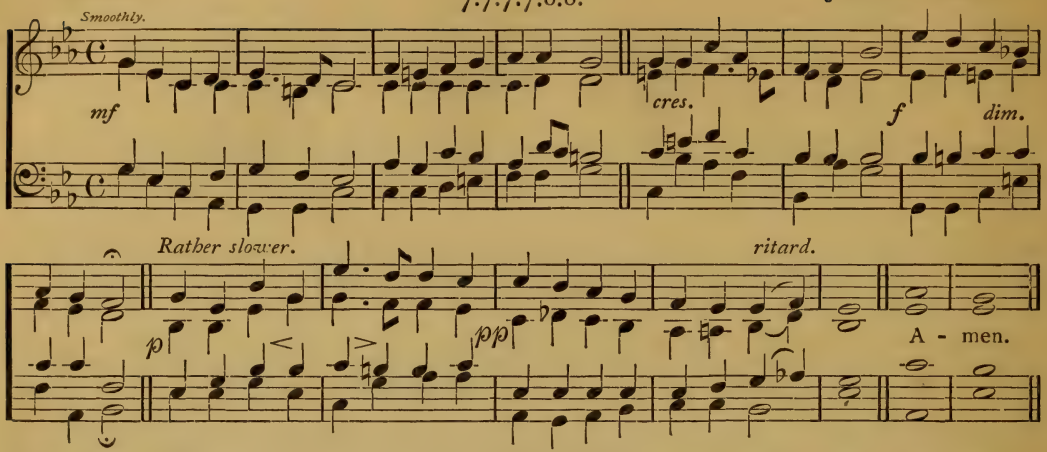
4 O Jesu, by those tears of Thine
For human sorrow flowing,
Uphold us with Thine arm divine,
Thy comfort still bestowing.

5 Lift up, O Lord, each mourner's heart,
Our feeble faith sustaining;
For Thou our risen Saviour art,
In heaven for ever reigning.

6 For all who fall asleep in Thee
Our thankful praise we render;
In death, O Lord, our refuge be,
Our Life, and our Defender! Amen.

BURIAL.

HEBRON. 7.7.7.7.8.8. JOSEPH BARNBY.



247 *"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them."*—Wisd. iii. 1.

1 Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

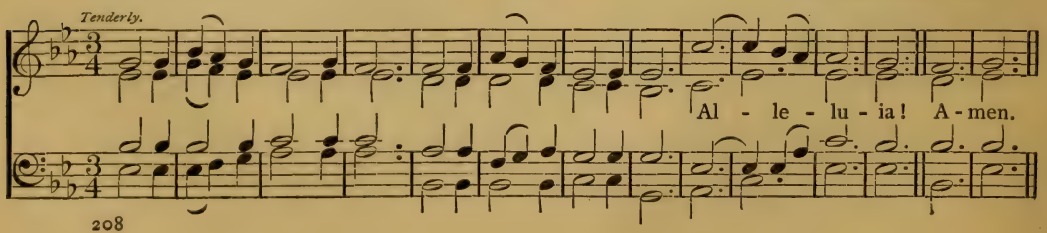
3 There the Angels bear on high
Many a strayed and wounded lamb,
Peacefully at last to lie
In the breast of Abraham.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen.

ST. MILLICENT. 7.7.4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



BURIAL.

(Burial of a Child.)

248

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. xii. 23.

1 Let no tears to-day be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed. Alleluia!

2 Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws. Alleluia!

3 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath past. Alleluia!

4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run: Alleluia!

5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward; Alleluia!

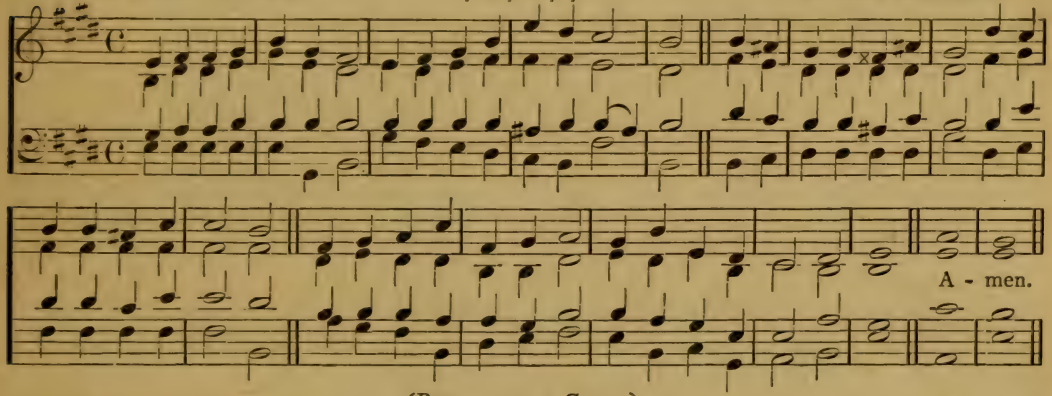
6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force. Alleluia!

7 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence. Alleluia!

8 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one. Alleluia!

9 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above. Alleluia! Amen.

THE LONG HOME. 7.8.7.8.7.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



(Burial of a Child).

249

"He hath blessed thy children within thee."—Ps. cxlvii. 13.

P 1 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

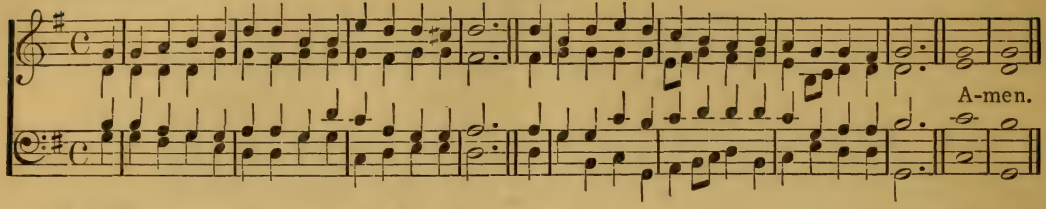
4 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

Also the following:—

A few more years shall roll (328).
Brief life is here our portion (341).
Day of wrath! Oh, Day of mourning (355).
God hath two families of love (371).
Jesus lives! thy terrors now (405).
My God and Father, while I stray (432).
Oh, let him whose sorrow (471).
Oh, Paradise! oh, Paradise! (473).
On the Resurrection morning (479).
Safe home, safe home in port (492).
When our heads are bowed with woe (548).

EMBER DAYS, AND FOR THE CLERGY.

SOUTHAM. C.M.



250 *"The things which thou hast heard of me, the same commit thou to faithful men."*—2 Tim. ii. 2.

1 GUIDE Thou, O God, the guardian hands
Which rule Thy ransomed sheep,
And may they faithful shepherds choose,
Their Master's flock to keep.

2 We pray Thee, Jesu, who didst first
The chosen Twelve ordain,
In order due and holy life
The Church they ruled sustain.

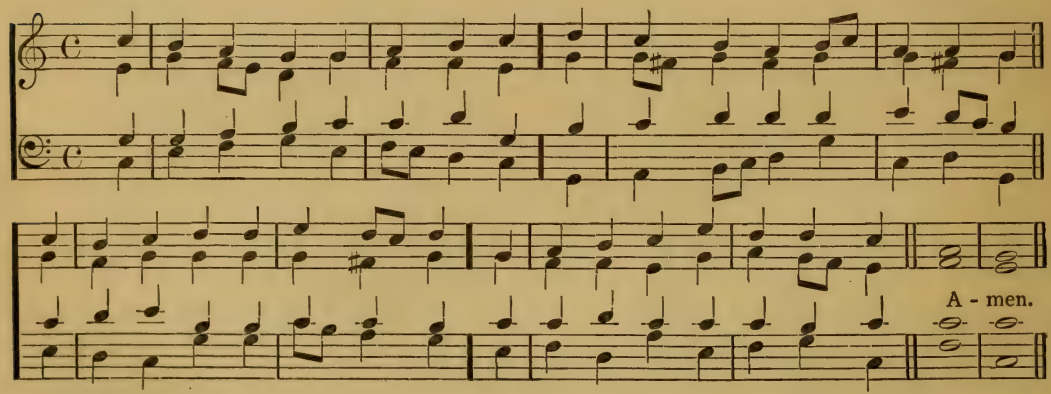
3 We pray Thee, Jesu, with Thy gifts
Our pastors still to bless,
With doctrine uncorrupt and pure,
With zeal and righteousness.

4 We pray, Thee, Jesu, that their lips
May still be clothed with power,
Their hearts with love and strength upheld,
Sufficient for the hour.

5 O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come;
Both priest and people fill;
Till all the nations of the earth
Shall do their Father's will:

F 6 Then to the Father and the Son,
And Thee, her songs of praise,
One living, undivided Church
Through endless years shall raise. Amen.

LUCERNE. L.M. GERMAN.



251 *"Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."*—2 Thess. iii. 1.

1 Bow down Thine ear, Almighty Lord,
And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry
For all who preach Thy saving word,
And wait upon Thy ministry.

2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hast called to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesu's death.

EMBER DAYS, AND FOR THE CLERGY.

3 O Saviour, from Thy pierced Hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts Divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win. Amen.

252

"Thy blessing is upon Thy people."—Ps. iii. 8.

1 O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love,

2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That all Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

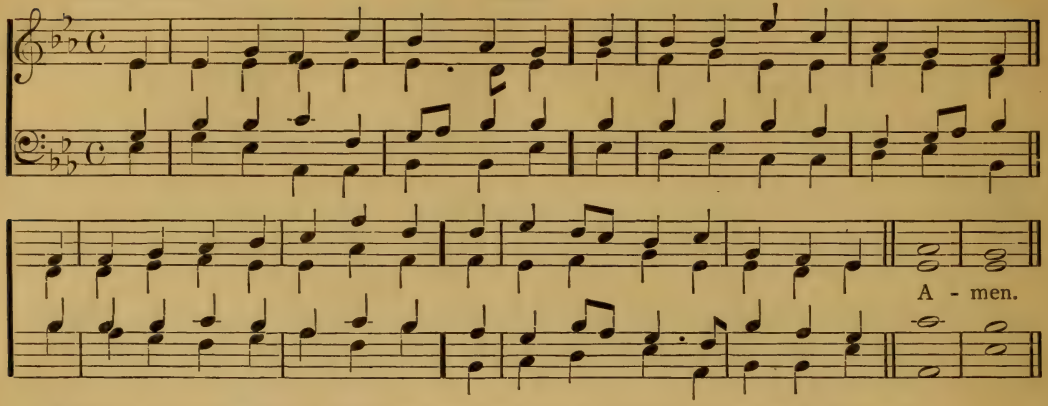
3 Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 Oh! bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
cres. Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality. Amen.

WAINWRIGHT. L.M.



253 *"The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts."*—Mal. ii. 7.

1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled people bless:
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

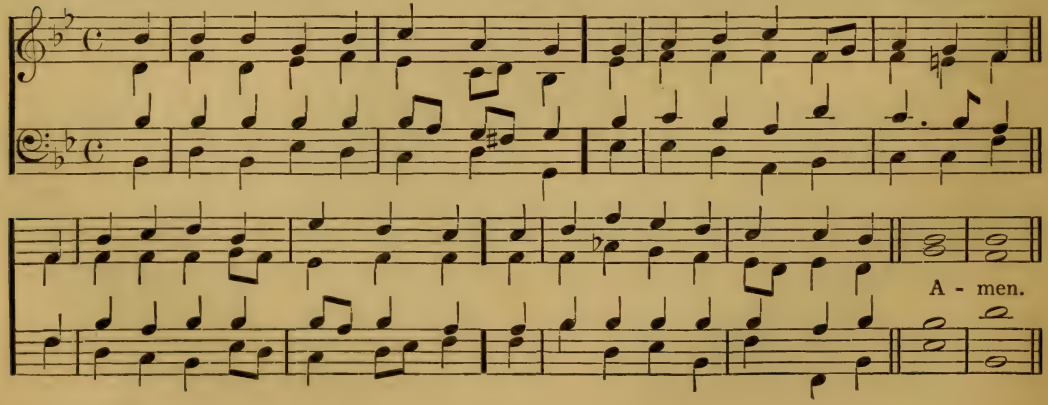
2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night their guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign;
cres. So, when their Master shall appear,
f May they with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

BRESLAU. L.M. GERMAN.



EMBER DAYS, AND FOR THE CLERGY.

(During a Vacancy in Diocese or Parish.)

254 *"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."*—1 St. Pet. v. 4.

1 Eternal Shepherd, God most high,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us, in our time of need,
A pastor wise, Thy flock to lead.

2 Upon him pour the Holy Ghost,
With all the flame of Pentecost;
With Peter's faith, vouchsafe him all
The love of John, the zeal of Paul.

3 Be his, like Thee, O Jesu meek,
To heal the bruised, to stay the weak,
And, in Thy might made brave and strong,
To war with sin, to right the wrong.

4 So leading where Thyself hast trod,
So guiding with Thy staff and rod,
May he Thy sheep in safety bring
To those green pastures of the King.

5 And when at last, O gracious Lord,
Thou shalt bestow his full reward,
Let those whom he hath led aright
Be jewels in his crown of light. Amen.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.

Huntingdon. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. Gauntlett.

255 *"He offereth the bread of thy God, he shall be holy unto thee."*—Lev. xxi. 8.

1 Captain of our salvation, take
The souls that here are trained for Thee,
And fit for Thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in Thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of Thy cross:
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Then send them to proclaim Thy word,
Thy Gospel through the world to spread;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the Death by which we live! Amen.

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

256

"*I will make My words in thy mouth fire.*"—Jer. v. 14.

1 LORD of life, prophetic Spirit,
In sweet measure evermore
To the holy children dealing
Each his gift from Thy rich store,
Bless Thy family, adoring
As in Israel's schools of yore.

2 God and Father of all spirits,
Whose dread call young Joshua knew,
Forty days in darkness waiting
With Thy servant good and true,
Thence to wage Thy war descending;
Own us, Lord, Thy champions true.

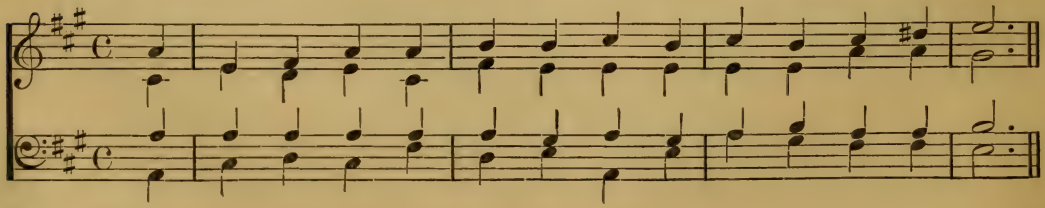
3 One Thy light, the temple filling,
Holy, Holy, Holy Three!
Meanest men and brightest Angels
Wait alike the word from Thee;
Highest musings, lowliest worship,
Must their preparation be.

4 Here we stand; Redeemer, send us!
But because Thy work is fire,
And our lips, unclean and earthly,
Breathe no breath of high desire;
Send Thy Seraph from Thine altar
Veiled, but in his bright attire.

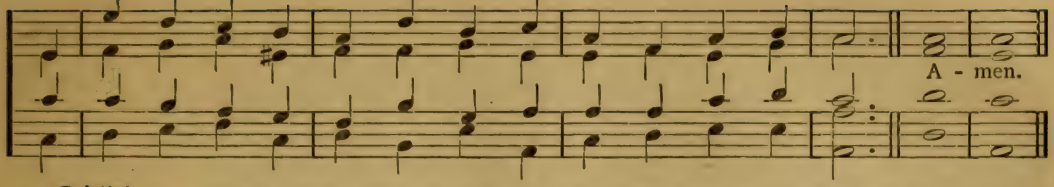
5 Cause him, Lord, to fly full swiftly
With the mystic coal in hand,
Sin-consuming, soul-transforming,
(Faith and love will understand,)
Touch our lips, Thou awful Mercy,
With Thine own keen, healing brand!

6 Thou didst come that fire to kindle:
Fain would we Thy torches prove,
Far and wide Thy beacons lighting
With the undying spark of love;
Only feed our flame, we pray Thee,
With Thy breathings from above. Amen.

ST. NATHANIEL. C.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



TIMES OF TROUBLE.



257 *"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."*—St. John xiii. 7.

P 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

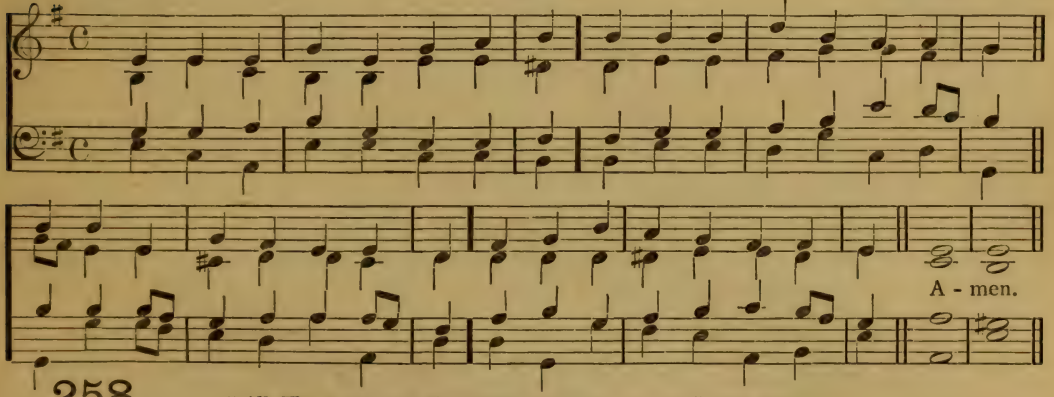
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

SAXONY. L.M. GERMAN.



258 *"All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me."*—Ps. xlii. 7.

P 1 GOD of our life, to Thee we call;
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

2 Amidst the roaring of the sea
Our souls still hang their hopes on Thee:
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Alone can save us from despair.

3 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should we lodge our deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

4 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse the mourner's plea?
Doth not the word still fixed remain
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

5 Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye.
To Thee their prayer Thy people make;
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

GRETTON. D.C.M. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.

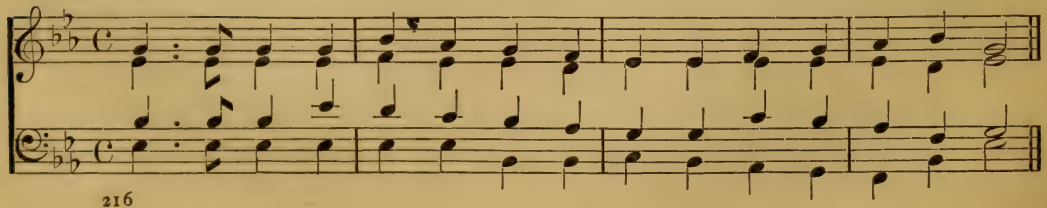
259 *"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God."*—Ps. xlii. 5.

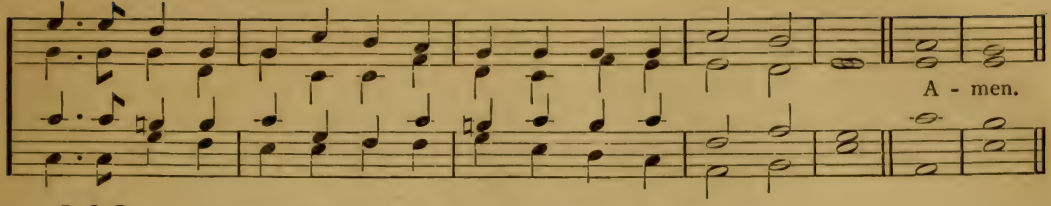
P 1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine; O turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less, we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord, then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

LOWTON. 8.7.8.7. ALBERT LOWE.





260

"Forgive Thy people that have sinned against Thee."—1 Kings viii. 50.

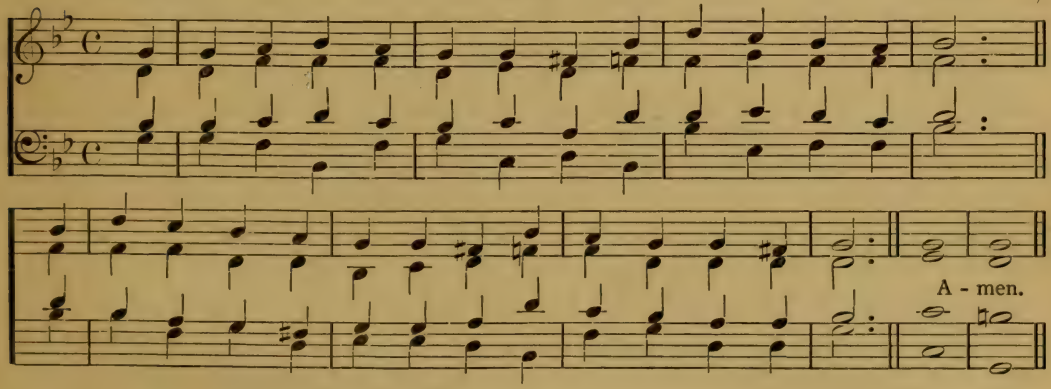
P 1 LORD Almighty, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' Blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that Blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
God of love and power and grace. Amen.

WINDSOR. C.M. KIRBY.



(PESTILENCE.)

261

"If ye will not yet for all this hearken unto Me, then I will punish you seven times more for your sins."—Lev. xxvi. 18.

P 1 O LORD of life and death, we come
In sorrow to Thy Throne;
Yet not bewildered, blind and dumb,
Before some power unknown.

2 The scourge is in our Father's hand;
The plague comes forth from Thee;
Oh, give us hearts to understand,
And faith Thy ways to see!

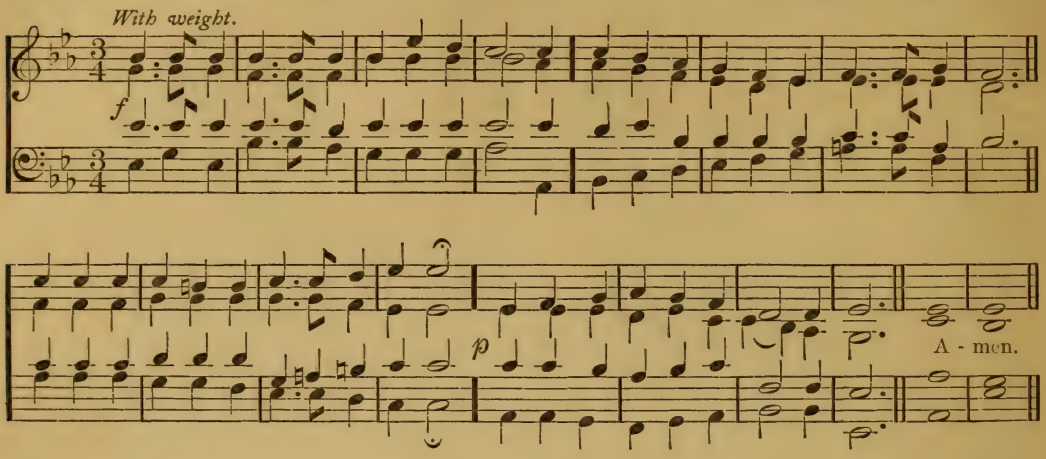
3 Forgive the foul neglect that brought
Thy chastening to our door;
The homes uncared-for, souls untaught,
The unregarded poor,

4 The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
The wasted years, forgive;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
Then turn, and bid us live.

5 So shall the lives for which we plead
Be spared to praise Thee still;
And we, from fear and danger freed,
Be strong to do Thy will. Amen.

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS. P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



(WAR.)

262 *"I will bring a sword upon you."*—Lev. xxvi. 25.

1 GOD the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2 God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

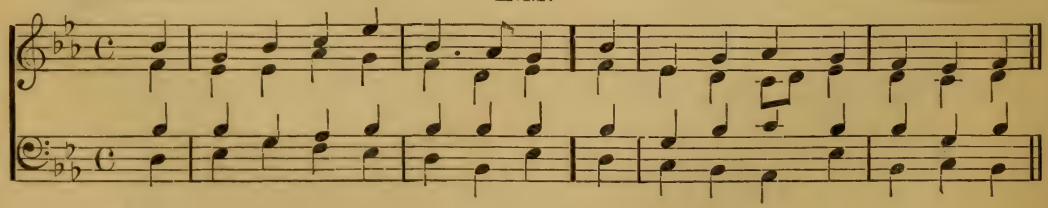
3 God the all-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

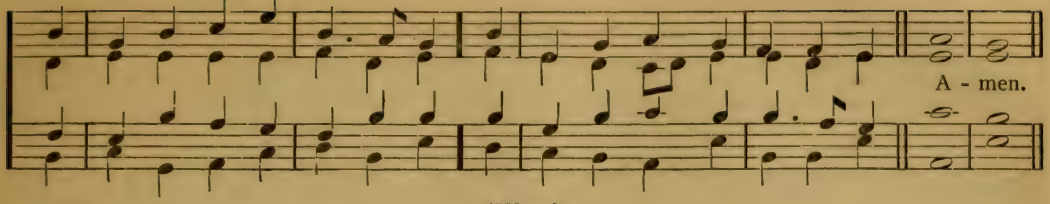
4 God the all-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

5 God the all-pitiful! Is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
p Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

6 God the all-wise! By the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening;
p Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord! Amen.

ST. GREGORY. L.M. GERMAN.





(WAR.)

263

"The Lord will bless His people with peace."—Ps. xxix. 11.

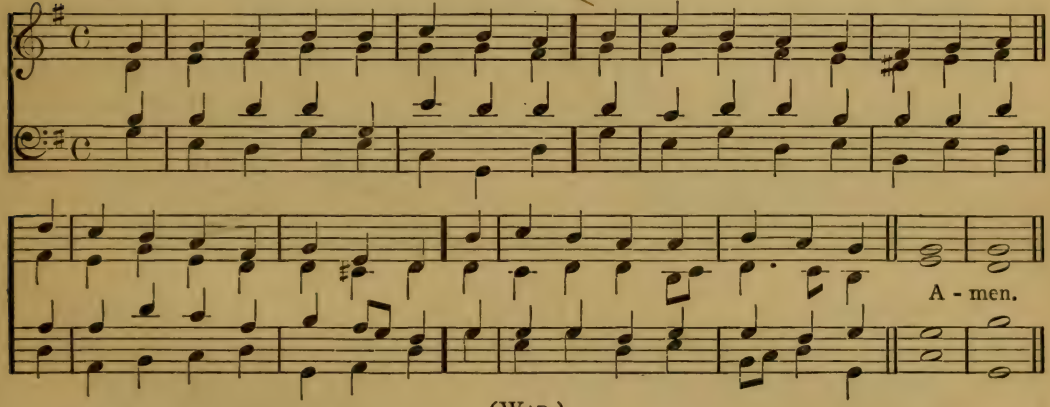
1 O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where Saints and Angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

COMMANDMENTS. L.M.



(WAR.)

264

"He maketh peace in thy borders."—Ps. cxlvii. 14.

P 1 O LORD of Hosts, the earth is Thine;
The nations bow beneath Thy sway;
Thy wisdom, love, and power divine
All things in heaven and earth obey.

2 The dearth, the pestilence, the sword,
These Thy most righteous judgments are;
Yet mark not our deservings, Lord,
But lift from us the scourge of war.

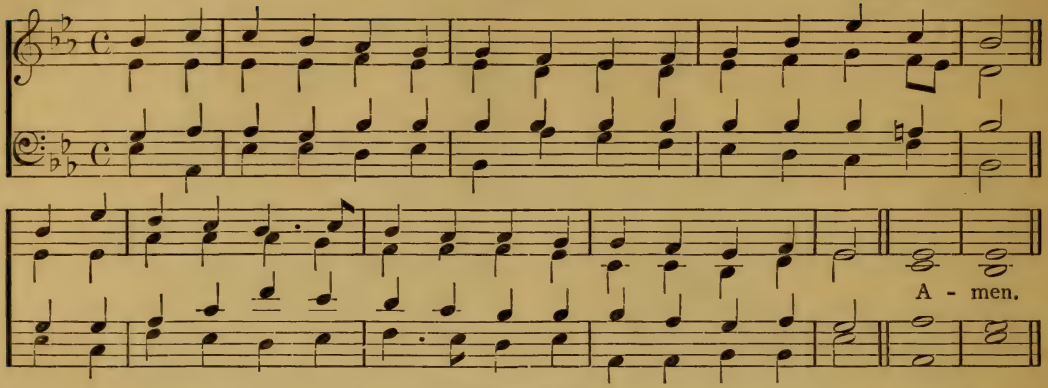
3 The loftiness of man bow down;
The haughtiness of man make low:
Let all the world Thy greatness own;
And Peace return to dwell below.

4 O'er passions fierce and hatred sore
Shed down Thy healing Love again;
Bid angel choirs sing out once more
"Peace upon earth, good will to men."

5 O Father, teach us brother's love;
O Saviour, make us one in Thee;
O Spirit, pour forth from above
Mercy and Peace and Unity. Amen.

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

LANGDALE. 8.7.8.7. R. REDHEAD.



(SCARCITY.)

265 *"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease."*—Gen. viii. 22.

P 1 GOD, Creator and Preserver!
God, who feedest man and beast;
God, whose tender mercy careth
For the weakest and the least.

2 If in former times of gladness,
In the fulness of our bread,
Harvest gifts to Thee we offered,
Harvest songs to Thee we said;

3 Shall we not in trustful patience
Cast our care upon Thee now?
Shall we not in meek obedience
To Thy righteous judgments bow?

4 Though the earth withhold her increase,
Though the heaven restrain its dew,
Though his hand the reaper fill not,
Yet we know that Thou art true.

5 Not in vain the mighty promise,
From beneath the Bow of Peace,
Told us, while the earth remaineth,
Seed-time, harvest, shall not cease.

6 But our sins have stayed Thy blessing,
Our rebellions drawn Thy sword;
Pity now Thy mourning people;
Think upon Thy Covenant, Lord.

M 7 So the sunshine of Thy bounty
Once again shall dry our tears;
And Thy gracious hand restore us
All our canker-eaten years. Amen.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 7.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

(SCARCITY.)

266 *"Be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee."*—Ps. lvii. 1.

P 1 THOU that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea,
May we ne'er of Thee complain,
Ne'er, whate'er our lot may be.

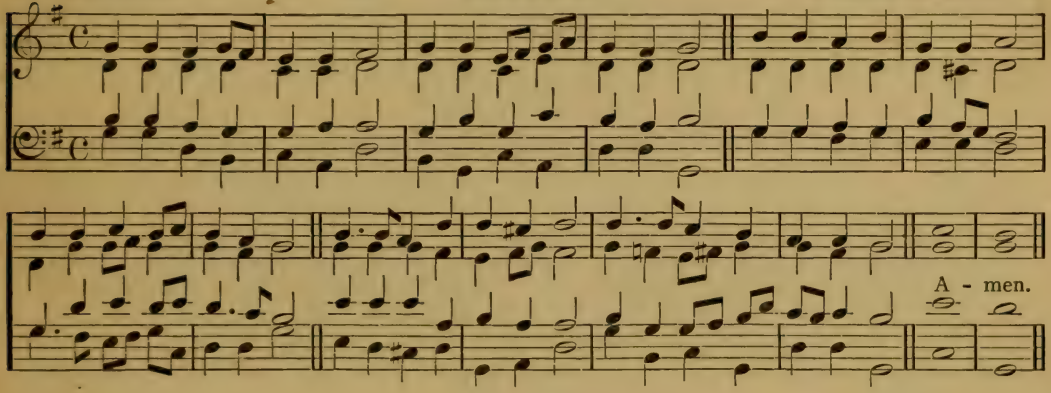
2 Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
May we still this lesson learn—
Ne'er to murmur or complain.

3 Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
Still we seem to hear the words,
"Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me."

4 All we have we know is Thine,
Thine to give and take away;
Feed us then with food Divine,
Feed us this and every day.

5 Thus, as changeful seasons bring
Wealth or want, whiche'er it be,
Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
Simply trusting all to Thee. Amen.

VERONA. 7.7.7.7.7.7. ITALIAN MELODY.



(SCARCITY.)

267 *"Although the fields shall yield no meat . . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."*—Hab. iii. 17, 18.

P 1 WHAT our Father does is well:
Blessèd truth His children tell!
Though He send for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our Store eternally?

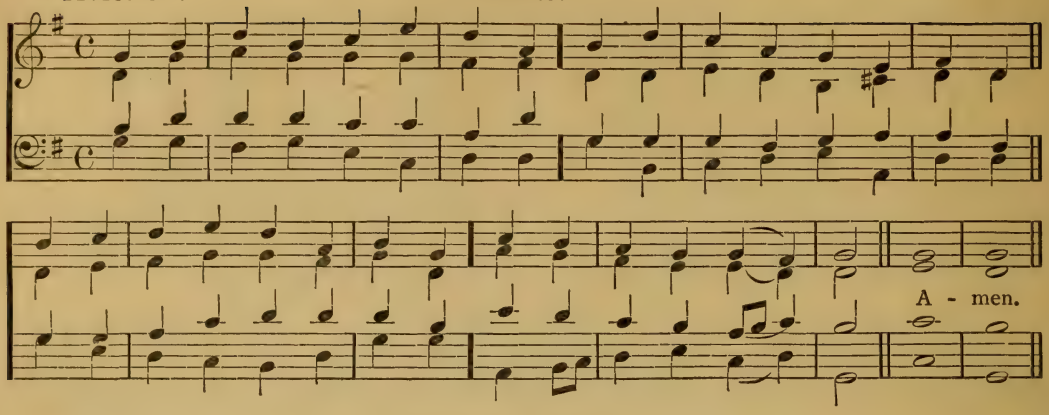
3 What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
cres. God can save us in our need,
mf God can bless us, God can feed.

F 5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

AVIGNON. 8.8.8.6.



(FOR THE CHURCH.)

268 *"Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy word."*—Acts iv. 29.

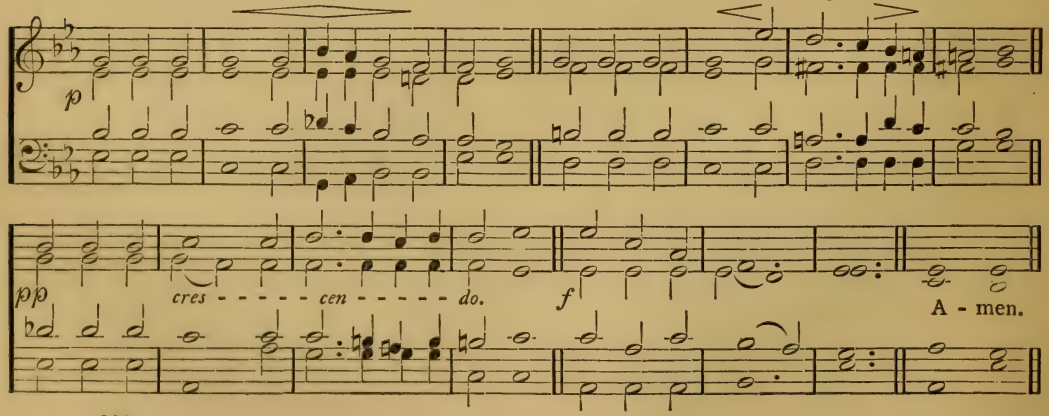
P 1 Lo, the storms of life are breaking;
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking:
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

2 Lo, the world, from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church in pride is swelling:
With Thy Word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying;
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

4 By Thy Birth, Thy Cross, Thy Passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us! Amen.

CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5. JOSEPH BARNBY.



TIMES OF TROUBLE.

(For the Church.)

269

"Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name."—Ps. lxxix. 9.

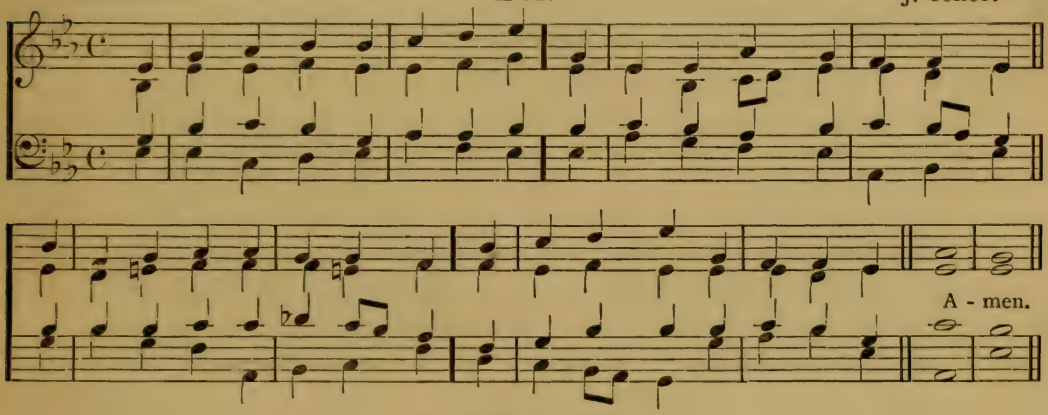
P 1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

3 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace when the world its busy war is waging,
Calm Thy foes raging.

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

Potsdam. L.M. J. Schop.



(For the Church.)

270

"Return, we beseech Thee, O God of Hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine."—Ps. lxxx. 14.

P 1 O Thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
How long Thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

2 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with Thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

3 To Thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, Thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

4 Behold the vineyard made by Thee,
Which Thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for Thyself Thou mad'st so strong.

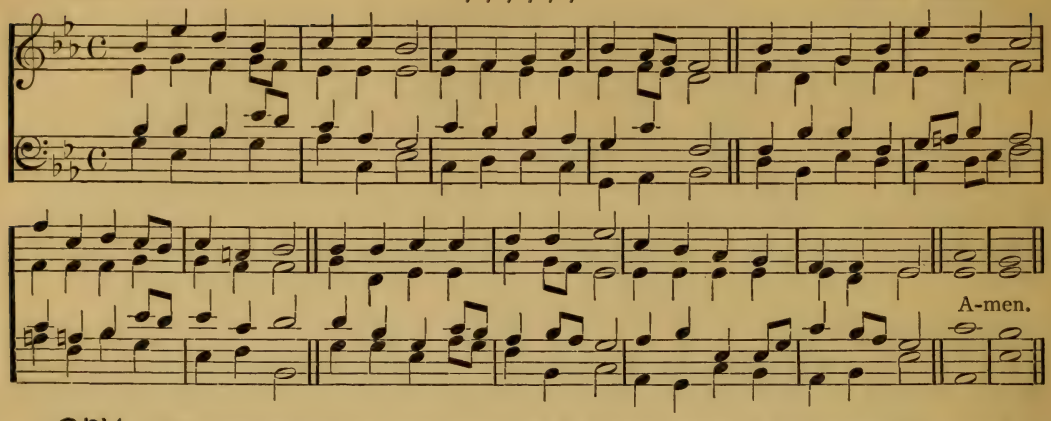
5 Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display;
cres. And all the ills we suffer now,
mf Like scattered clouds, shall pass away. Amen.

Also the following:—

Jesu, with Thy Church abide (592).
Lord, in whose eternal counsels (420).
O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace (448).
To Thee our God we fly (537).

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

HEATHLANDS. 7·7·7·7·7·7. HENRY SMART.



271 "*They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.*"—Ps. cvii. 6.

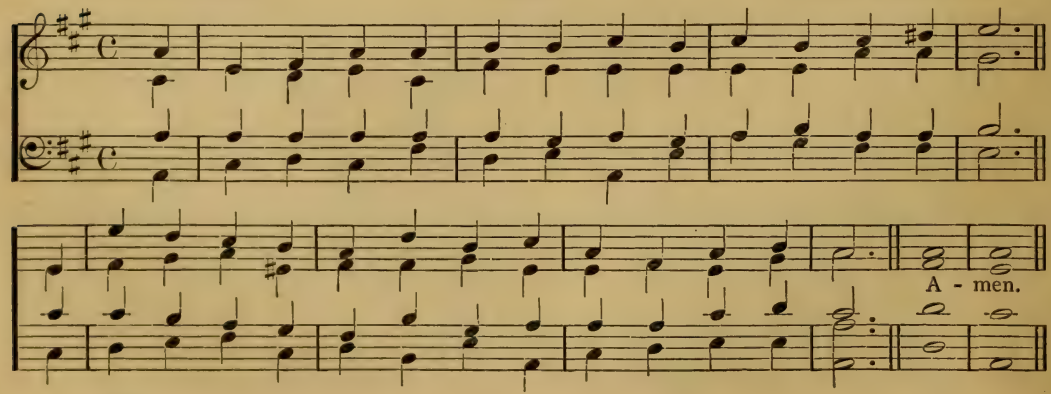
1 GOD the Lord has heard our prayer;
God has lightened all our care;
To His glorious throne on high
Rose His children's mournful cry.
f Alleluia! praises sing
f To our Father and our King!

2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face we sought,
Thou hast our deliverance wrought;
God, who gave us faith to pray,
Give us thankful hearts to-day.
f Alleluia! Lord, to Thee
f Sing we, though unworthily.

3 Now the night of grief is gone,
Now with joy breaks forth the morn;
Trust in God, if ye would prove
All the riches of His love.
f Alleluia! praise the Lord!
f Trust His love and plead His word!

F 4 Praise to God, who heard our cry;
Praise to Christ, who pleads on high;
Praise the Spirit blest, who gave
Strength our Father's help to crave!
Alleluia, glory be
To the eternal Trinity! Amen.

ST. NATHANIEL. C.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

(For Victory.)

272 *"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old."*—Ps. xliv. 1.

F 1 Great God of Hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou hast done for them,
Thy glorious deeds of old.

2 Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword;
But Thou didst guard the chosen race
Who Thy great Name adored.

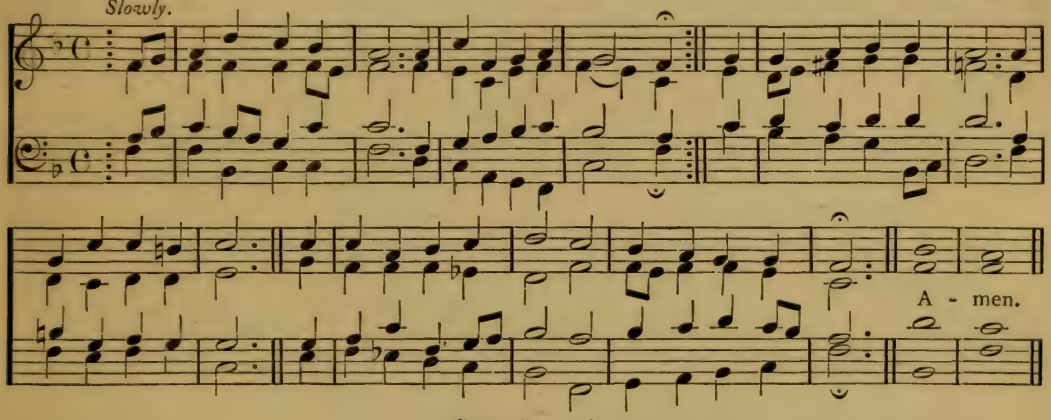
3 Great God of Hosts, their God, and ours!
The only King of kings!
That same right arm which fought for them
To us the victory brings.

4 To Thee the glory we ascribe,
By whom the conquest came,
And, in triumphant songs of praise,
Will celebrate Thy Name.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now and for ever be! Amen.

BRUNSWICK. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. GERMAN.

Slowly.



(For Peace.)

273 *"Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us, for Thou hast wrought all our works in us."*—Isa. xxvi. 12.

1 Lord God, we worship Thee!
In loud and happy chorus
We praise Thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us!
To heaven our song shall soar,
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er;
Lord God, we worship Thee!

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest;
Since golden Peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us;
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us;
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And Peace rejoice our land:—
Lord God, we worship Thee!

4 Lord God, we worship Thee!
And pray Thee, who hast blest us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us.
Oh, crown us with Thy love;
Fulfil our cry to Thee;
O Father, grant our prayer;
Lord God, we worship Thee! Amen.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

BAVARIA. L.M. GERMAN.

(AFTER A PESTILENCE.)

274 *"So the Lord was entreated for the land."*—2 Sam. xxiv. 25.

1 O GOD, whose Angel stayed his hand
Where David knelt by Ornan's floor,
That through Thine Israel's mourning land
The voice of health might sound once more;

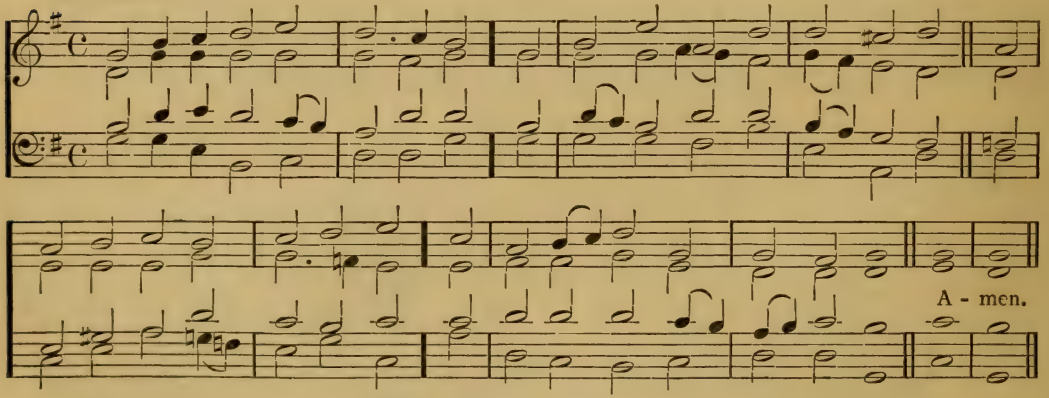
2 We thank Thee for Thy pitying care,
Who in Thy chastenings still art Love;
With whom the Son of David's prayer
Prevails, upon the Mount above.

3 Thy wisdom did not spare the rod,
Sore smiting, as to Thee seemed best;
But oh! our Father and our God,
Thou lovest whom Thou chastenest!

4 And One there stood, when none could save,
Between the living and the dead,
The incense of His prayer to wave,
And plead the Blood Himself had shed.

5 The living praise Thee, Lord, to-day:
Our dear ones on the eternal shore
We leave to Thee; and only pray
That we may fear and love Thee more. Amen.

HILDERSTONE. L.M. PHILIP HART.



(FOR NATIONAL BLESSINGS.)

275 *"What nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon Him for?"*—Deut. iv. 7.

1 PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

2 Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

3 Praise to our God; the Vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient Throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 Praise to our God; who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.

6 Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage! Amen.

Also the following:—

NOW thank we all our God (439).
SING to the Lord a joyful song (498).

HARVEST.

ST. GEORGE. 7.7.7.7. D. GEORGE ELVEY.

276 *"He will gather His wheat into the garner."*—St. Matt. iii. 12.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

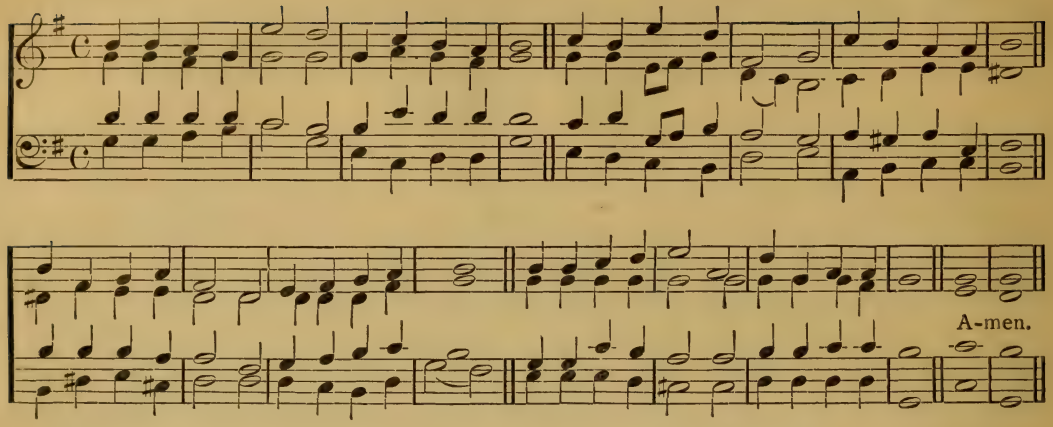
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
p From His field shall in that day
p All offences purge away;
p Give His Angels charge at last
p In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home! Amen.

HARVEST.

CANAAN. 6.5.6.5. D. J. FRANCIS.



277 *"Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."*—1 Cor. iii. 7.

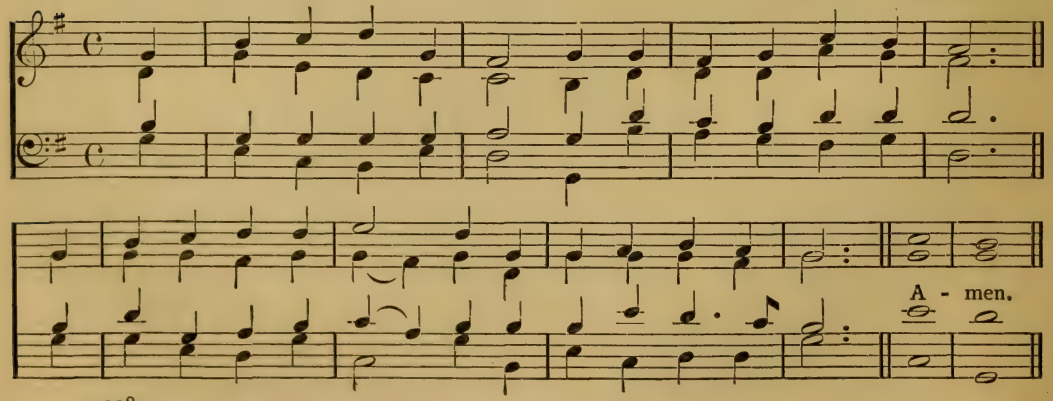
1 HOLY is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again.
Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn
Bursting from its prison riseth like the morn.

2 Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year.
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

3 Holy seed our Master soweth in His field;
Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

F 4 Glory to the Father, who beheld our need;
Glory to the Saviour, who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!
Amen.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



HARVEST.

278

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—St. John xii. 24.

1 LORD of the frost-bound Winter,
Lord of the happy Spring,
Who sendest golden Summer,
And Autumn's ripening;

2 Lord of the waving harvest
That smiles on hill and plain,
Bringing the living wheat-plant
From out the dead dry grain;

3 A holier Seed Thou sowest—
That Seed Thy blessèd Son,
Who died, and who was buried
In the dark earth alone.

4 But not alone uprose He;
He was the first good fruit;
A thousand times ten thousand
Live in that living Root.

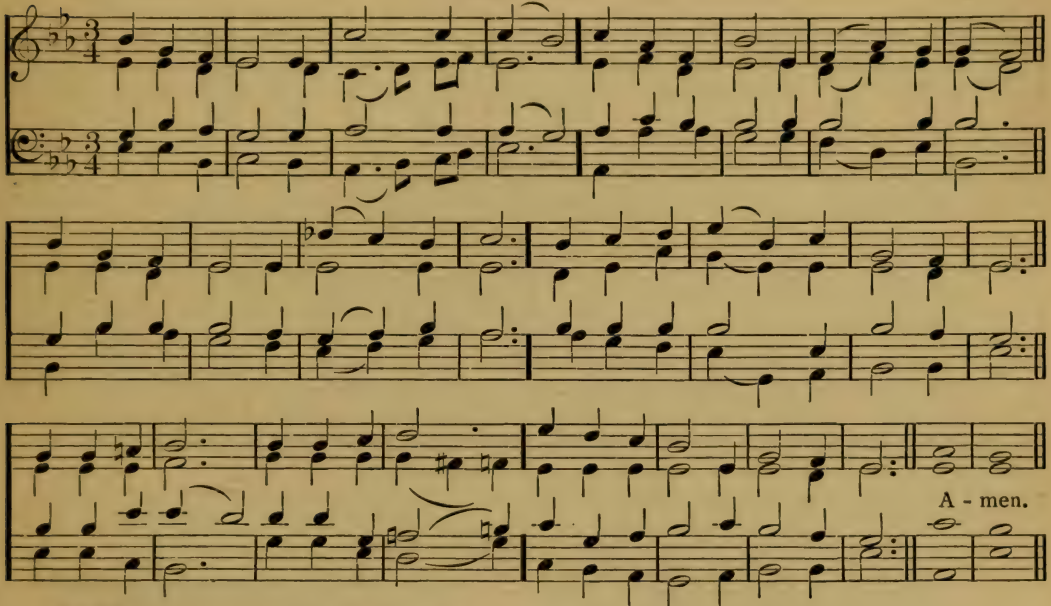
5 A thousand times ten thousand,
Here in Thy harvest-field,
Good in His glorious goodness,
In Him their fulness yield.

6 And they again upspringing,
E'en from the cold dark tomb,
Shall wear His golden beauty,
At Thy great Harvest-Home.

7 Oh! keep us, Lord, for ever;
Thy living Spirit give;
With Christ from sin to perish,
In Christ for aye to live.

F 8 All praise to God the Father,
All praise to God the Son,
All praise to God the Spirit,
Eternal Three in One! Amen.

ST. PHILIP. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



279

"The Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—Ps. cxvi. 7.

F 1 LORD of the Harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found!

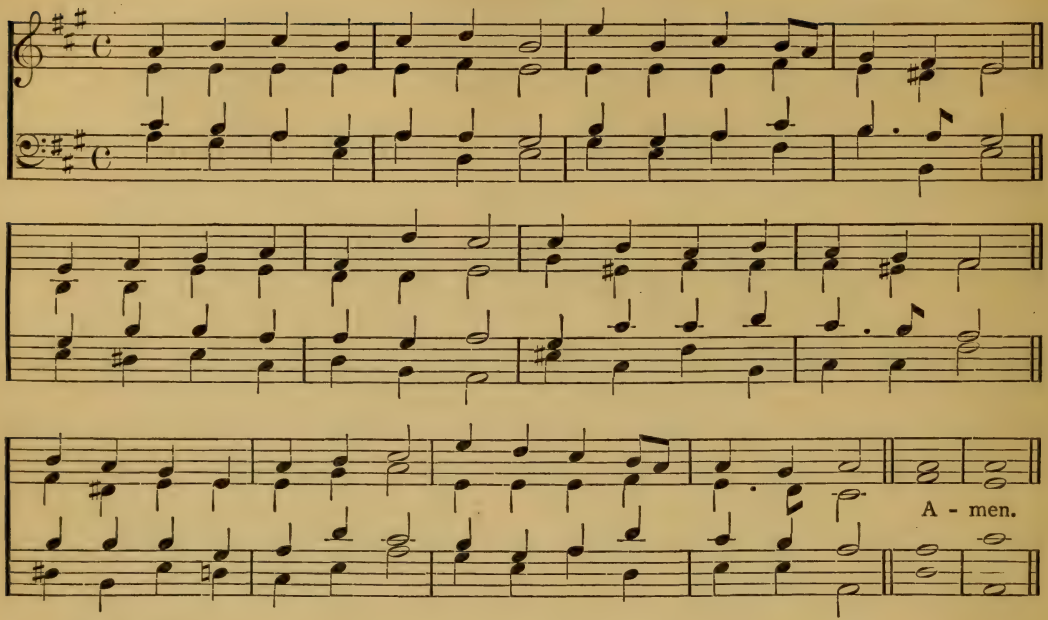
2 When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the Harvest! all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound. Amen.

HARVEST.

ELIJAH. 7.7.7.7.7.7. GEORGE ELVEY.



280 *"Because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thine increase, and in all the works of thine hands, therefore thou shalt surely rejoice."*—Deut. xvi. 15.

F 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

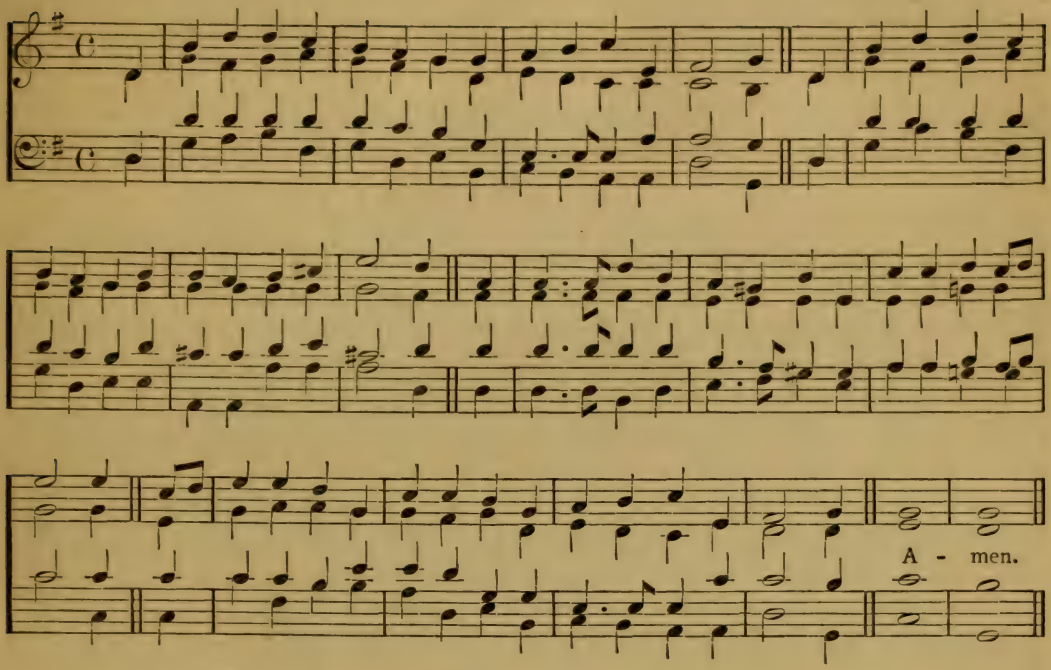
2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty Summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

HARVEST.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



281 *"I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people."*—Ps. cxvi. 14.

F 1 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
In hymns of adoration;
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation.
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing;
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine Altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

p 3 We bear the burden of the day,
p And often toil seems dreary,
cres. But labour ends with sunset ray,
dim. And rest is for the weary:
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected!

4 Oh! blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
Which never hath an ending! Amen.

HARVEST.

DRESDEN. P.M. GERMAN.

282 *"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."*—Ps. cxlv. 15.

F 1 WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in Winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

HARVEST.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love. Amen.

Also the following:—LET us with a gladsome mind (414).

OFFERTORY.

ST. STEPHEN. C.M. W. JONES, of Nayland.

283 "*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*"—Gal. vi. 2.

1 FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.

4 Then help us, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delight to do Thy will,
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have received of Thee—
As freely may we give.

6 Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love
Thee in Thy poor to see,
And while we minister to them,
To do it as to Thee.

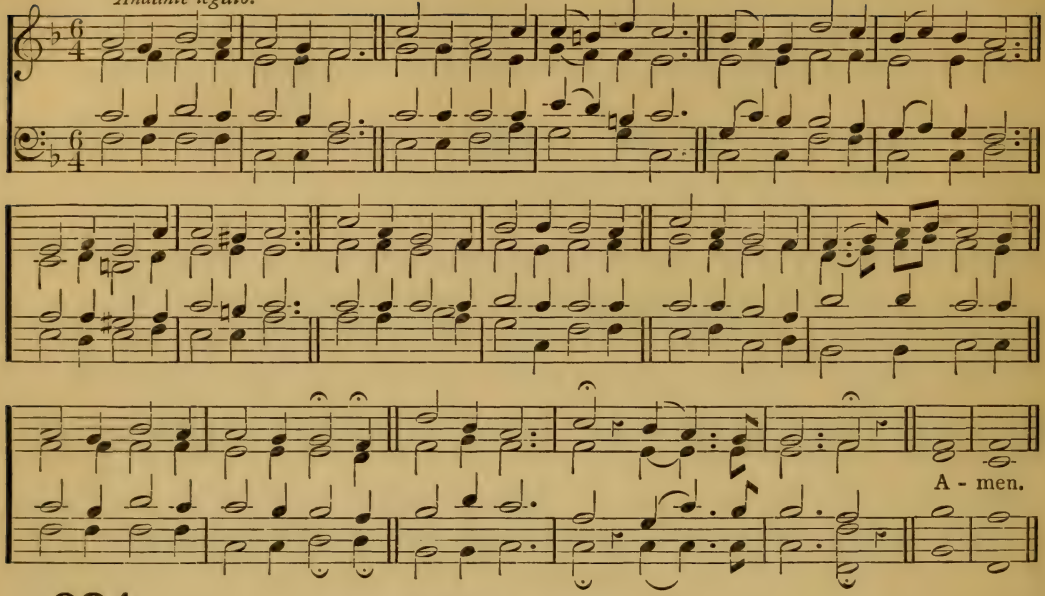
7 Only do Thou our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving,—greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

F 8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

OFFERTORY.

HOLY OFFERINGS. P.M. R. REDHEAD.

Andante legato.



284

"The Lord remember all thy offerings."—Ps. xx. 3.

PART I.

1 HOLY off'rings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
f Christ, present them! *p* God, receive them!

PART II.

P 2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
f Christ, present them! *p* God, receive them!

P 3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
f Christ, present them! *p* God, receive them!

P 4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,
Put for conscience' sake aside;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
f Christ, present them! *p* God, receive them!

PART III.

P 5 Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them;
p Christ, atone for! *p* God, forgive them!

P 6 Loveless life and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,
When the world doth Christ betray,
Following too far away,
Sins which in the daily trial
Lead too often to denial,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

PART IV.

7 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

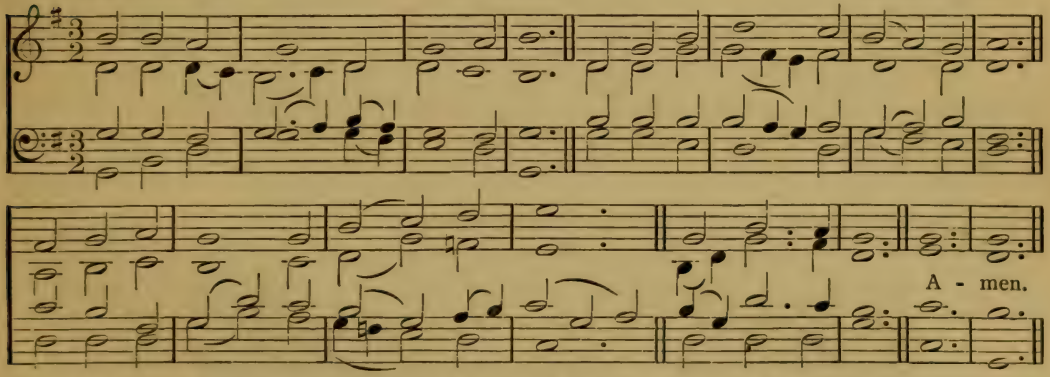
8 Beamings of the gentle Face,
Overflowing gifts of grace,
More of that deep consciousness
Of a changeless will to bless,
Which bestows the best assurance
Of Eternal Love's endurance—
Lost too often, we deplore them;
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

PART V.

9 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstacy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
f Christ, present them! God, receive them!

F 10 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
dim. Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
cres. Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them;
f Christ, present them! *p* God, receive them!
Amen.

ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. J. B. DYKES.



285

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."—St. James i. 17.

1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare:
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all!

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower,
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

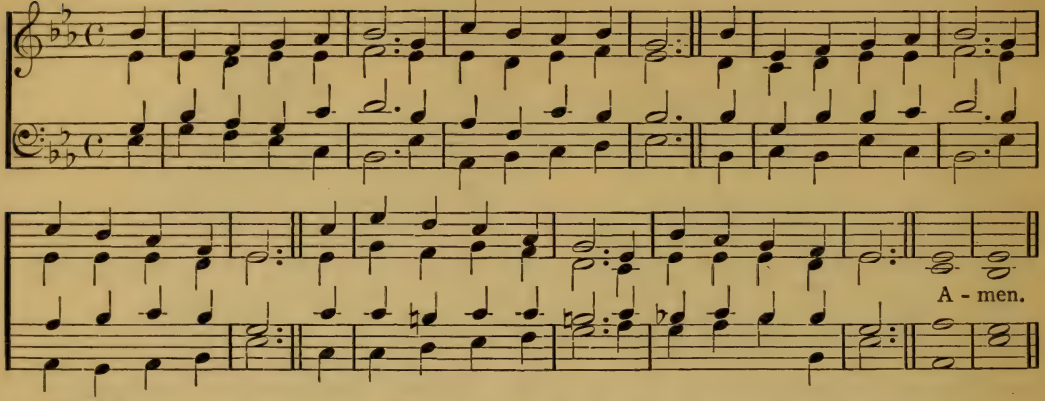
7 We lose what on ourselves we spend:
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all!

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all!

F 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all! Amen.

OFFERTORY.

BACA. 6.6.6.6.; 6.6. W. H. HAVERGAL.



286 *"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"*—Ps. cxvi. 12.

P 1 THY life was given for me!
Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:—
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:—
Have I spent one for Thee?

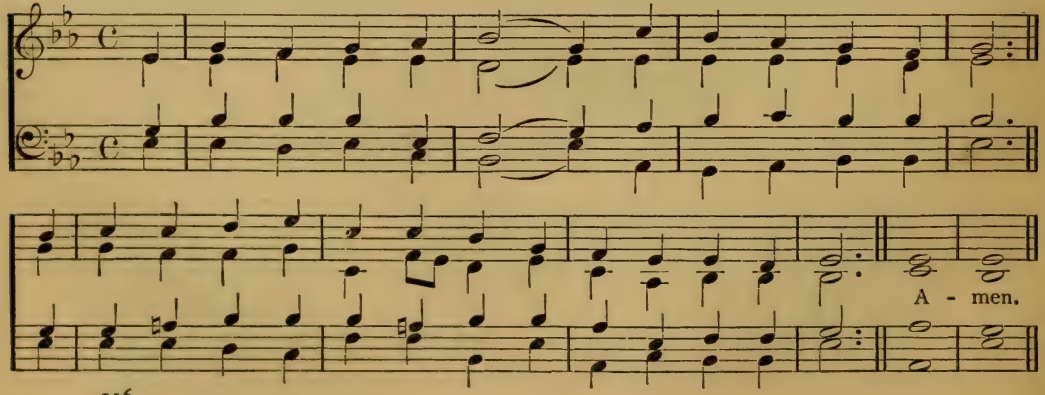
3 Thy Father's Home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:—
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou suffredst all for me:—
What have I borne for Thee?

m 5 And Thou hast brought to me
m Down from Thy Home above
f Salvation full and free,
f Thy pardon and Thy love.
p Great gifts Thou broughtest me:—
p What have I brought to Thee?

M 6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
cres. To Thee my all I bring,
f My Saviour and my King! Amen.

CARLSRUHE. S.M. GERMAN.



OFFERTORY.

287 *"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."*—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

P 3 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold!

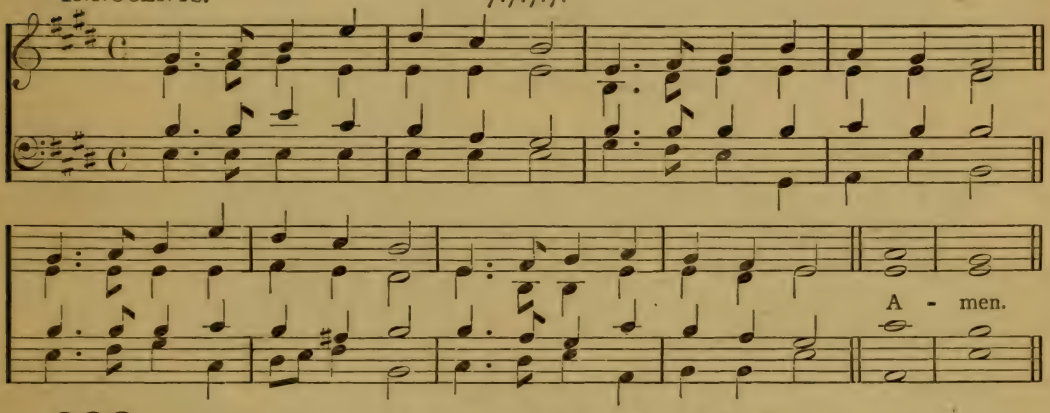
4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is Angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

HOME MISSIONS.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.



288 *"Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."*—Eph. vi. 17.

1 SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward: lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

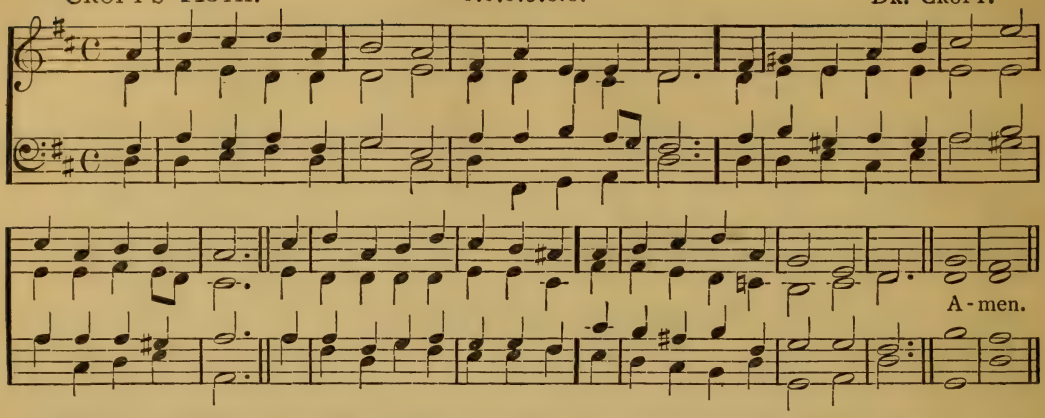
6 Guard the helpless: seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

F 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

Also the following:—O GOD of Truth, whose living Word (445).

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

CROFT'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.8.8. DR. CROFT.



289 *"All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord; and shall glorify Thy Name."*—Ps. lxxxvi. 9.

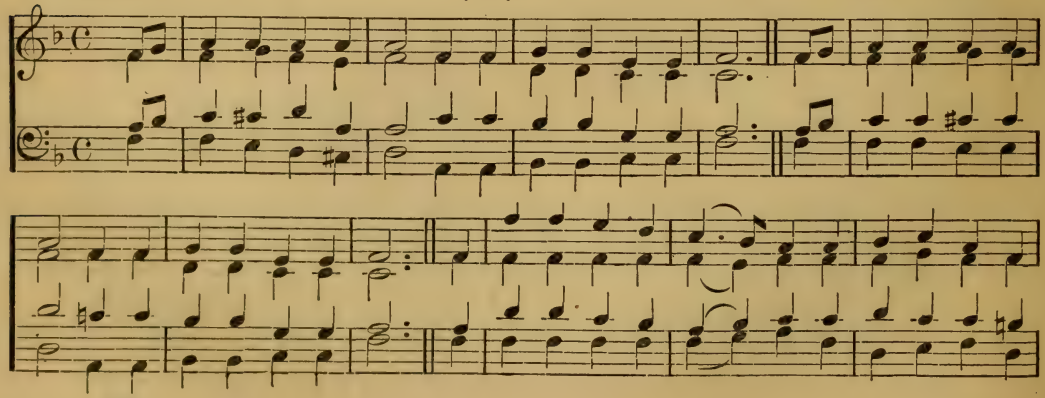
1 ARISE, O Lord, and shine
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light;
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

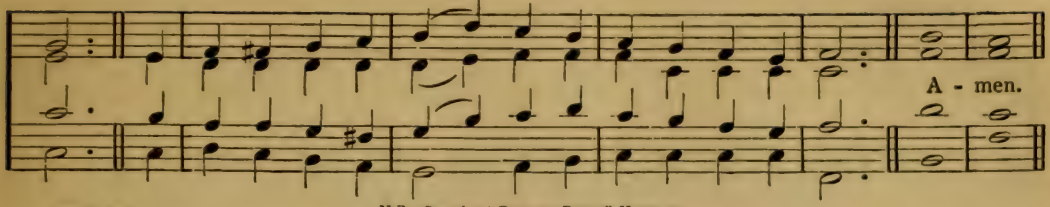
2 Bring distant nations near,
To sing Thy glorious praise;
Let every people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways.
f Reign, mighty God! assert Thy cause!
f And govern by Thy righteous laws!

3 Put forth Thy glorious power
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee:
f God, our own God, His Church shall bless;
f And earth be filled with righteousness!

F 4 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
All glory give to God our King! Amen.

HEBER. 7.6.7.6. D. BISHOP HEBER.





290

N.B.—See also "DAY OF REST," Hymn 45.

"Come over and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

F Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

F 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

LONDON NEW. C.M.

291

"And the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean."—Rev. xix. 14.

F 1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass!
Ye bars of iron, yield!
And let the King of glory pass;
The Cross is in the field!

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

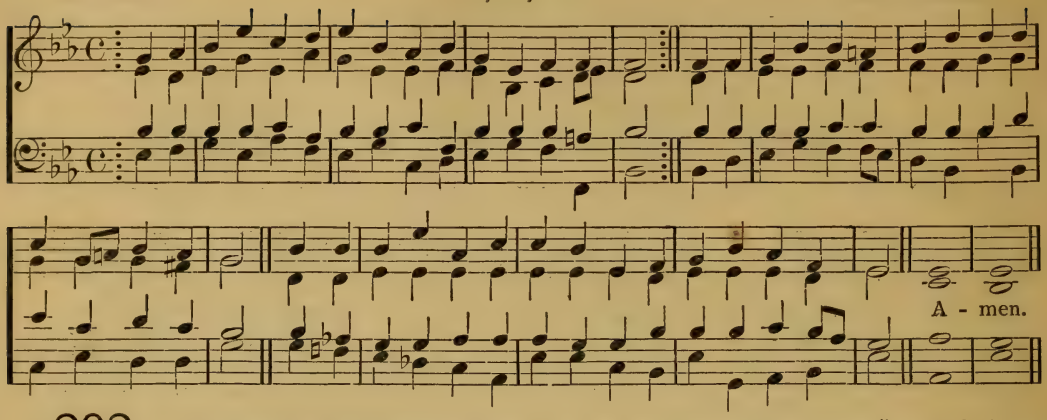
3 A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

4 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,
In Jesu's name be strong!
To Him shall every creature bow,
And sing the triumph-song:—

5 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field! Amen.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

EVERTON. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART.



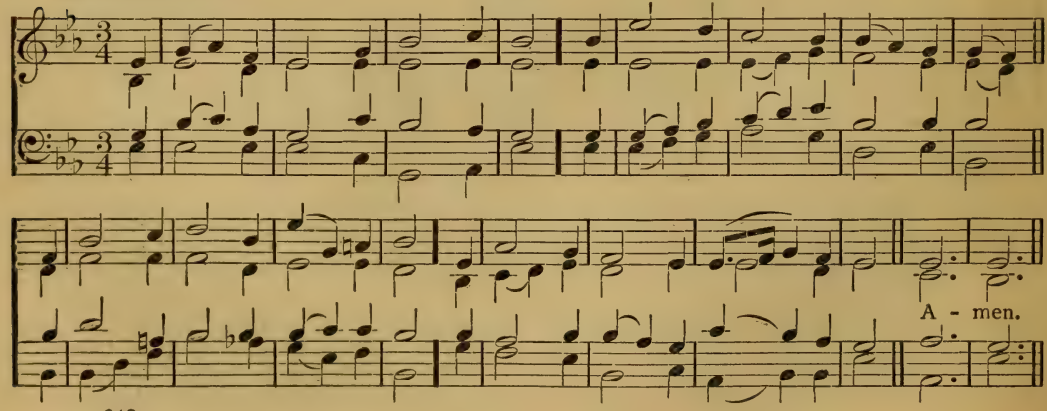
292 *"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."*—St. John iv. 35.

F 1 LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping:
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word!
Give the word!—in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

F 3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:—
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign! Amen.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



293

"That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations."—Ps. lxvii. 2.

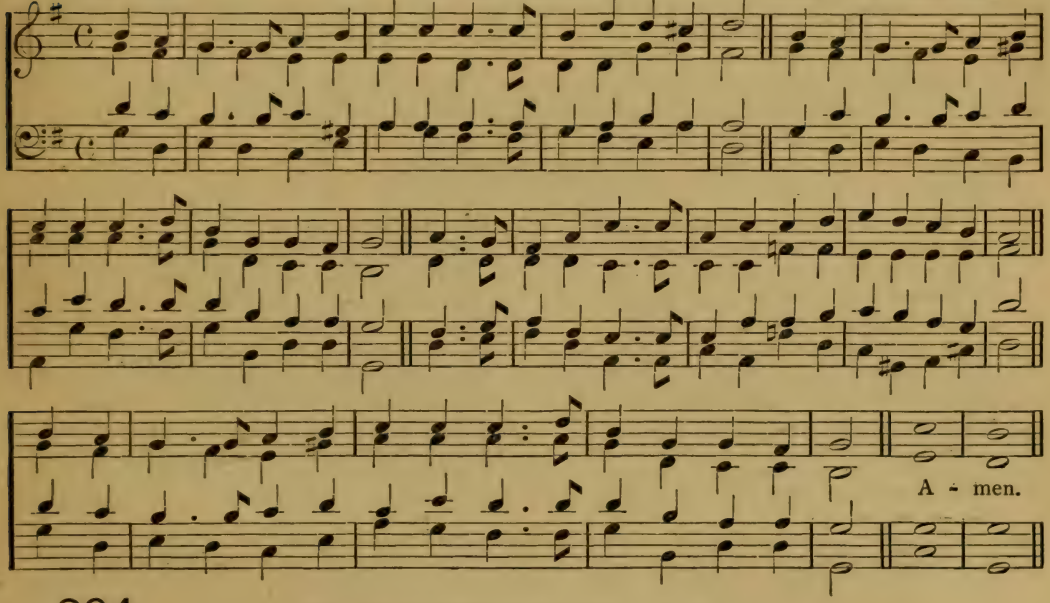
1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all the fulness of Thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might:
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record;
f The Name of Jesus glorify,
f Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

FALFIELD. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



294

"So shall He sprinkle many nations."—Isa. lii. 15.

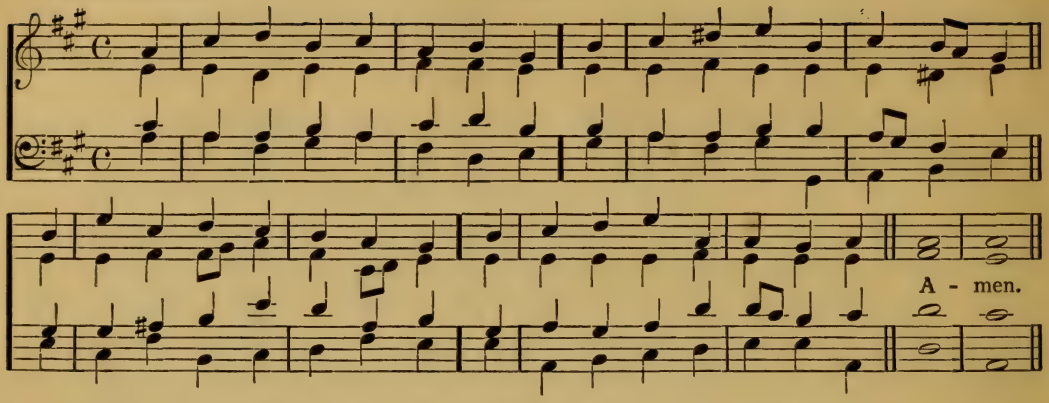
1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the nations unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
cres. Till on earth by every creature
f Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

ALFRETON. L.M.



295 *"The Gospel must first be published among all nations."*—St. Mark xiii. 10.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
The nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light,
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

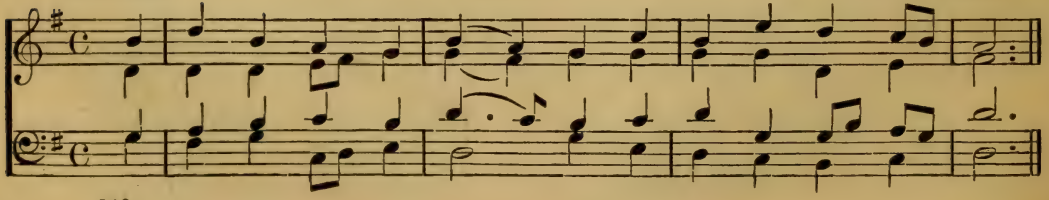
6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make Thy word our guide to heaven. Amen.

Also the following:—

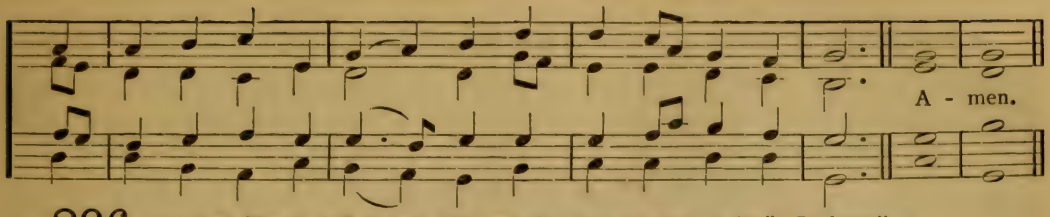
THOU whose Almighty word (528).

FOR THE JEWS.

ARGYLE. 7.6.7.6. E. H. TURPIN.



FOR THE JEWS.



296 *"And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her."*—Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

1 OH, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart:
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee. Amen.

HOSPITALS.

ST. SEPULCHRE. L.M. GEORGE COOPER.

297 *"I will strengthen that which was sick."*—Ezek. xxxiv. 16.

1 O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter Cross was laid;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

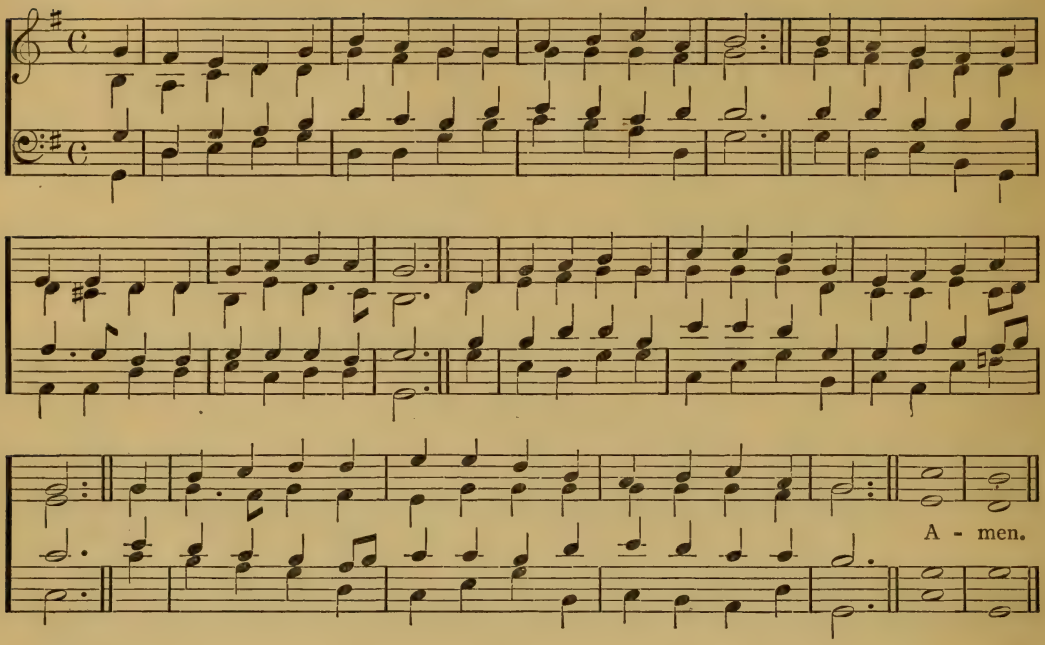
2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure:
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, oh! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 Oh! heal the bruisèd heart within:
Oh! save our souls all sick with sin:
f Give life and health in bounteous store,
f That we may praise Thee evermore. Amen.

OLD 137TH. D.C.M.



298 *"They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."*—St. Matt. xiv. 35, 36.

1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

HOSPITALS.

3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look,
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in Nature's book;
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

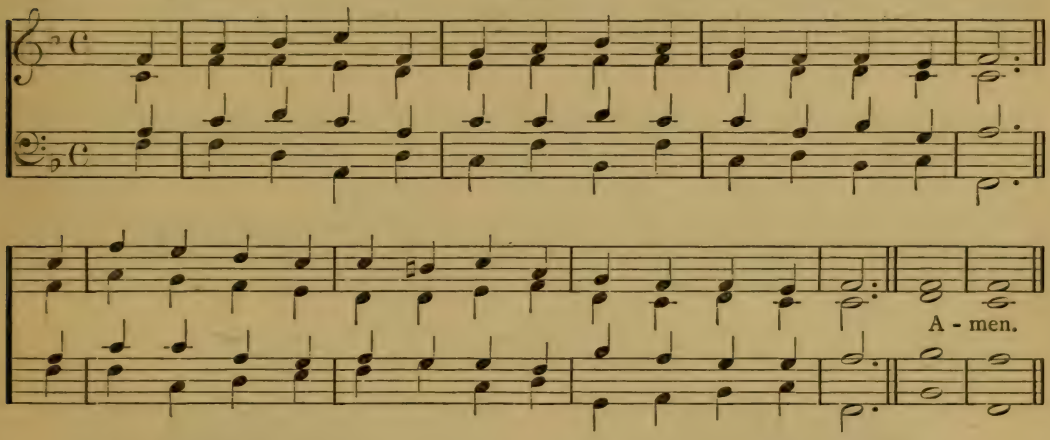
4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

Also the following:—

AT even, ere the sun was set (18).

CHURCH GUILDS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

DUNDEE. C.M.



299 *"And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them."*—St. Mark vi. 34.

1 "COME to a desert place apart
And rest a little while;"
So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
Were faint and sick through toil.

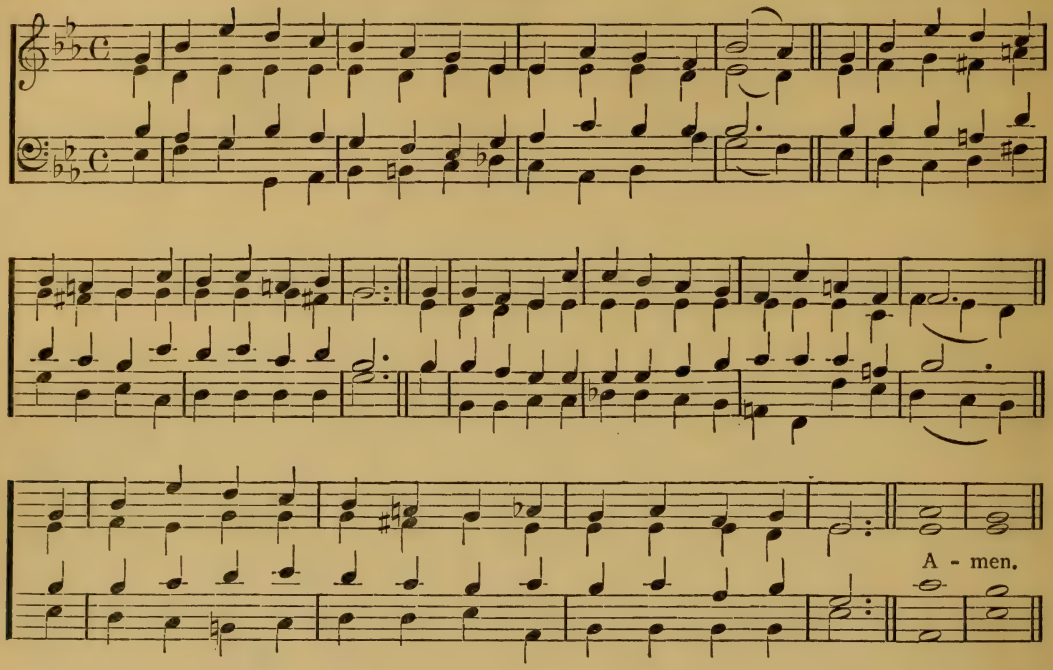
2 High communings with God He sought;
But where He sought them found
The restless crowd together brought,
And labour's weary round.

3 Then not a thought to self was given,
Nor breathed He word of blame;
He fed their souls with bread from heaven,
And stayed their sinking frame.

4 Nor turned He, when His task was done,
To sleep fatigue away;
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour watched to pray.

5 O perfect Pattern from above!
So strengthen us that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer! Amen.

WESTON. D.C.M. C. J. FROST.



300

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."—St. John xii. 26.

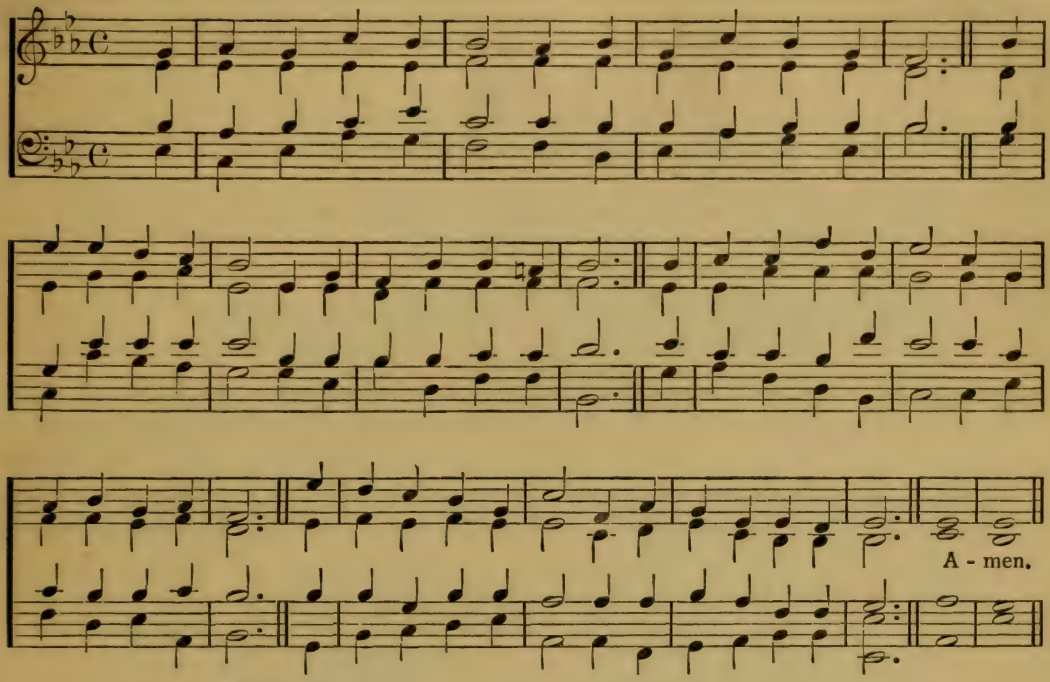
1 How blessèd, from the bonds of care
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servants, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand:

2 With willing hearts and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

3 Thus may we serve Thee, Gracious Lord!
Thus ever Thine alone,
Our souls and bodies given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified!

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company!
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be! Amen.

SARUM. 7.6.7.6. D. T. E. AYLWARD.



301

"He that reapeth gathereth fruit unto life eternal."—St. John iv. 36.

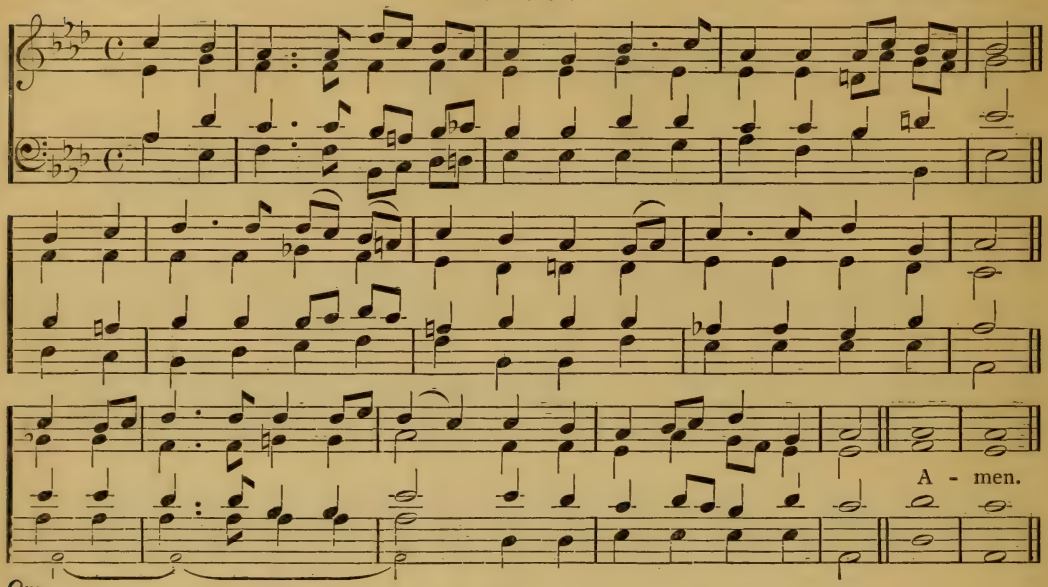
1 LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where Angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may we be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, when we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

4 Be with us God the Father!
Be with us God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
O blessèd Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness
Both now and evermore! Amen.

REQUIEM. 8.7.8.7.7.7. W. SCHULTES.



Org.

302

"I was sick, and ye visited Me."—St. Matt. xxv. 36.

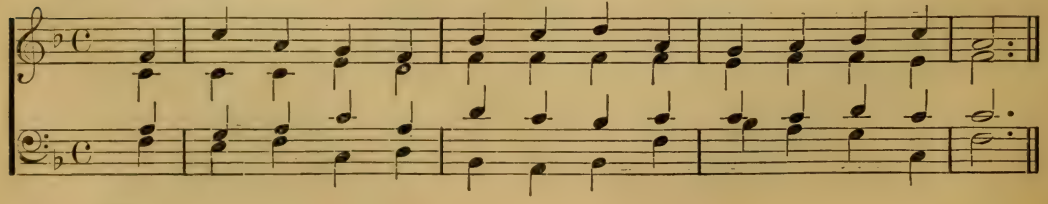
1 THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the weary cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

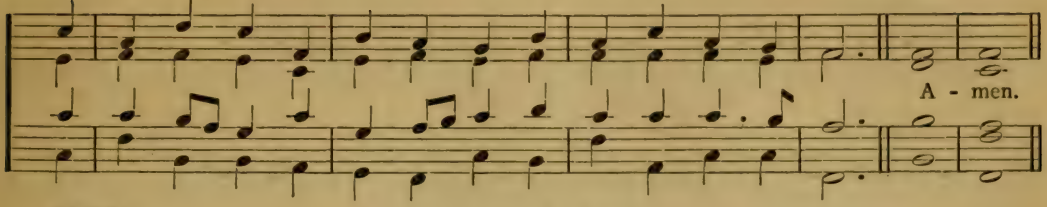
2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants to Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Comfort ever to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat. Amen.

GLOUCESTER. C.M.





303

"Bring him unto Me."—St. Mark ix. 19.

1 UPON the holy Mount they stood
That wondrous awful night:
They saw, and knew that it was good
To see that vision bright.

F 2 No Man of sorrows stands there now;
But, keen as lightning-flame,
The streams of heavenly radiance flow
From that transfigured Frame.

P 3 Beneath that Mount another scene
They saw, when morning smiled;
A father, torn with anguish keen,
Sought mercy for his child.

4 No more the blaze of glistering light
Enwraps the Form divine,
But tender love and healing might
Around Him softly shine.

5 He came from hours of rapture high
To care for human woe:
So Angels from God's presence fly
To succour men below.

6 O Jesu, be our life like Thine;—
Blest labour, doubly blest
By communings with things divine
Upon the mountain's crest.

7 Lord, we would pass from hours of prayer,
That lift our souls above,
To go where want and sorrow are
With lowly deeds of love.

8 Let no self-will within us lurk,
Nor faithless sloth be there;
But prayer give life to all our work,
And work crown all our prayer. Amen.

(FOR ASSOCIATIONS OF WOMEN.)

DAUGHTERS OF GALILEE. 8.8.8. H. M. GAYTHER.

See also "Delhi," No. 54.

304

"Which ministered unto Him of their substance."—St. Luke viii. 3.

1 O DAUGHTERS blest of Galilee,
With Jesus chose ye well to be,
Thrice happy holy company!

F 2 Oh joy, to see that Master dear!
Oh joy, to live with Him so near!
Oh joy, that gentle voice to hear!

F 3 Oh more than joy, to that dear Lord,
In purest, deepest love adored,
All lowly service to afford!

F 4 Yea, happy was your lot to bring,
In loyal homage to your King
Each free and gracious offering.

P 5 With wondering ear, as He drew nigh,
Ye heard Him tell how He must die
On that dread Cross of Calvary.

PP 6 And there, beneath the shrouded skies,
Standing far off, with awe-struck eyes
Ye watched the mighty Sacrifice.

p 7 Ye brought sweet spices to the tomb;
f And joy broke o'er your night of gloom,
f And withered hopes burst forth in bloom.

F 8 For, lo! upon your startled ear
Thrilled forth the heavenly message clear;
"Your Lord is risen: He is not here."

F 9 O Jesu, throned above the height,
Adoring troops of Angels bright
Wait on Thy bidding day and night.

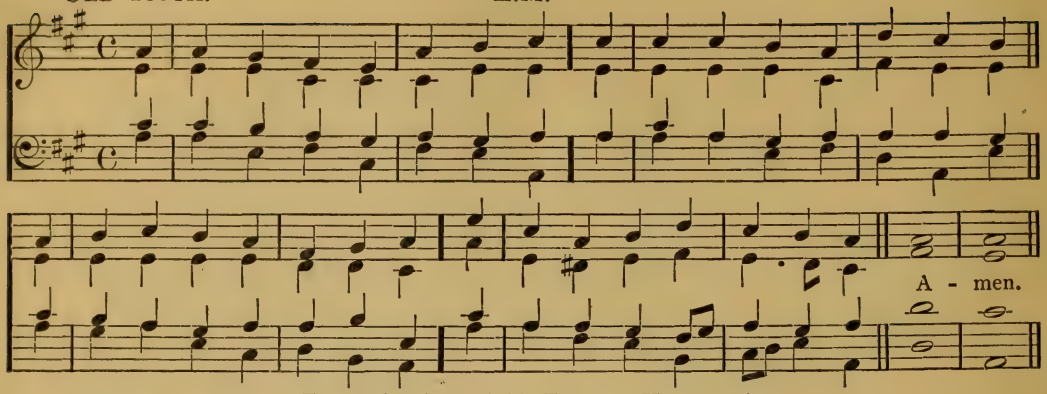
P 10 Thy sacred form we cannot see,
Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee
Each lowly act of charity.

P 11 For while 'mid want and woe we move,
And tend Thy poor in gentle love,
We minister to Thee above.

P 12 O gracious Jesu, we confess
Our poor cold love, our nothingness:
f Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless!
Amen.

PROVIDENT SOCIETIES.

OLD 100TH. L.M.



(For another form of this Tune, see Hymn 331.)

305 *"Now are they many members, yet but one body."*—1 Cor. xii. 20.

F 1 OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirit shall rejoice;
Assembled here with one accord,
We praise Him with one heart and voice.

2 God of our life! To Thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow Thou!
The Father of the fatherless!

3 May we the Christian law fulfil,
And bear each other's burdens here;
And thus unite to do Thy will
In perfect love and holy fear.

F 4 Grant that our union, here begun,
May ever firm and lasting be;
Around Thy throne may we be one,
One with each other, one with Thee. Amen.

Also the following:—

O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see (453).
OH, 'twas a joyful sound to hear (475).

CHURCH BUILDING.

RACHEL. 8.7.8.7. D. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

CHURCH BUILDING.

(Foundation of a Church.)

306 *"I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."*—Isa. xxviii. 16.

F 1 IN the Name which earth and heaven
Ever worship, praise, and fear,—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—
Shall a house be builded here:
Here with prayer its deep foundations,
In the faith of Christ, we lay,
Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesu, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

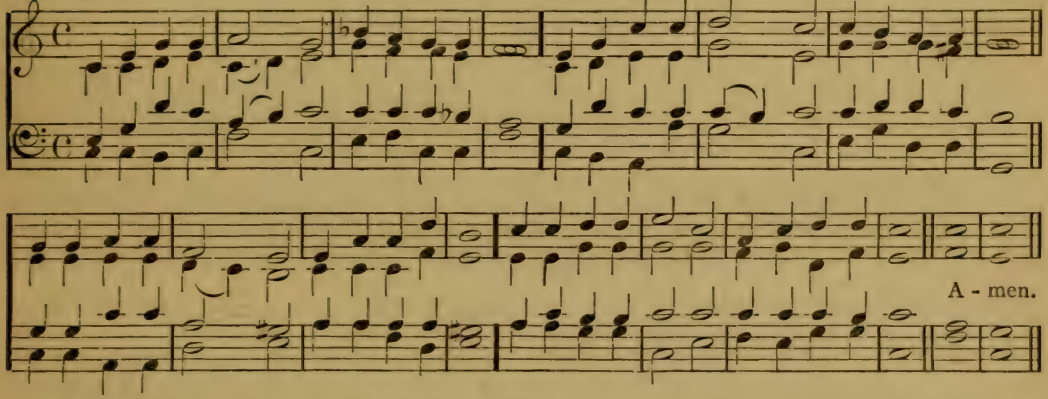
3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier House on high;
F Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

4 Yet with truer nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
Robes her for her marriage morn;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His Face.

5 Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless prayer arise;
Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken;
Here the child of God be sealed;
Here the Bread of heaven be broken,
"Till He come" Himself revealed.

F 6 Praise to Thee, O Master-Builder,
Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
Fitly framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one:
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun! Amen.

EDGBASTON. 6.5.6.5. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.



307 *"I have set my affection to the house of my God."*—1 Chron. xxix. 3.

1 CHRIST is the Foundation of the house we raise;
Be its walls salvation, and its gateways praise!
May its threshold lowly to the Lord be dear;
May the hearts be holy that shall worship here!

2 On the Rock of Ages resting broad and deep,
When life's tempest rages, here let passion sleep;
Here may prayers and praises never cease to rise,
Till through Christ they raise us nearer to the skies.

3 Here the vow be sealèd by Thy Spirit, Lord;
Here the sick be healèd, and the lost restored;
Here the broken-hearted Thy forgiveness prove;
Here the friends long-parted be restored to love.

4 Here may faith ascending find fruition fair,
Here may spirits bending breathe the breath of prayer;
Here may holy gladness fill the waiting heart,
Until sin and sadness evermore depart.

5 Here may every token of Thy presence be,
Here may chains be broken, prisoners here set free;
Here may light illumine every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human into the Divine.

F 6 Here may God the Father, God the Saviour Son,
God the Holy Spirit, be adored as One;
Till the whole creation at Thy footstool fall,
And in adoration own Thee Lord of all! Amen.

CHURCH BUILDING.

SANCTUARY. 8.7.8.7. D. J. B. DYKES.

(CONSECRATION.)

308 *"Take heed now; for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary: be strong, and do it."*—1 Chron. xxviii. 10.

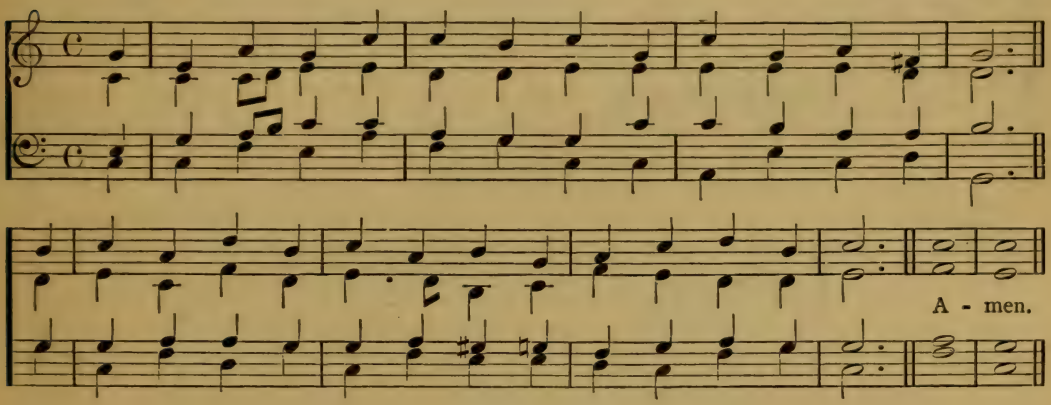
1 LORD, whose Temple once did glisten
With a monarch's rich supplies,
To our humbler praises listen,
Bless our willing sacrifice!
Be our freewill offering, given
To the Father and the Son,
Sweeter in the sight of heaven
Than the scents of Lebanon!

2 Clouds and darkness veiled Thy dwelling
In Thy chosen home of old,
Though the hymn of praise was swelling
'Mid the pomp of Ophir's gold:
Here Thy love our hearts shall brighten:—
Hence, ye earthborn clouds, away!
Here Thy Spirit shall enlighten,
Shining to the perfect day.

3 Hither on each holy morning
Guide us on our churchway path;
Here, O Lord, in life's first dawning
Sprinkle every child of wrath:
Here around Thy Table bending,
Feed us with the Living Bread;
Here, to wait their Lord's descending,
Hallowed earth receive the dead!

P 4 When our Israel's sore transgression
Stops the windows of the sky;
When we sink beneath oppression,
When we see our thousands die;
cres. Father, when we here adore Thee,
In Thy house our prayers receive;
mf When we spread our hands before Thee,
mf Here behold us, and forgive! Amen.

ST. ANN. C.M. DR. CROFT.



(CONSECRATION.)

309

"Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place: and when Thou hearest, forgive."—1 Kings viii. 30.

1 O GOD, who lovest to abide
In Sion's chosen gate,
More than the thousand tents beside,
Where Israel's faithful wait;

2 Accept our works, and hear our vows,
Unworthy though we be;
And look in mercy on the house
We dedicate to Thee.

3 Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
Thy people when they pray;
Here in the waters of Thy font
Let sin be washed away.

4 Here set Thy Confirmation's seal
For ghostly strength and good;
Here give Thy people, as they kneel,
Their Saviour's Flesh and Blood.

5 If after sin they seek Thy face,
And by Thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st, forgive!

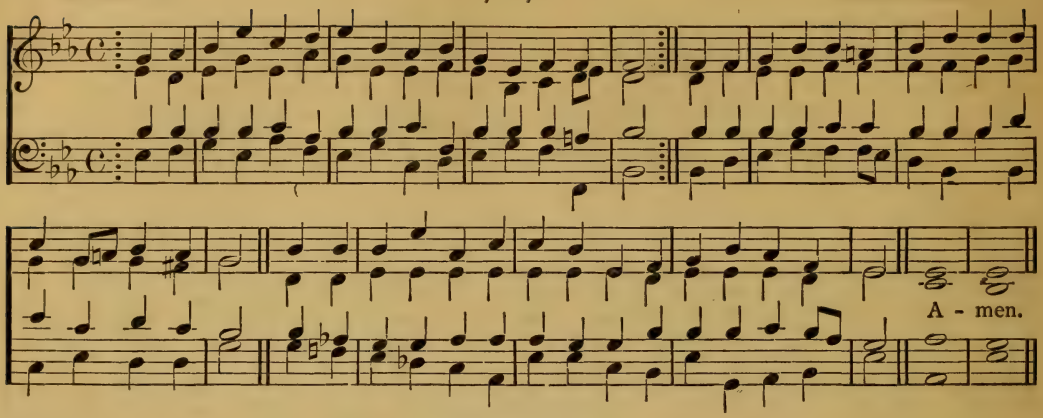
6 If there be famine in the land,
Or pestilence, or foe,
Stretch out from heaven Thy strong right hand,
When here Thy flock fall low.

7 Bless those, O Lord, and hear their cry,
That raised Thy temple here,
That in Thy house beyond the sky
With joy they may appear.

F 8 Wisdom and power to God alone!
Praise to the Father be,
And to the precious Corner-stone,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee! Amen.

CHURCH BUILDING.

EVERTON. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART.



(CONSECRATION.)

310 *"The Lord is in His holy Temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him."*—Hab. ii. 20.

F 1 WHEN the Architect Almighty had created heaven and earth,
Temple of the glorious Godhead, Angels shouted at their birth;
Morning stars in holy concert sang a joyful jubilee,
And the whole creation chanted, "Alleluia, Lord, to Thee!"

2 In a moving Tabernacle Thou of old didst deign to dwell,
In the darkness and the stillness of the holy oracle;
In the cloud Thy power was shrouded, in the fire Thy glory shone,
In the consecrated Temple of the princely Solomon.

3 In that holy place Isaiah did Thy throne of glory see,
And he heard the voice of Seraphs singing hymns of praise to Thee;
"Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts eternally,"
Sing they in the heavenly Temple to the Blessèd Trinity.

4 God in human flesh appearing, shrining Man in Deity,
In the Temple was presented; and the Temple's Lord was He:
In the Temple holy Jesus as a Child and Teacher sat;
And the Feast of Dedication "God with us" did celebrate.

5 O'er the font's baptismal waters may the Holy Spirit move,
Quick'ning through the holy laver with regenerating love;
Lord, be ever at the altar, feeding there with heavenly food,
Pardoning, refreshing, cleansing, with Thy Body and Thy Blood.

6 May Thy ministers be faithful, sowing here the seed divine,
Seed of Evangelic doctrine, Apostolic discipline;
May Thy people bear abundant fruits of faith and love to Thee,
And in heaven by Angel-reapers may they safely garnered be.

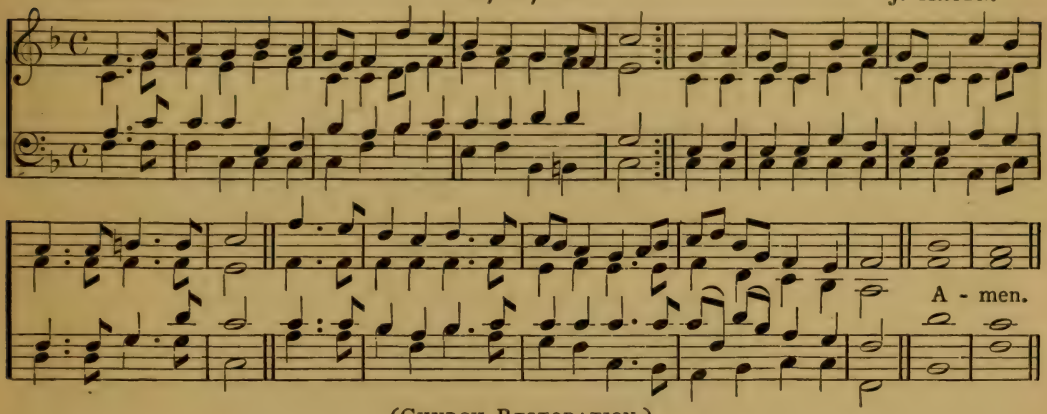
7 Here to-day an earthly temple to Thy Name we dedicate,
And we pray Thee, by Thy Spirit, us, O Lord, to consecrate;
Consecrate us to be temples of the Blessèd Three in One,
Founded on Apostles, Prophets, Jesus Christ the Corner-stone.

CHURCH BUILDING.

8 So when earthly temples shall be all dissolvèd in the dust,
We may at the Resurrection rise in glory with the just,
When the heavenly city, shining and adornèd as a bride
For her husband, with Thy presence shall, O Lord, be glorified;

9 When that holy city, gleaming with its jewels, pearls and gold,
Shall descend, and in its portals all the risen saints enfold;
May we in its light eternal sing with all the heavenly host,
Glory be to God the Father, to the Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. HAYDN.



(CHURCH RESTORATION.)

311 *"We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago."*—Ezra v. 11.

F 1 LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving!
Tread with songs the hallowed way!
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons to-day:
Here they built for Him a dwelling,
Served Him here in ages past,
Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

M 2 When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode;
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

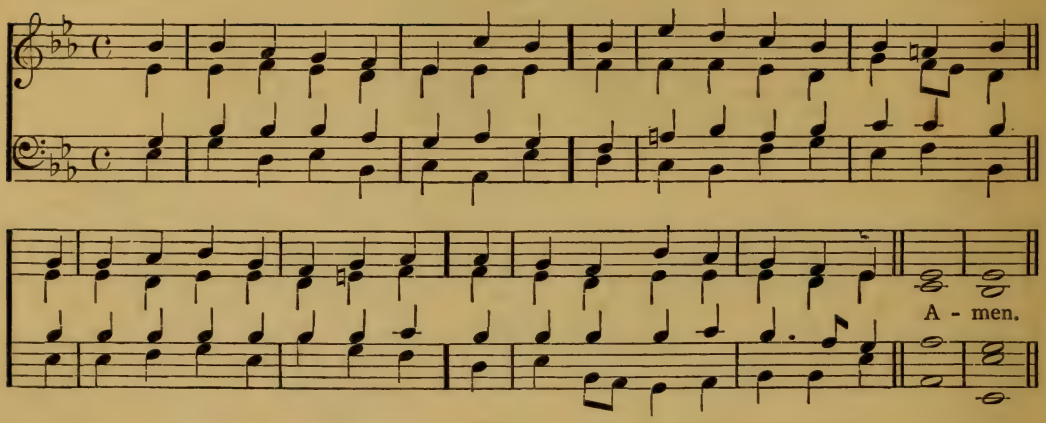
3 Ent'ring then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer;—
"Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised Presence there!"
Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Sion's height,
"This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight."

4 Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
Clothe with righteousness its Priesthood,
Guide its Choir to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.

5 Praise to Thee, Almighty Father!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son!
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit!
Ever-blessèd Three in One!
Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom;
Moulding out of sinful clay
Living stones for that true Temple
Which shall never know decay! Amen.

CHURCH BUILDING.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



(CHURCH RESTORATION.)

312 "*Do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee.*"—2 Sam. vii. 3.

1 JESU! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord!

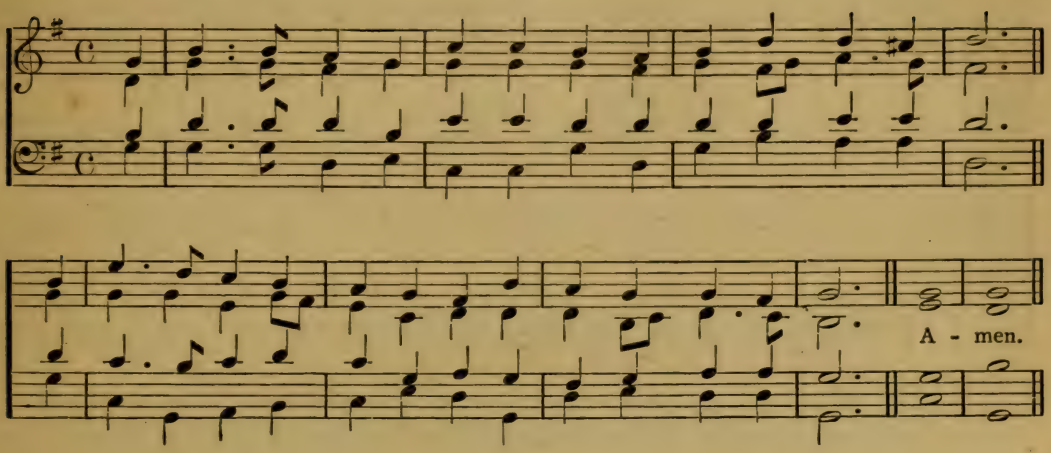
4 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

5 Here may we prove the might of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

6 Behold, obedient to Thy word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
f Come, with Thy glory fill the place;
f Let all around be light and grace! Amen.

CHURCH BUILDING.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.



(OPENING OF A MISSION ROOM.)

313 *"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."*—St. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the pres nce of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow. Amen.

CHURCH BUILDING.

DEDICATION. P.M. E. J. HOPKINS.

(ANNIVERSARY OF DEDICATION.)

314 *"Glory and honour are in His presence; strength and gladness are in His place."*—1 Chron. xvi. 27.

F 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our festal day:
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits;
Glad city of the King most high, lift up, lift up thy gates!
Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our festal day!

2 Thyself the Master Builder, oh! build us up in Thee,
A temple pure and beautiful, where Thou wilt deign to be,
Precious, elect, compacted, Thyself the Corner-stone,
And full of love and graces sweet which Thou dost give alone.
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits,
Glad city of the King most high, lift up, lift up thy gates!

3 O Comforter most blessèd, Thou source of Life and Light,
The Bride to-day is glorious in raiment fair and white;
Bring back the sheep that wander, raise up the souls that fall,
Give joy for tears to penitents, and robes of praise to all!
Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our festal day!

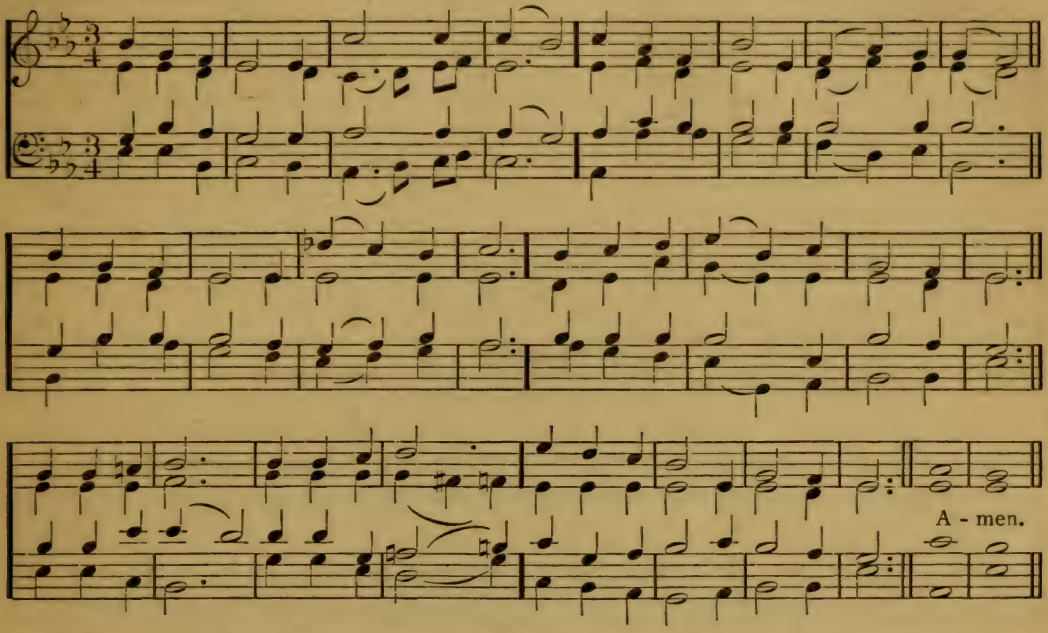
4 Vouchsafe us, Lord, hereafter, to see Thee face to face,
In peaceful glad Jerusalem, thrice holy happy place;
When Sacrament and Temple shall never more be known,
When Thou art Temple, Sacrifice, and Priest upon the throne!
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits,
Glad city of the King most high, lift up, lift up thy gates! Amen.

Also the following:—

BLESSED City, Heavenly Salem (338).
CHRIST is our Corner-stone (344).
LO, God is here, let us adore (415).
LORD of the worlds above (423).
OH, happy feet that tread (469).
PLEASANT are Thy courts above (483).
WE love the place, O God (540).

CONSECRATION OF A BURIAL GROUND.

ST. PHILIP. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



315

"I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers."—Gen. xlix. 29.

P 1 O THOU in whom Thy saints repose,
When life's brief conflict finds its close:
Behold us met before Thy face
To hallow this their resting-place:
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep;
And safely here their dust shall sleep.

2 Thou knowest, Lord, for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed,
Thou still rememb'rest on Thy Throne
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm Hope with Memory dwell,
And Faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

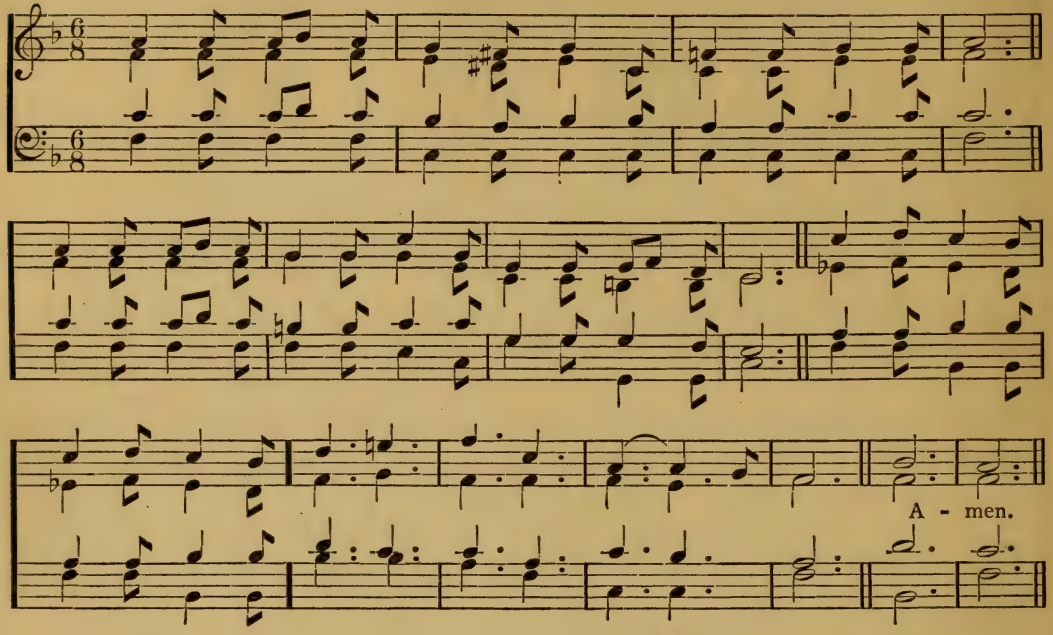
M 5 And when the Valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy Harvest Morn,
Here may the Angel-reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
And in Thy golden garner store
Our fruit of tears for evermore. Amen.

Also the following:—

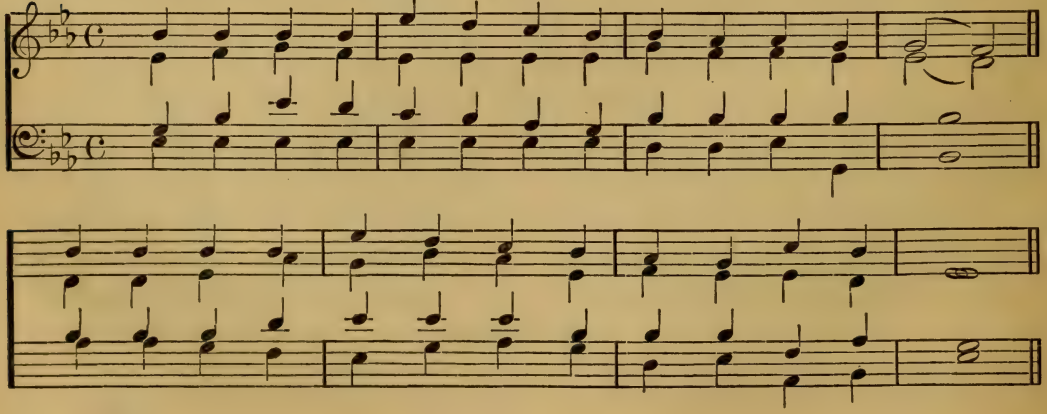
BRIEF life is here our portion (341).
GOD hath two families of love (371).
GOD of the living, in whose eyes (245).
THE saints on earth and those above (515).

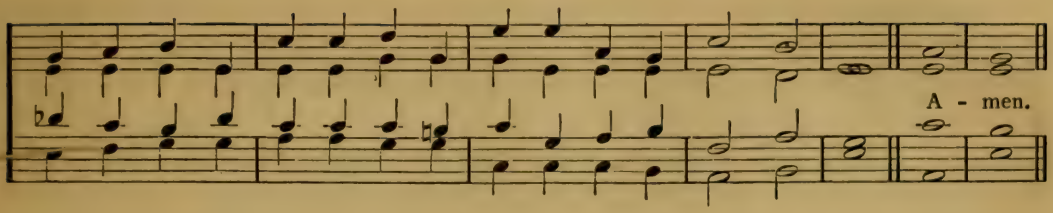
CHORAL FESTIVAL.

ANGEL VOICES. [*First Tune.*] P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



DULCE SONANS. [*Second Tune.*] P.M. S.





316 *"Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."*—Rev. iv. 11.

F 1 ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

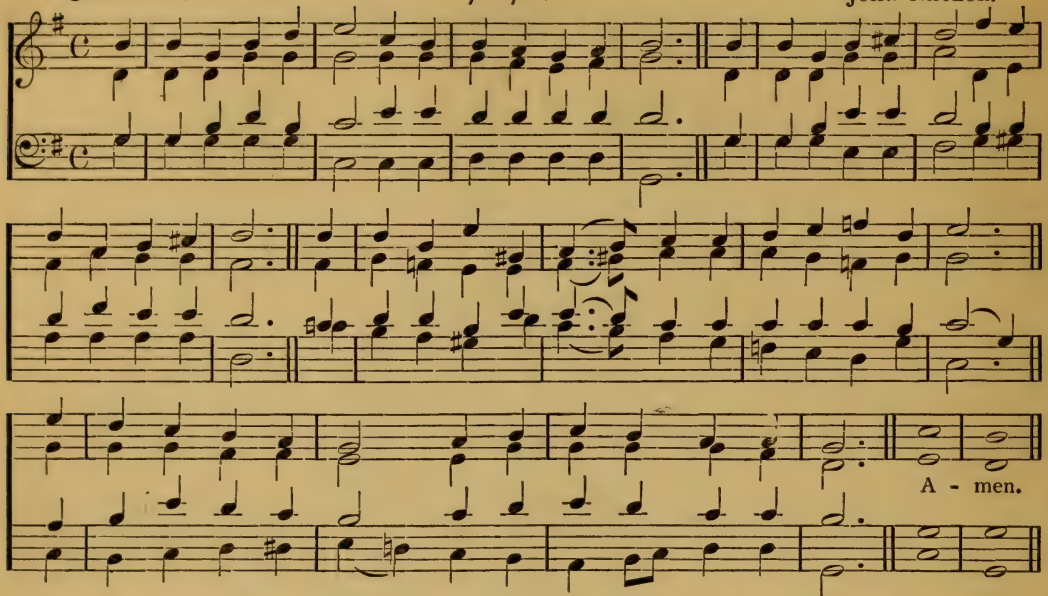
P 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
f Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee! Amen.

CARTMEL. 7.6.7.6. D. JOHN NAYLOR.



317 *"David spake to the chief of the Levites to appoint their brethren to be the singers with instruments of music."*—1 Chron. xv. 16.

F 1 COME forth, O Christian brothers,
In ordered fair array;
Come forth with strains of gladness,
To greet your festal day!
Rejoice in God your Saviour;
Your hearts and voices raise,
His gates with songs to enter,
And tread His courts with praise!

2 Here, joined in holy union,
Assembling year by year,
With one accord to worship,
Before Him we appear;
With joy, like holy David,
Our hearts receive the word,
Which bids us seek together
The house of David's Lord!

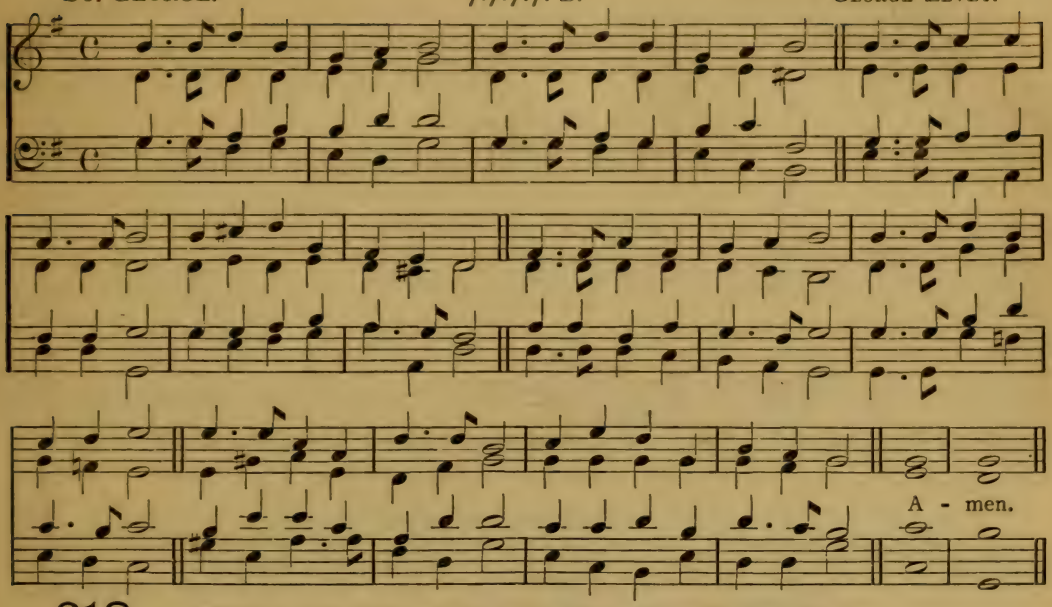
3 Levites of that new Temple
Not built by human hands,
Before whose heavenly altar
One Priest for ever stands;
Through Him our gifts we offer,
Through Him our vows we pay,
The fruit of lips made ready
To give Him thanks to-day.

P 4 Yet who may venture nigh Thee,
Or who may touch Thine ark?
O Thou, beside whose pureness
The heaven of heavens is dark,
Whose fire is swift to chasten,
Whose scourge is strong to smite,
Whose eyes and heart are watching
Thy Temple day and night!

P 5 Before Thy Throne great Angels
With veilèd faces bow;
Have mercy on the sinful
Who dare to seek Thee now;
And o'er our earth-soiled garments
Thy robe of whiteness fling,
cres. And touch with fire supernal
mf Our lips before we sing!

6 So, kindled from Thine altar,
Prepared and owned by Thee,
Shall body, soul, and spirit,
A whole burnt offering be;
So with the eternal anthem
Our praises shall unite,
And this our lowly service
Be pleasing in Thy sight! Amen.

ST. GEORGE. 7·7·7·7. D. GEORGE ELVEY.



318

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Exod. xiv. 15.

F 1 FORWARD go in glad accord,
Ye who know your risen Lord!
Let the strain of fervent love
Lift each drooping heart above.
Dark and troublous though the day,
Cast unworthy care away;
Trust in Him whose mighty hand
Guards the Church and rules the land!

2 Forward still!—and let the strain
Tell of triumph yet again;
For the Lord, who reigns on high,
Leads His own to victory;
Through the world's opposing might,
Through the gathering gloom of night;
Strong in faith, let holy song
Cheer us as we march along.

3 Now let all, as children dear,
In our Father's courts appear;
Let the choral harmony
Tell the spirits' unity:
Here nor hate nor strife be found;
Here let love and peace abound;
Let us offer, while we sing,
Loyal hearts to serve our King.

4 Forward go, despond no more!
Jesus calls, and goes before!
He will guard His chosen Bride,
He will never leave her side:
Kingdoms flourish and decay,
Heaven and earth will pass away;
Evermore the Church shall raise
Songs of triumph, joy, and praise.

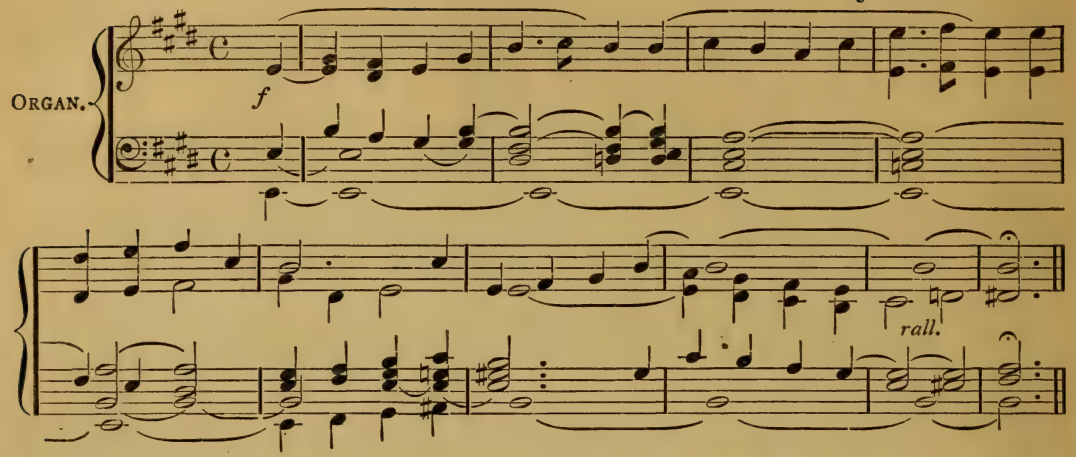
5 Forward go!—the saints above
Still prolong the strain of love;
Soon may we, within the gate,
See with them our King in state:
There will He His choir unite,
All arrayed in robes of white;
There will songs of purest joy,
All their blissful life employ. Amen.

Also the following:—

MARCH, march onward, soldiers true (421).
O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord (443).
O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see (452).
ON our way rejoicing (478).
ONWARD, Christian soldiers (480).
REJOICE, ye pure in heart (489).
SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise (497).

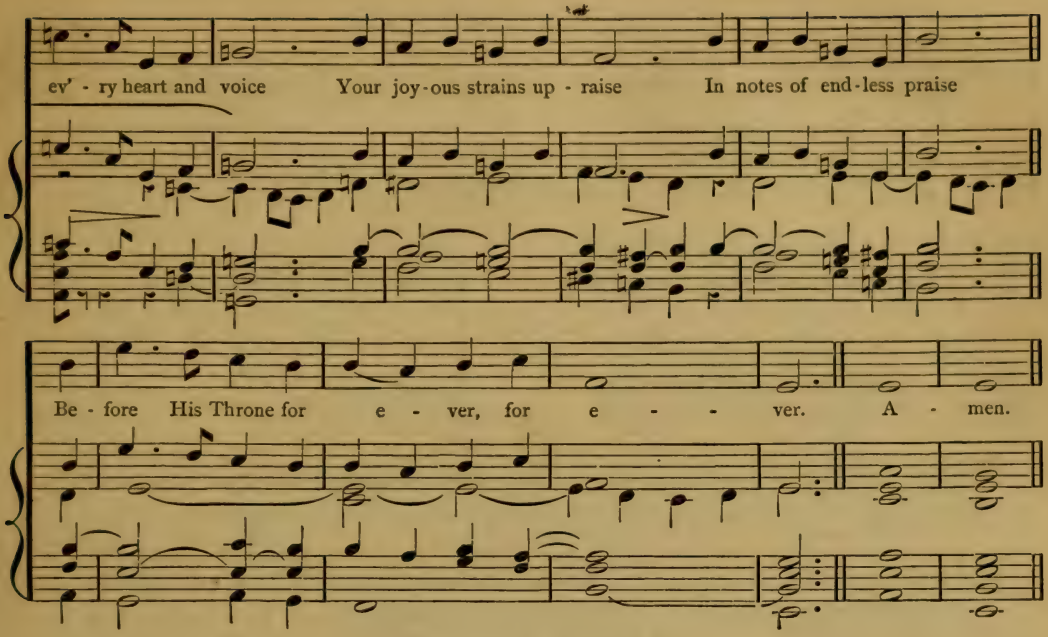
CHORAL FESTIVAL.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. P.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



VOICES IN UNISON.

Hark! Hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thankful hearts in - vi - ting To sing our great Cre-
mf
a - tor's praise, Both rich and poor u - ni - ting! Ye heav'ns and earth re - joice! And



(DEDICATION OF ORGAN.)

319

"Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs."—Ps. cl. 4.

F 1 HARK! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing our great Creator's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Ye heavens and earth rejoice!
And every heart and voice
Your joyous strains upraise
In notes of endless praise
Before His Throne for ever!

2 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the praise of Christ our King,
Both rich and poor uniting;
Who left His Throne on high,
And lowly came to die,
That we from earth might rise
To realms beyond the skies,
And live with Him for ever!

3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting;
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till, warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Glad songs of praise for ever!

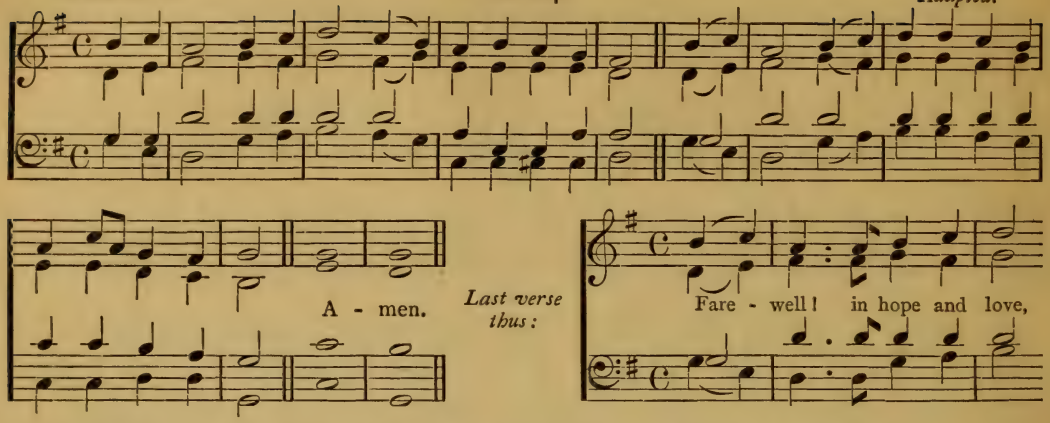
4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Till soaring higher and higher
We join the heavenly choir
Before His Throne for ever! Amen.

Also the following:—

ANGEL voices, ever singing (216).

FAREWELL SERVICE.

PARTING. 6.6.8.4. *Adapted.*



320 *"The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means."*—2 Thess. iii. 16.

P 1 With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

P 2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

P 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above
With them shall dwell.

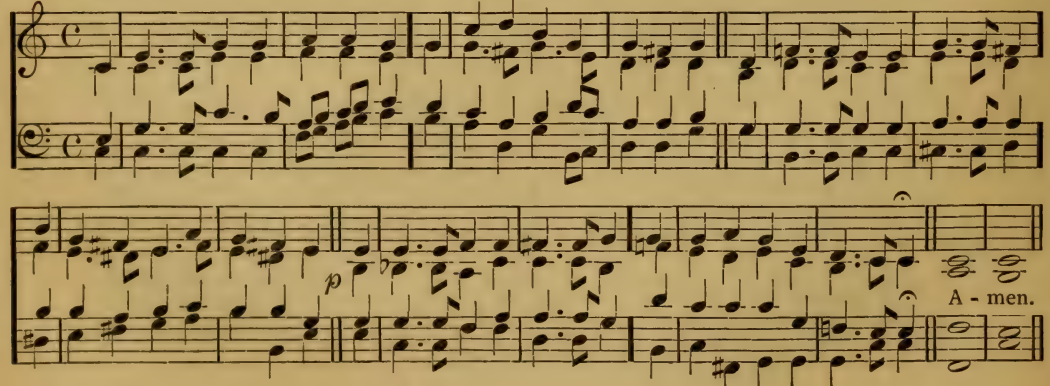
M 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee;
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be.

F 5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.

6 *p* Farewell! in hope, and love,
p In faith, and peace, and prayer;
cres. Till He whose home is ours above
f Unite us there! Amen.

FOR THOSE TRAVELLING BY SEA.

MELITA. 8.8.8.8; 8.8. J. B. DYKES.



FOR THOSE TRAVELLING BY SEA.

(Intercession for those at Sea.)

321

"*Thou rulest the raging of the sea.*"—Ps. lxxxix. 9.

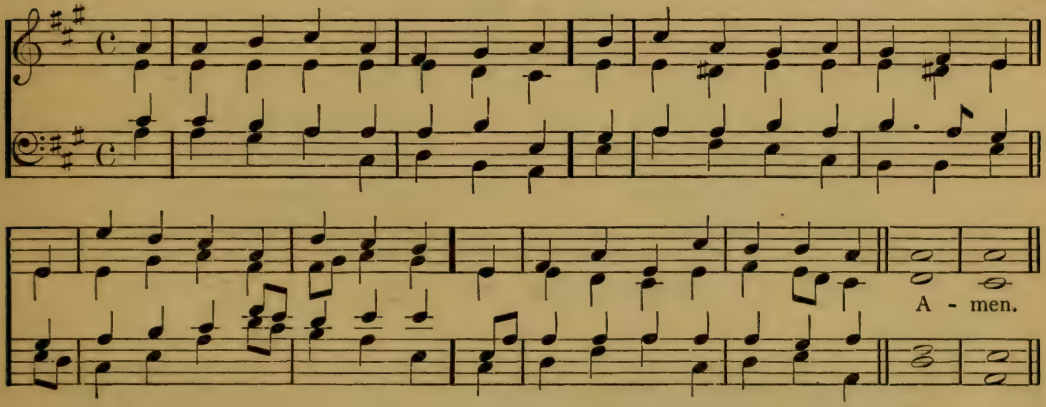
F 1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
p For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
dim. And calm amid its rage did sleep:
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
p For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
p For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
cres. And ever let there rise to Thee
f Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

Ely. L.M. Bishop Turton.



(Intercession for those at Sea.)

322

"*He divideth the sea with His power.*"—Job xxvi. 12.

1 O God, who metest in Thine hand
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree;

2 What time the floods lift up their voice
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar;

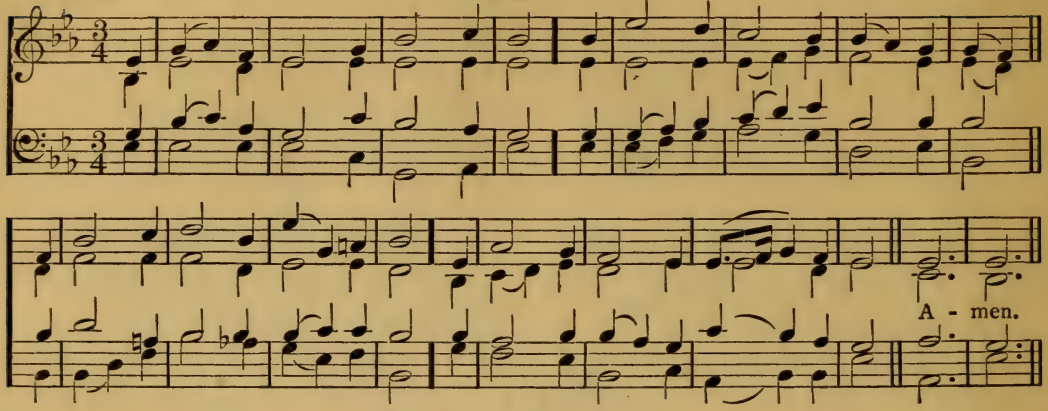
3 When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil;

4 Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, *p* "Peace, be still."

5 So with Thy mercies ever new,
Thy servants set from peril free,
cres. And bring them, Pilot, wise and true,
f Unto the port where they would be. Amen.

FOR THOSE TRAVELLING BY SEA.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



(FOR USE BY EMIGRANTS.)

323 *"Fear not, for I am with thee."*—Isa. xliii. 5.

P 1 NOW we must leave our fatherland,
And wander far o'er ocean's foam;
Broken is kinship's dearest band,
Forsaken stands our ancient home.

2 But One will ever with us go
Through busiest day and stillest night;
The heavens above, the deeps below,
Stand all unveiled before His sight.

3 If but His hand still hold us fast,
His presence hourly fold us round,
The anchor of our souls is cast
Firm on the one eternal ground.

4 Though scattered be our brethren now
O'er land and ocean far apart,
Yet to one Master still they bow,
In Him they still are one in heart.

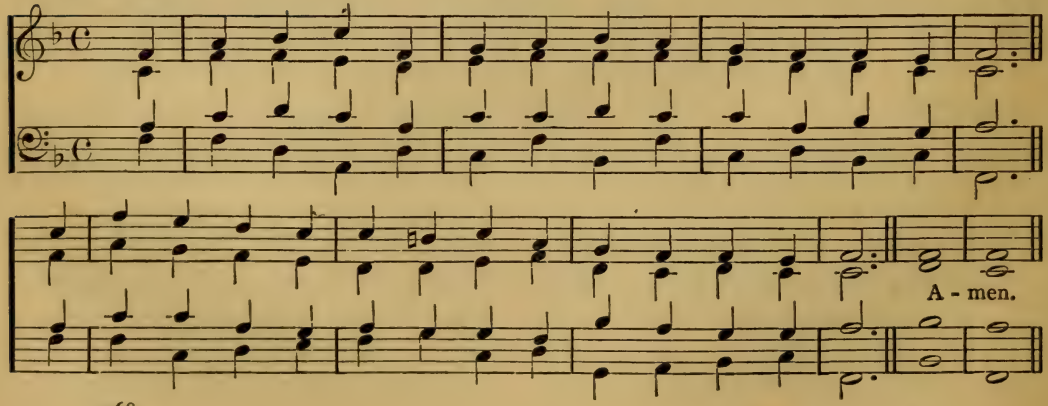
5 Sweet for each other oft to plead,
And feel our oneness in the Son!
Ah! then we daily meet indeed
In spirit at our Father's throne.

6 Soon time for us shall cease to reign,
The Saviour call us home in peace;
At last we all shall meet again,
And partings shall for ever cease. Amen.

Also the following—O CHRIST our King, give ear (440).

FOR USE AT SEA.

DUNDEE. C.M.



FOR USE AT SEA.

324 *"The winds and the sea obey Him."*—St. Mark iv. 41.

1 O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The nightly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
cres. 'Mid rising winds, we hear
f The multitude of waters surge;
dim. For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
p To whisper, "Peace, be still!"

[*6 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar;

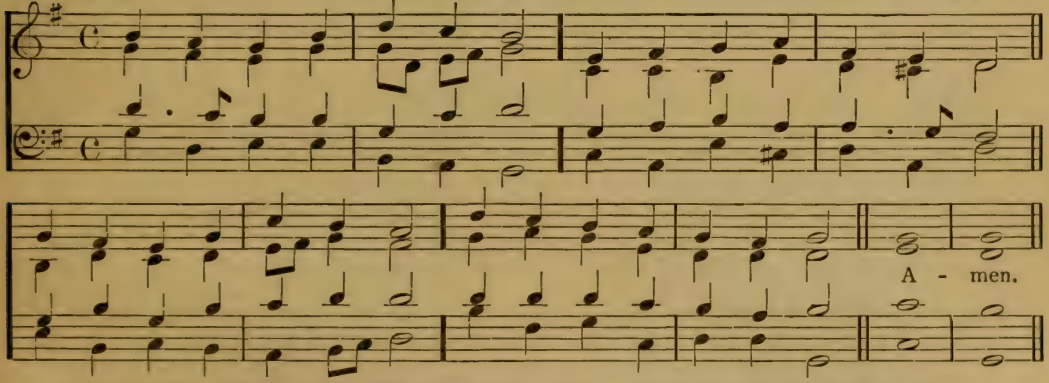
7 Be Thou the mainguard of our host
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.]

8 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

f 9 To Thee, the Father, Thee, the Son,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
Thee, Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore! Amen.

* To be added in time of war.

VIENNA. 7·7·7·7. GERMAN.



325 *"They willingly received Him into the ship; and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."*—St. John vi. 21.

1 ON the waters dark and drear,
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near;
With our ship where'er it roam,
As with loving friends at home.

2 Thou hast walked the heaving wave;
Thou art mighty still to save;
With one gentle word of Peace,
Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

3 Safely from the boisterous main
Bring us back to port, again;
In our haven we shall be,
Jesu, if we have but Thee.

4 Only by Thy power and love
Fit us for the port above;
Still the deadly storm within,
Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

F 5 So when breaks the glorious dawn
Of the Resurrection morn,
When the night of toil is o'er,
We shall see Thee on the shore.

F 6 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Praise unending unto Thee,
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

326

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

1 THE ark of God in safety rode
Upon the foaming waves;
The hand of God is with us still,
He loves us and He saves.

2 A way was opened in the sea,
Parted by Moses' rod;
The stormy surge a highway is
To all who trust in God.

3 O Thou whose way is on the waves,
Defend us on the deep;
Our Queen, our country, all we love,
Bless, and in safety keep.

4 Each at his post, the work assigned
In order we fulfil;
So may we in the bark of Christ
Obey His holy will.

5 The helmsman steers us through the storms
And quicksands to the shore;
Christ at the helm His vessel guides
To peace for evermore.

p 6 Our ship may founder; but the sea
cres. Will one day yield its dead;
f And all Christ's loyal crew will then
f Be safe with Christ their Head.

P 7 The stars will fall, the sun be dark,
There will be no more sea;
And in a billowy flood of fire
The earth will whelmèd be:

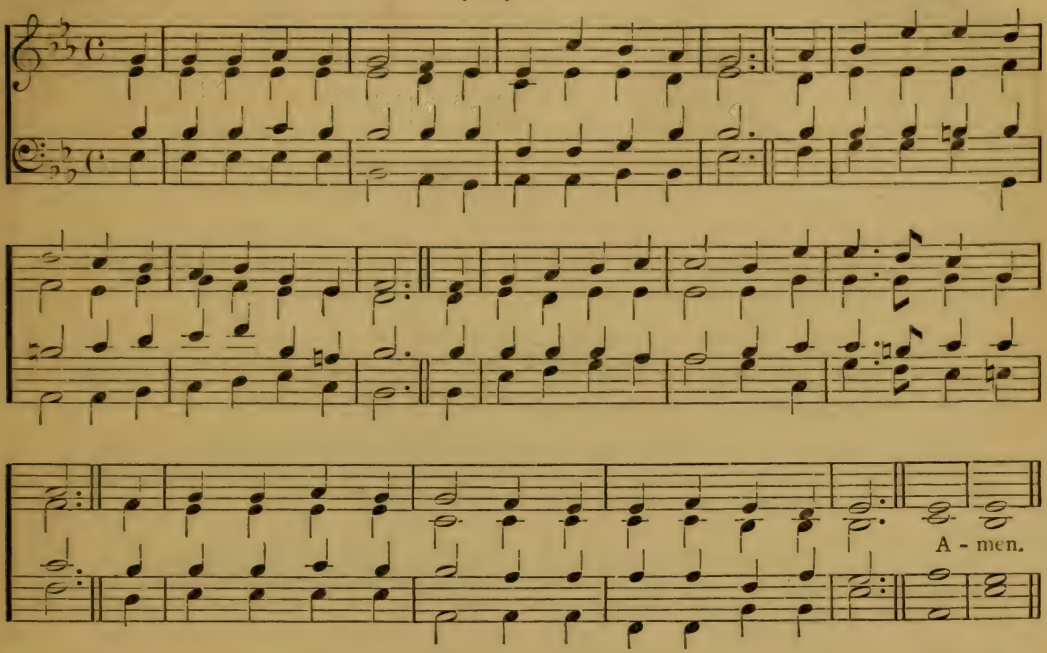
F 8 But safely on the flaming waves
The ship of Christ will ride,
And all will come to land with joy
Who in that ship abide.

9 Thus ever Thou, O blessèd Lord,
Art with us on the sea;
Oh, may we in the heavenly port
Be ever, Lord, with Thee!

F 10 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternal praise be given,
The God who guides through earthly storms
To endless joys in Heaven! Amen.

FOR USE AT SEA.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.



327 *"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."*—Isa. xliii. 2.

1 THE ocean hath no danger
For those whose prayers are made
To Him who in a manger
A helpless Babe was laid;

Who, born to tribulation,
And every human ill,
Yet, Lord of His creation,
The wildest waves can still.

2 If fierce the tempest round us,
And white the angry deep,
Yet He, when lost, who found us,
Can still His treasure keep;

Nor wind nor wave can harm us,
Though hope itself grow dim,
No tempest need alarm us,
If peace we seek in Him.

3 Though life itself be waning,
And waves shall o'er us sweep,
The wild wind's sad complaining
Shall lull us still to sleep;

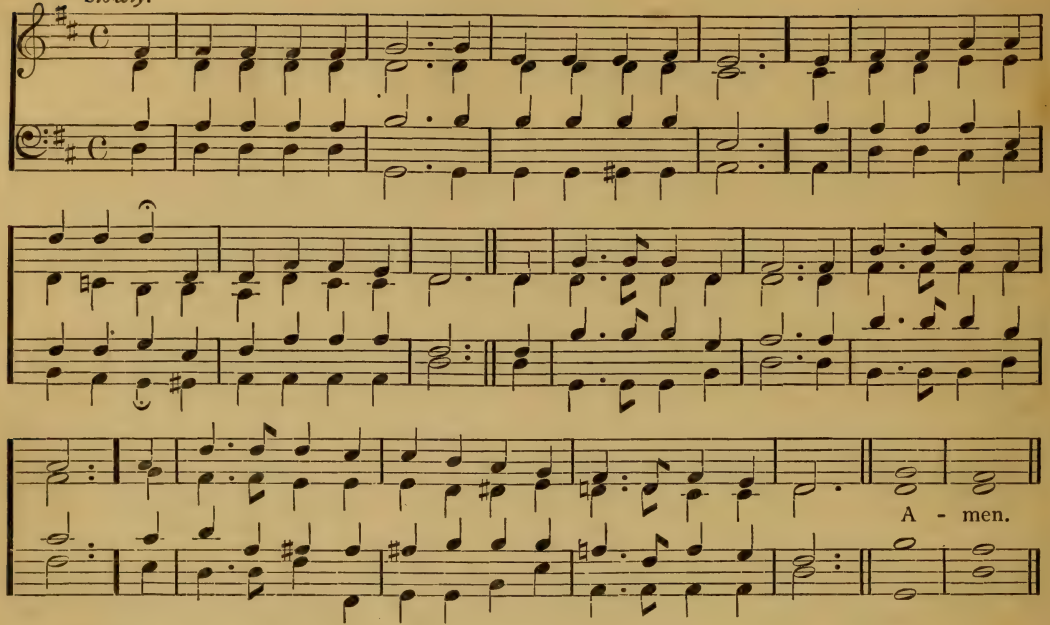
For as a gentle slumber
E'en death itself shall prove
To those whom Christ doth number
As worthy of His love.

4 Then, holy Jesu, hear us,
And keep us free from harm,
Have pity, Lord, and bear us
On Thy supporting arm.

Should storm or calm befall us,
Whate'er our lot may be,
When all is o'er—then call us
Home, Saviour, home to Thee! Amen.

LEOMINSTER. D.S.M. ANON.

Slowly.



328

"*The time is short.*"—1 Cor. vii. 29.

P 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons wane,
And we shall be with those that rest
Till Christ shall come again:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

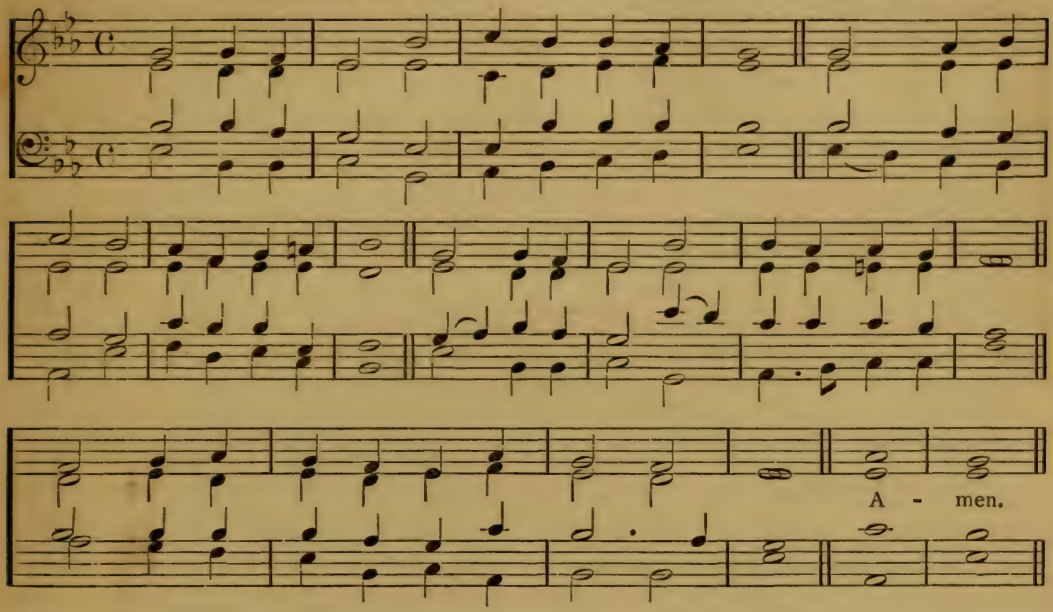
2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
f And we shall be where God Himself
f Lights all the glorious clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this stern rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
f Who died that we might live, who lives
f That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day:
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

EVENTIDE. 10.10.10.10. W. H. MONK.



329

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—St. Luke xxiv. 29.

P 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

cres. 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as Thou dwell'dst with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

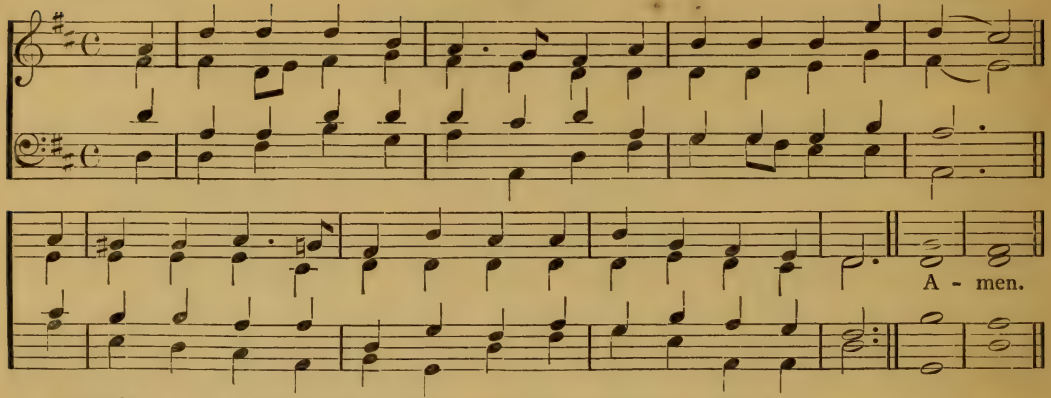
6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
f Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
f I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

p 8 Hold then Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
cres. Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
f In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

May be omitted from [*to*].

ZWINGLE. C.M. KNECHT.



330

"We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour."—Heb. ii. 9.

F 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all!

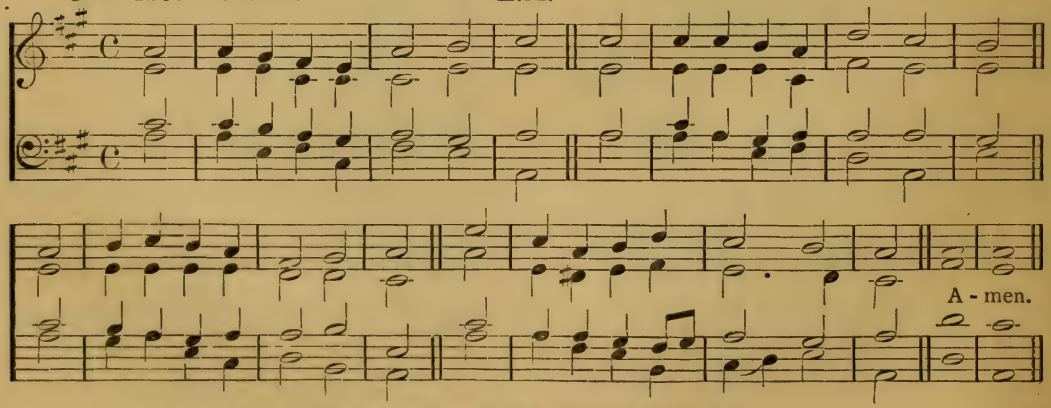
2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him whose blood-stained path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.



For another form of this tune, see Hymn 305.

331

"Oh, be joyful in the Lord."—Ps. c. 1.

F 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

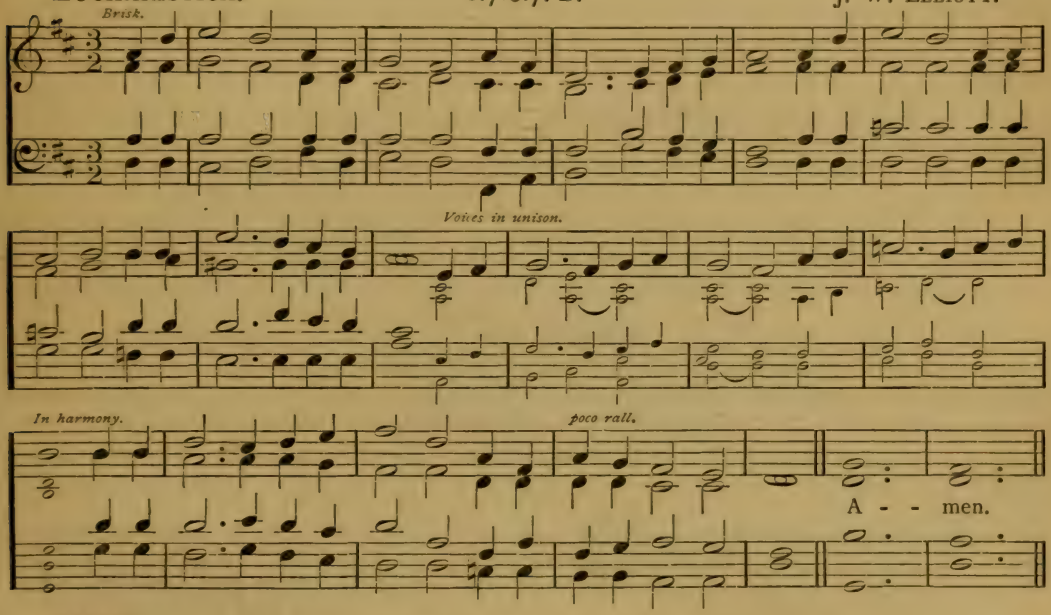
2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh! enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

EUCHARISTICA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.



332

"Thine, O Lord, is the victory."—1 Chron. xxix. 11.

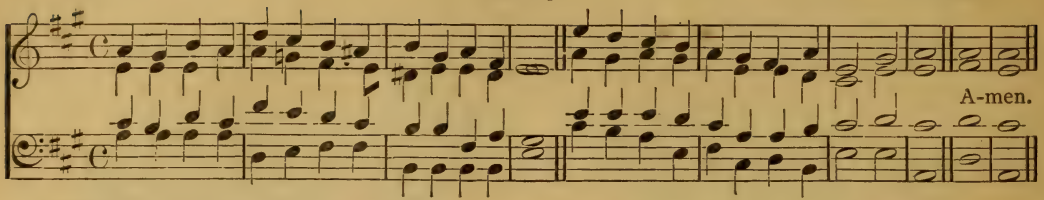
F 1 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood!"

2 Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise—
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood!" Amen.

REST. 8.5.8.3. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



333

"Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and causeth to approach unto Thee."—Ps. lxv. 4.

C* 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One—"and coming,
Be at rest!"

C 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
D *p* "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
p And His side."

C 3 Is there crown of royal splendour,
That His brow adorns?
D *p* "Yea, a crown in very surety,
p But of thorns!"

C 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
D *p* "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
p Many a tear."

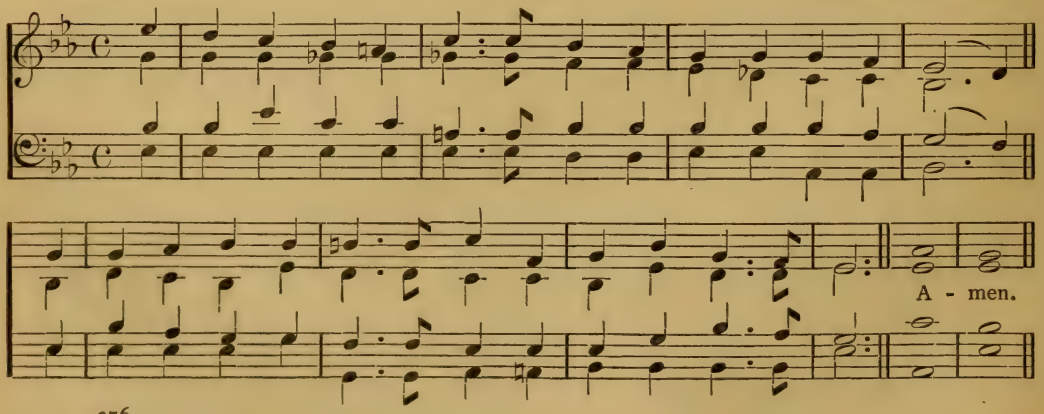
C 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
D *f* "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
f Jordan past!"

C 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
D *f* "Not till earth, and not till heaven
f Pass away!"

FULL 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
ff Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
ff Answer, "Yes!" Amen.

* *This may be sung antiphonally,* C *standing for Cantoris, and* D *for Decani.*

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. JOSEPH BARNBY.



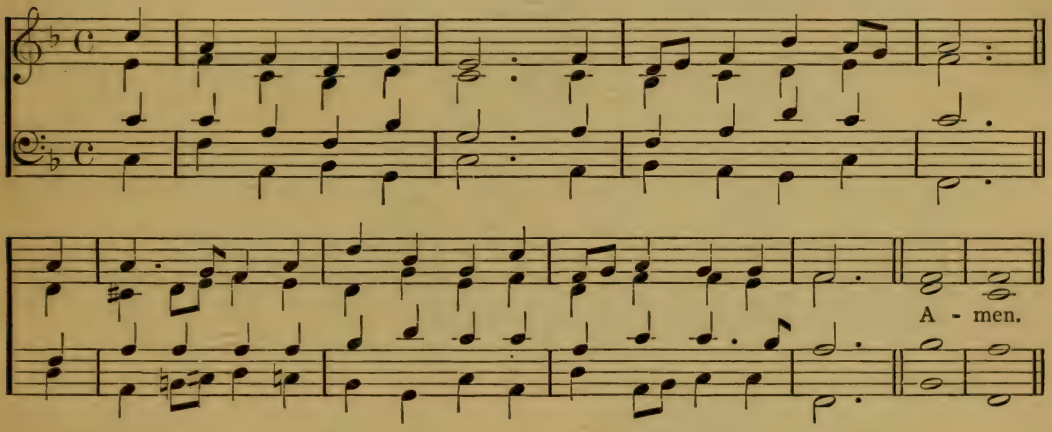
334 "*As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.*"—Ps. xlii. 1.

P 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
m Hope still, and thou shalt sing
f The praise of Him who is thy God,
f Thy health's eternal spring. Amen.

THE DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. CHARLES STEGGALL.



335 "*They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.*"—Rev. xv. 3.

F 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of glory to the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

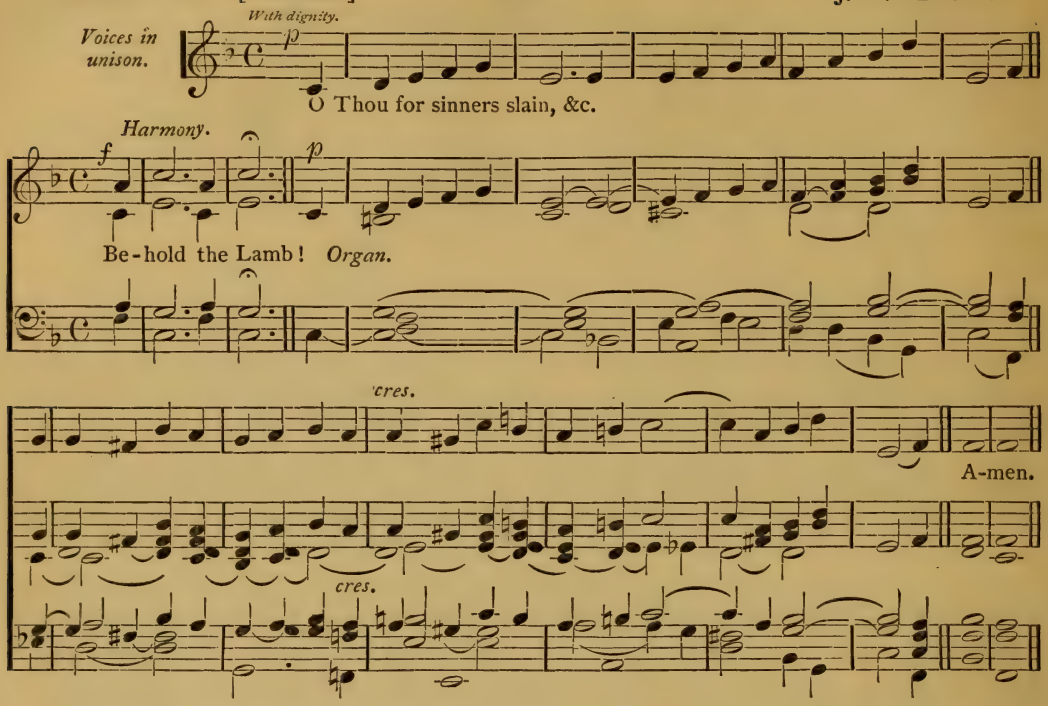
2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

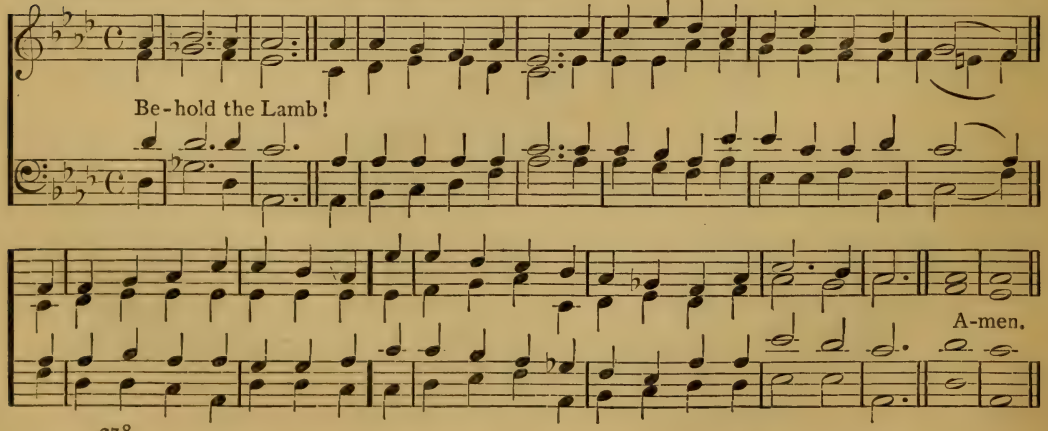
4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come":
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb. Amen.

AGNUS DEI. [*First Tune.*] P.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



BEHOLD THE LAMB. [*Second Tune.*] P.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



336

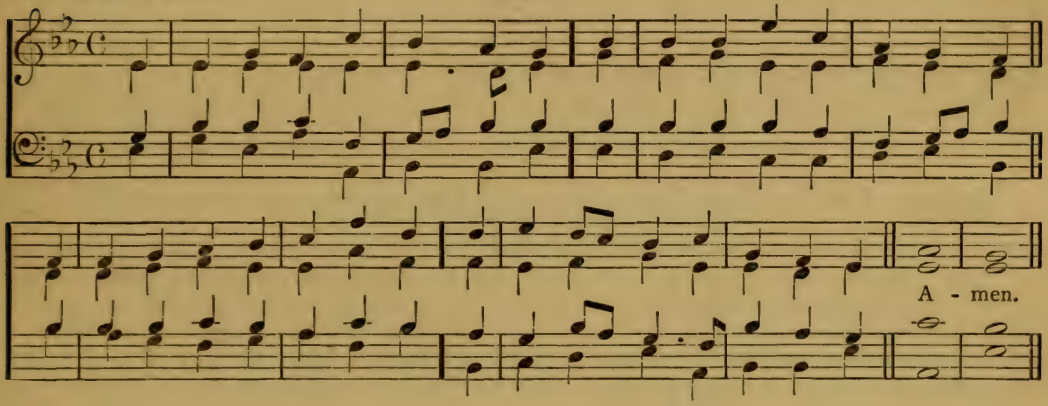
"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—St. John i. 29.

p 1 BEHOLD the Lamb!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died.
Thee, for my Saviour let me take,
Thee, Thee alone my refuge make,
Thy piercèd side.

p 2 Behold the Lamb!
All hail, Eternal Word!
Thou everlasting Lord,
Purge out our leaven;
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with Thy celestial food,
Manna from heaven.

f 3 Behold the Lamb!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light, all Love! Amen.

WAINWRIGHT. L.M.



337

"Lord, it is good for us to be here."—St. Matt. xvii. 4.

1 BEHOLD, they gain the lonely height,
The Master and the favoured three,
And through the thickest gloom of night
The glory of the Lord they see.

2 He prays, and lo! the wondrous cloud
Enwraps Him in its robe of fire;
And they on earth, in terror bowed,
Look upward, fainting with desire.

3 What forms are these that, floating near,
Hold converse with their Lord on high?
The prophet old, the Tishbite seer,
Why speak they now of Calvary?

4 Yea, seer and prophet witness gave
That all their work on earth was done:
For He, the Christ, was strong to save,
And all that they had hoped was won.

5 What wonder that the eager heart
Should seek to stay the flight of time;
And, from that vision loath to part,
Still linger in that loftier clime?

6 Ah, vain the dream! The morning clear
Brings back earth's weary life again;
The heavenly voice no more they hear,
But murmuring cries of doubt and pain.

7 Yet still within each faithful breast
There dwells the thought of what shall be;
That vision of the eternal rest,
That cloud of Love's deep mystery.

8 So grant us, Lord, through mists of night,
To see Thee in Thy glory clad;
Make us Thy children, heirs of light,
And with Thy gladness make us glad. Amen.

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

338 *"I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."*—Rev. xxi. 2.

1 BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim-descried;
Built of living stones elected,
Built for ever to abide;
Angel-circled, as the virgins
For the Bridegroom deck the bride.

2 Newly bright from heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage,
Forth she comes her Lord to greet;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks;
Shines the golden-pavèd street.

3 Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
Widely flung each ample door,
Where in marriage-garments glistening
They are entering evermore,
Who the bitter cross embracing
Christ's reproach in this world bore.

p 4 Stern the strokes, the dint was heavy,
Keen the graving of His hand,
m Ere each finished stone was planted
As the Master-Builder planned,
f Beauteous, changeless, through all ages
In the house of God to stand.

PART II.

5 Deeply laid, a sure Foundation,
Christ, the anointed Corner-stone,
Reaching on to every nation,
Binding both the walls in one,
Sion's joy and strong salvation
Makes the faithful all His own.

6 All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously,
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in Persons Three.

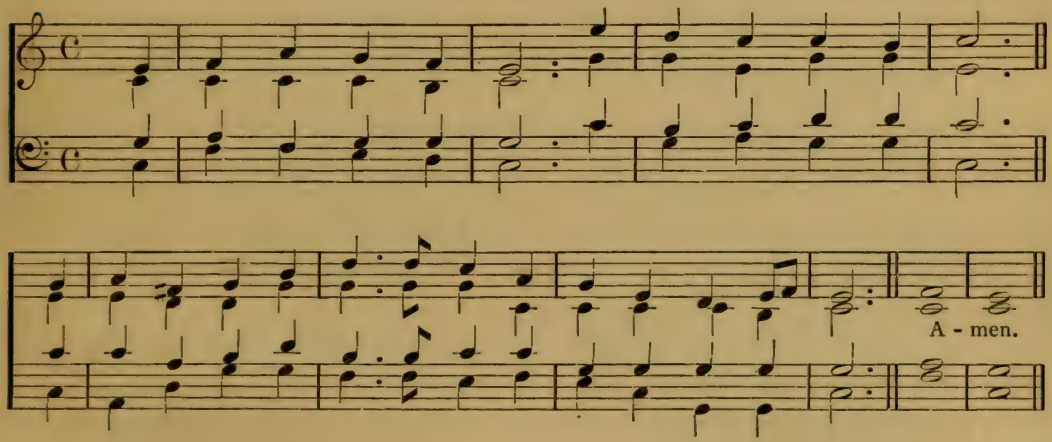
7 Visit, Lord, the earthly temple
Where Thy presence we implore;
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that Thee adore;
Sprinkle here Thy benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

8 Mete Thou here the promised measure
Running o'er and closely pressed,
Foretaste of the eternal pleasure
By the saints in light possessed;
There our heart is, there our treasure,
Paradise, and home, and rest.

GENERAL ENDING.

F 9 To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost, for ever
Unity in Trinity,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise, and might, and majesty. Amen.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



339

"I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."—Isa. lvii. 15.

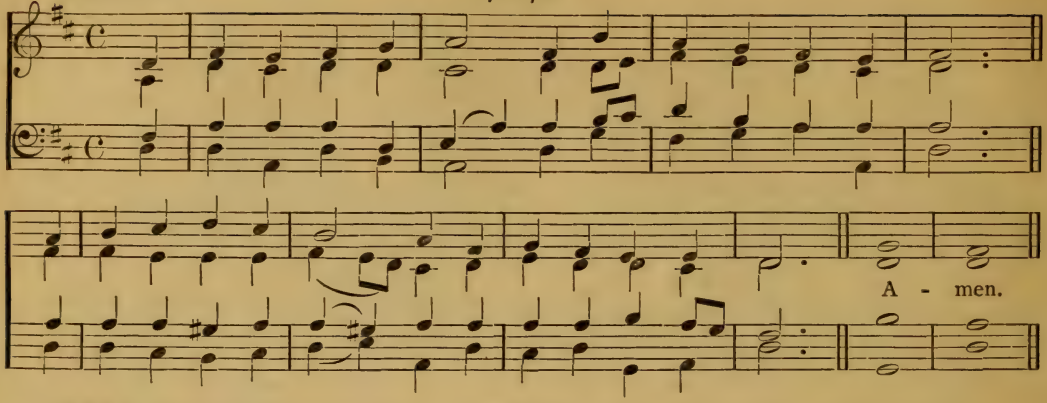
P 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

LINCOLN. 7.6.7.6



340

"Turn us again, O God, and cause Thy face to shine; and we shall be saved."—Ps. lxxx. 3.

P 1 BOWED low in supplication,
We come, O Lord, to Thee;
Thy grace alone can save us;
To Thee alone we flee.

2 We come for this our parish
Thy mercy to implore;
On church, and homes, and people,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour.

3 Blot out our sins, O Father!
Forgive the guilty past;
Loose from their chains the captives
Whom Satan holdeth fast.

4 Wake up the slumbering conscience
To listen to Thy call;
The weak and wavering strengthen,
And raise up them that fall.

5 Our crying sin drive from us
With Thy chastising rod;
That we may be a people
Fearing and loving God.

6 Oh! be Thy house, Lord, hallowed,
And hallowed be Thy day;
Let sin-stained souls find pardon,
And learn to love and pray.

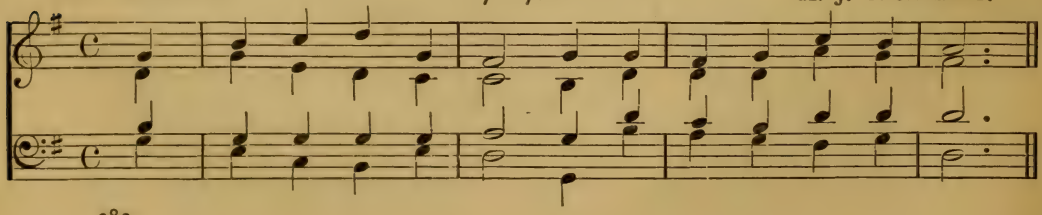
7 Oh! bless and keep the faithful,
That they may stand secure;
Unharmed by Satan's malice,
And steadfast, meek, and pure.

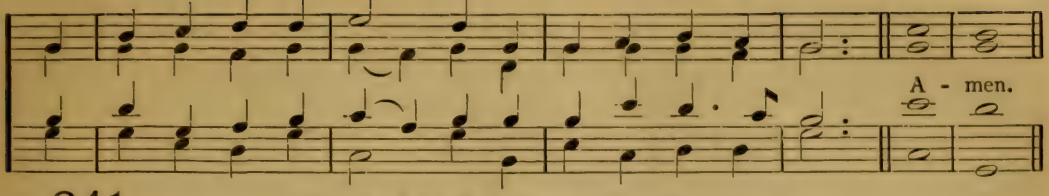
8 With heavenly food supported,
Oh! be they firm and strong
To follow all things holy,
To flee from all things wrong.

9 Lord, banish strife and variance,
Knit sundered hearts in one;
And bind us all together
In love to Thy dear Son.

10 O Father, bless our parish,
That all may grow in grace,
And love Thee daily better,
Until we see Thy face. Amen.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.





341

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16.

F *p* 1 Brief life is here our portion;
p Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 There God, our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

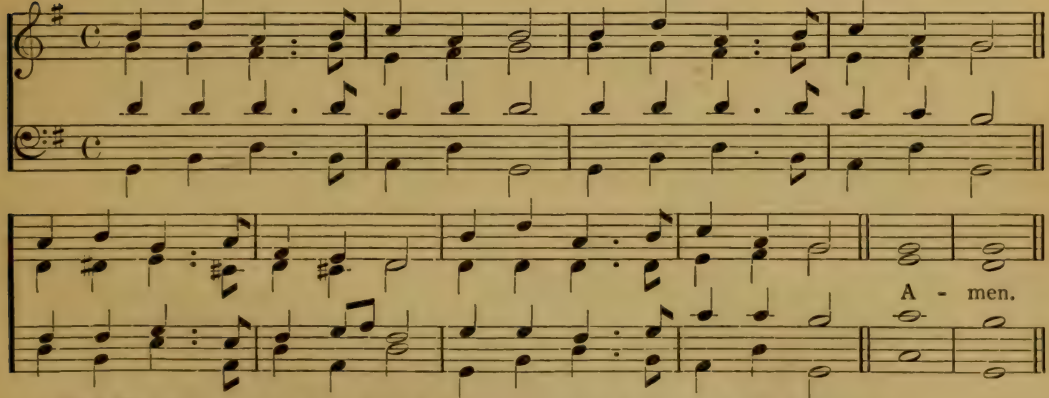
3 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore!

4 Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight!

Exult, O dust and ashes;
The Lord shall be thy part,
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art. Amen.

GERMAN HYMN. 7·7·7·7. *From* PLEYEL.



342

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. xxxv. 10.

1 Children of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

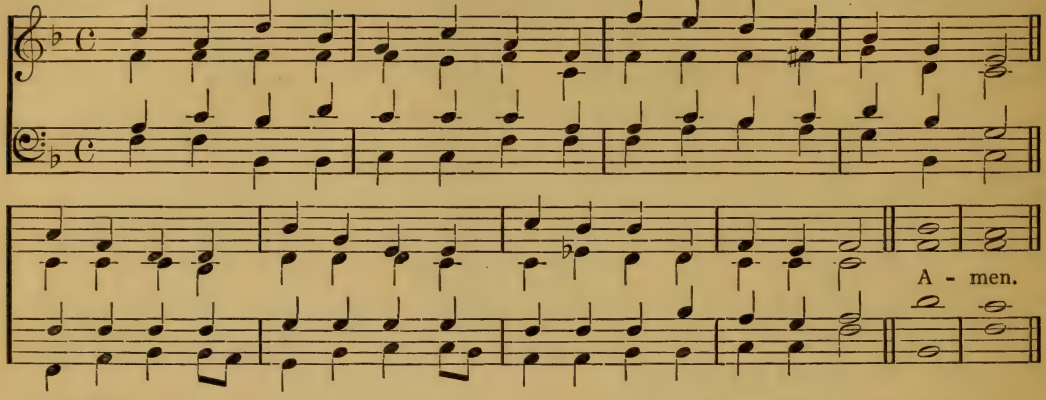
2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren! Joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

F 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Praise to Thee, O Christ our King,
And the Holy Ghost, we sing. Amen.

NEWTON FERNS. 8.7.8.7. SAMUEL SMITH.



343 *"Jesus Christ, who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God."*—1 St. Pet. iii. 22.

F 1 CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King triumphant, strong to save!
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

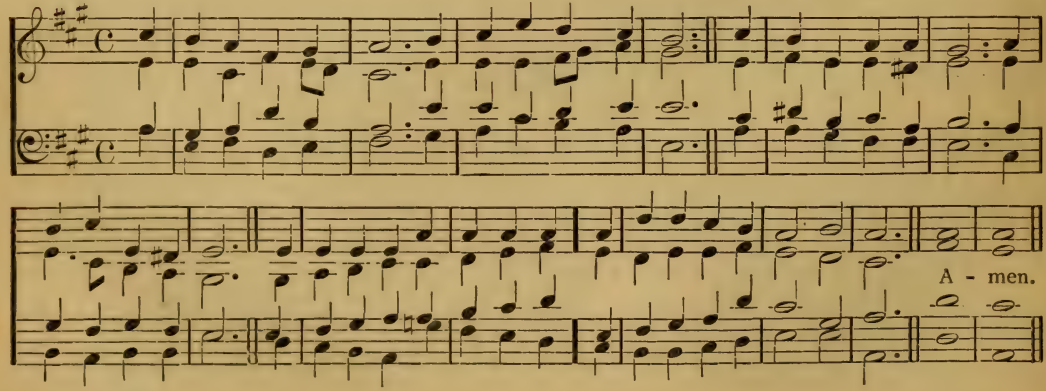
3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high!

5 So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore! Amen.

ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. J. B. DYKES.



344

"Let Thine eyes be opened to this house night and day."—1 Kings viii. 29.

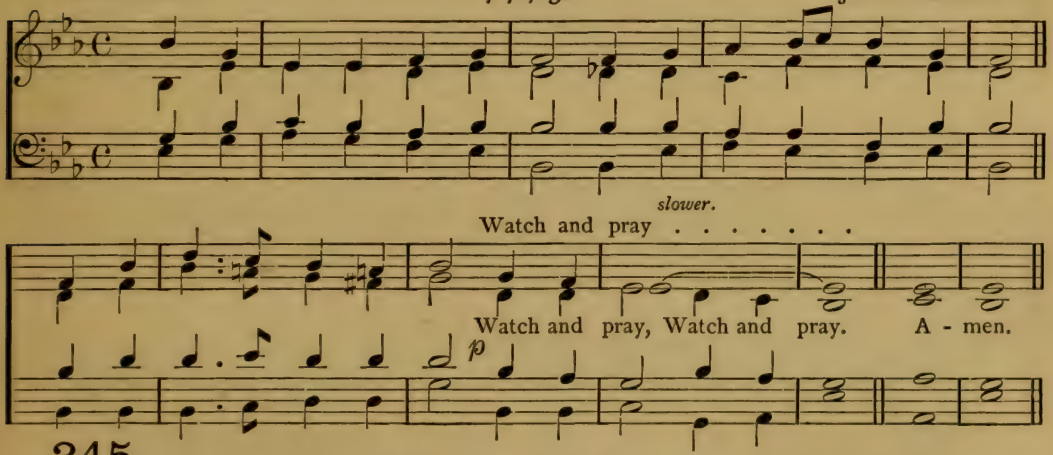
1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

F 2 Oh! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away. Amen.

AGATHOS. 7.7.7.3. J. W. ELLIOTT.



345

"Watch and pray."—St. Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian Angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;—
p Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;—
p Watch and pray.

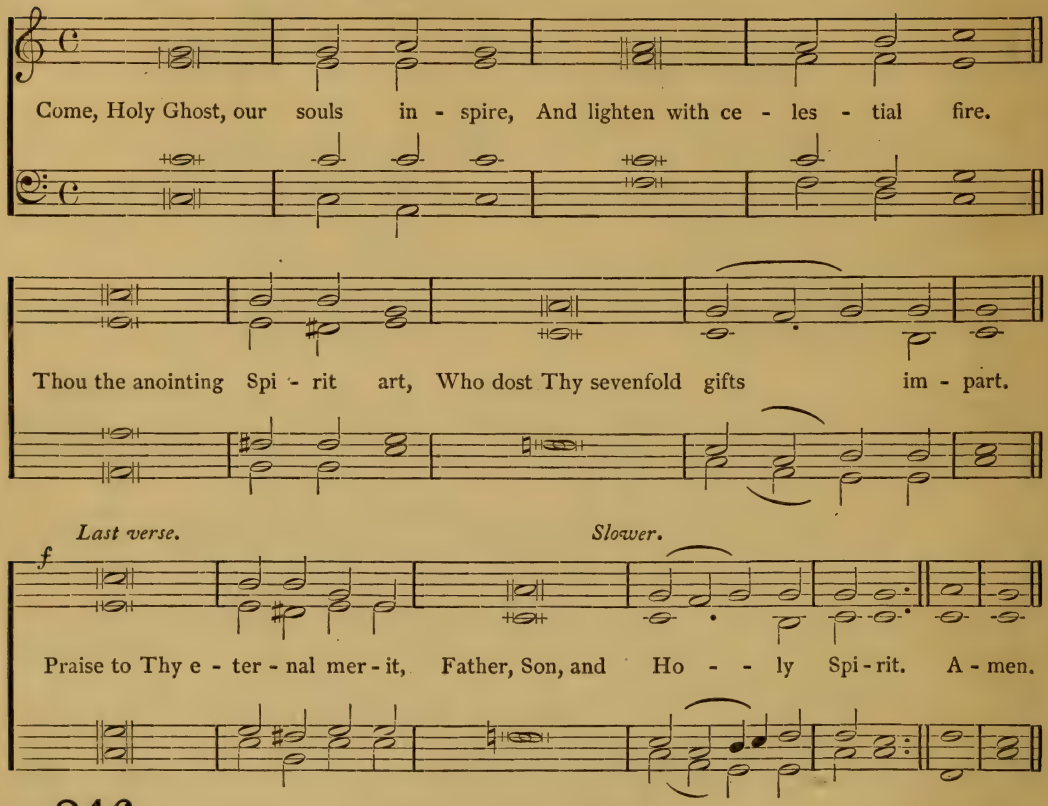
3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
p Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they watch each warrior's way,
All with one deep voice exclaim—
p Watch and pray.

5 Hear above all these thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,—
p Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down,—
p Watch and pray. Amen.

VENI CREATOR. [*First Tune.*] S.


Come, Holy Ghost, our souls in - spire, And lighten with ce - les - tial fire.
Thou the anointing Spi - rit art, Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts im - part.
Last verse.
Slower.
f
Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Father, Son, and Ho - - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

346

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our | souls inspire,
And lighten with ce | lestial fire.

2 Thou the anointing | Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold | gifts impart.

3 Thy blessed unction | from above
Is comfort, life, and | fire of love.

4 Enable, with per | petual light,
The dulness of our | blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our | soilèd face
With the abundance | of Thy grace.

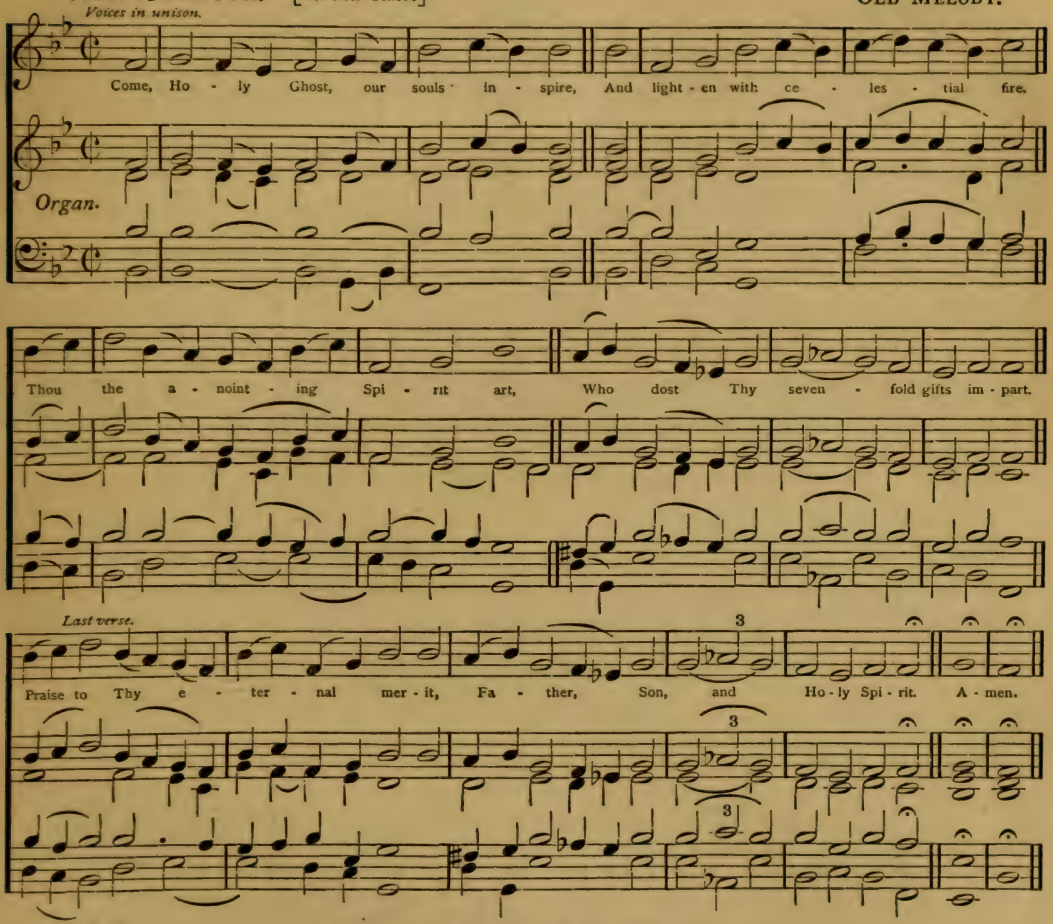
6 Keep far our foes, give | peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no | ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the | Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to | be but One;

8 That, through the ages | all along,
This may be our | endless song:—

F 9 Praise to Thy e | ternal merit,
Father, Son, and | Holy Spirit. Amen.

VENI CREATOR. [*Second Tune.*] OLD MELODY.


Voices in unison.
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire.
Organ.
Thou the a - noint - ing Spi - rit art, Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part.
Last verse.
Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

346

"*Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*"—St. John xx. 22.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:—

9 Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.

347

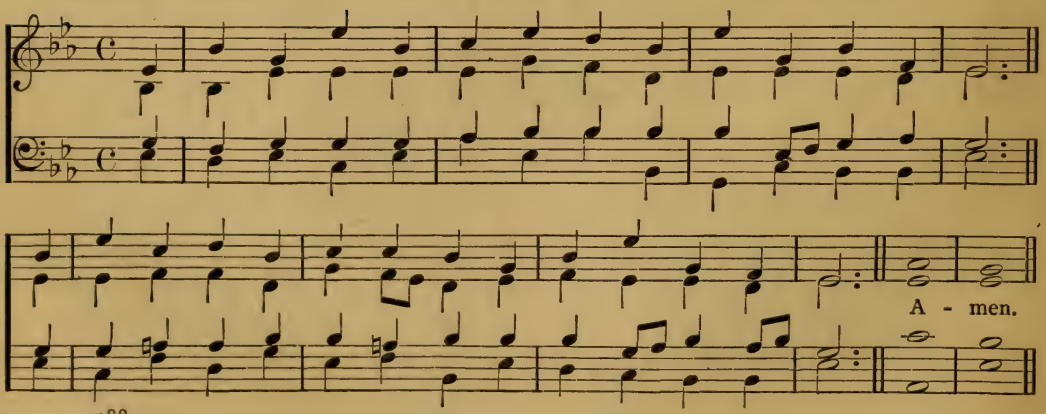
"Hereby know ye the Spirit of God."—1 St. John iv. 2.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, who, ever One,
Reignest with Father and with Son,
And now our inmost souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

2 Let flesh, and heart, and lips, and mind,
Sound forth our witness to mankind;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

F 3 Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given,
By men on earth, by saints in heaven. Amen.

LONDON NEW. C.M.



348

"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—Rev. v. 13.

F 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;
"For He was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

LANGTON. S.M. *Adapted by* C. STREATFIELD.

349

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. xxii. 20.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
p Oh! why these years of waiting here,
p These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

F 3 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
f Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
f Great King of Righteousness. Amen.

RODBOURNE. 7·7·7·5. R. HAKING.

350

"*I am He that comforteth you.*"—Isa. li. 12.

P 1 COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
Sick and faint; Thy strength afford:
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine!

4 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

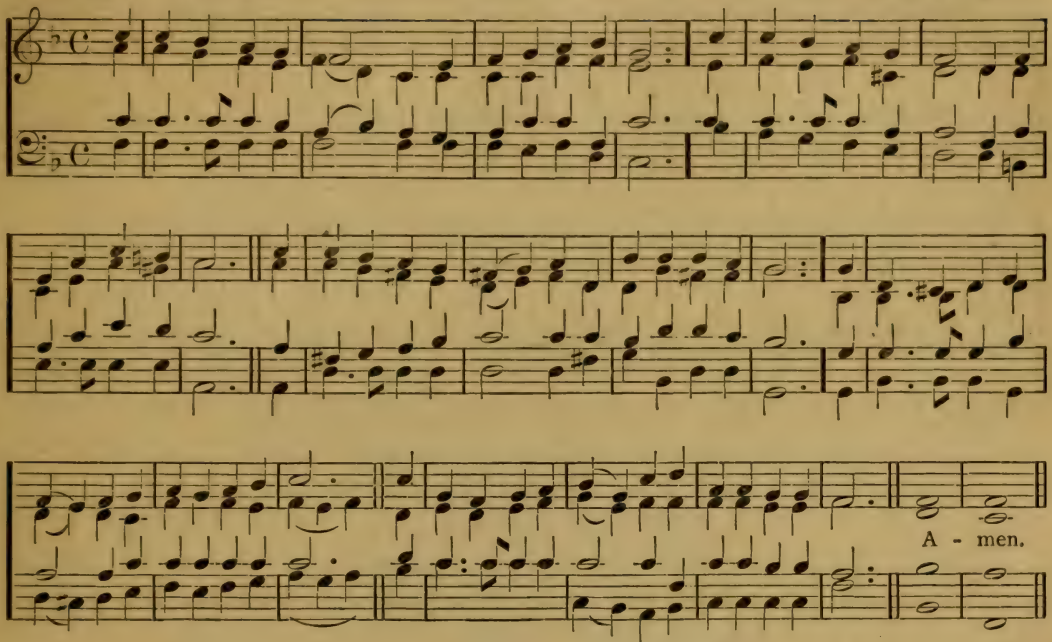
5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast,
There supreme to reign and rest,
Comforter Divine!

6 In us for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

7 In us "Abba, Father" cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine!

8 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine! Amen.

COME UNTO ME. 7.6.7.6. D. *From* HANDEL.



Repeat the last two lines of each verse.

351

"*Come unto Me.*"—St. Matt. xi. 28.

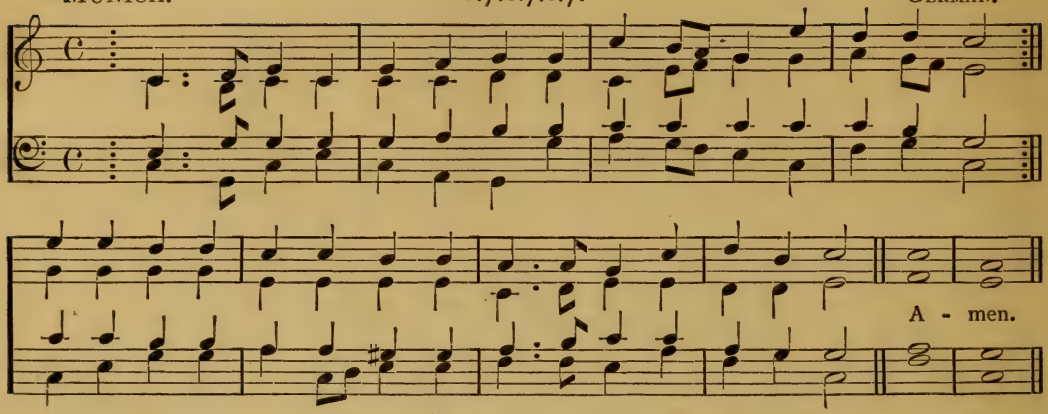
P 1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
m Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
m Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
f Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
m Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
pp Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
cres. But morning brings us gladness,
f And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
m Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
f And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out,"
m Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
cres. Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
f To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Amen.

MUNICH. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



352

"Let the God of my salvation be exalted."—Ps. xviii. 46.

F 1 COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem;
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him who brought salvation,
Wondrous in His works and ways;
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.

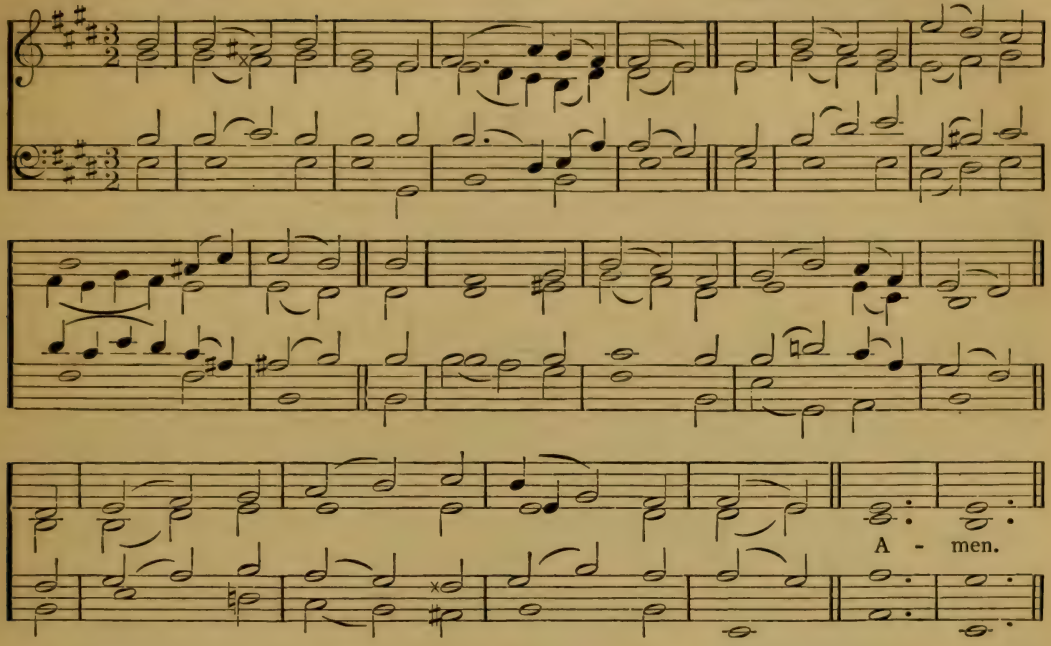
m 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or spread the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die;
p Foreordained the Prince of princes
p For the throne of Calvary.

3 Now above the sapphire pavement,
High in unapproachèd light,
Lo! He lives and reigns for ever,
Victor after hard-won fight,
Where the song of the redeemèd
Rings unceasing day and night.

4 Yet this earth He still remembers,
Still by Him the flock are fed:
Yea, He gives them food immortal,
Gives Himself, the Living Bread;
Leads them where the precious Fountain
From the smitten Rock is shed.

5 Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims;
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
Pledged He stands for your salvation,
Pledged to give the promised land,
Where among the ransomed nations
Ye too round His throne shall stand. Amen.

ST. VINCENT. L.M. *Adapted by* C. E. WILLING.



353 "*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.*"—Ps. cxxvi. 5.

p 1 CREATOR of the world! to Thee
m An endless rest of joy belongs;
cres. And heavenly choirs are ever free
f To sing on high their festal songs.

2 But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come;
And how can we, in exile drear,
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home?

3 O Father! who dost promise still
That they who mourn shall blessèd be;
Grant us to mourn for deeds of ill,
That banish us so long from Thee:

4 But, weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon Thy loving care;
cres. Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
f Their songs of praise in heaven to share.
Amen.

354

"Thou hast crowned Him with glory and honour."—Ps. viii. 5.

F 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose conqu'ring arm those trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
The Saviour long foretold,
The Branch of Jesse's stem,
The eternal Shepherd of His fold,
The Babe of Bethlehem!

3 Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of Life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high;
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die!

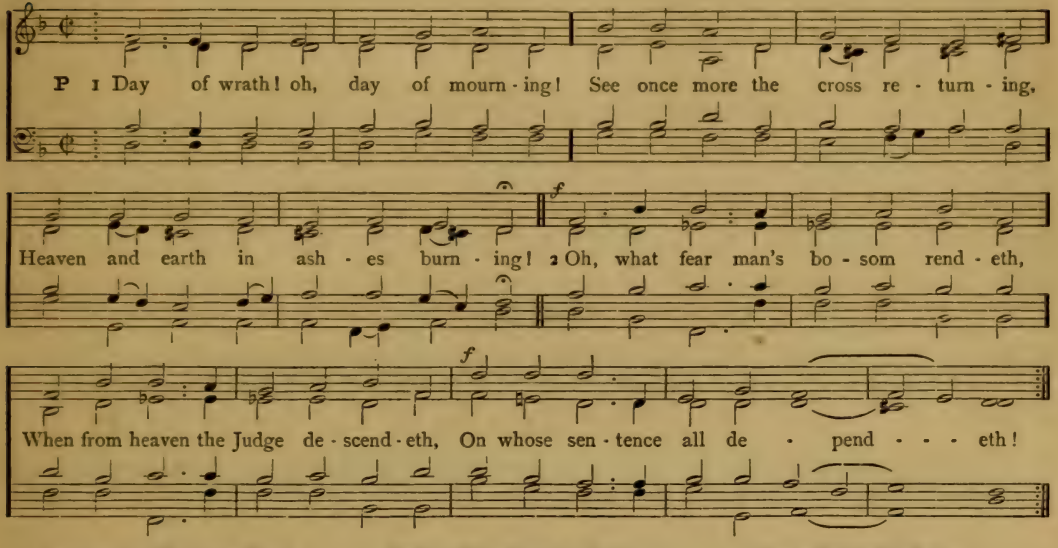
5 Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be love and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
The thousand tones of earth shall blend,
In concord ever sweet.

6 Crown Him the Lord of Might,
The King of kings alone
Maker of all, serene and bright,
On His eternal throne;
On the broad sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His throne,—the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves!

7 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
The King to whom alone is given
The wondrous name of Love!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity! Amen.

355 *"The great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"*—Rev. vi. 17.

DIES IRÆ. P.M. J. B. DYKES.


P 1 Day of wrath! oh, day of mourn - ing! See once more the cross re - turn - ing,
Heaven and earth in ash - es burn - ing! 2 Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth,
When from heaven the Judge de - scend - eth, On whose sen - tence all de - pend - - - eth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

PART II.

9 Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

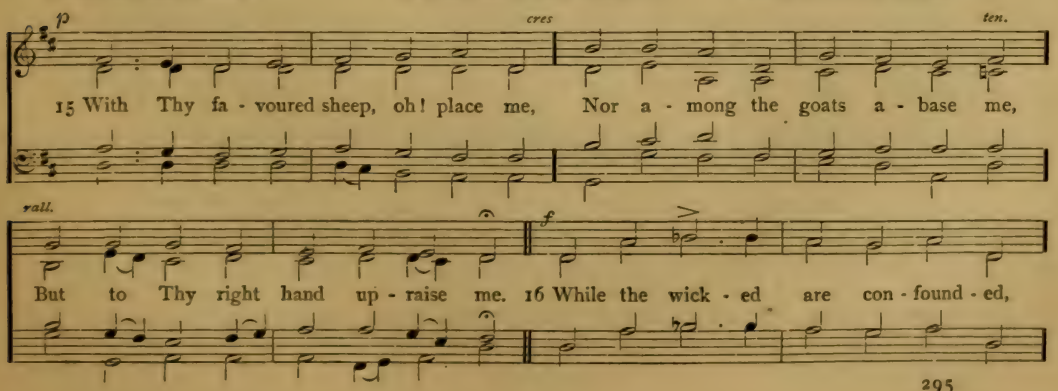
10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suff'ring bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

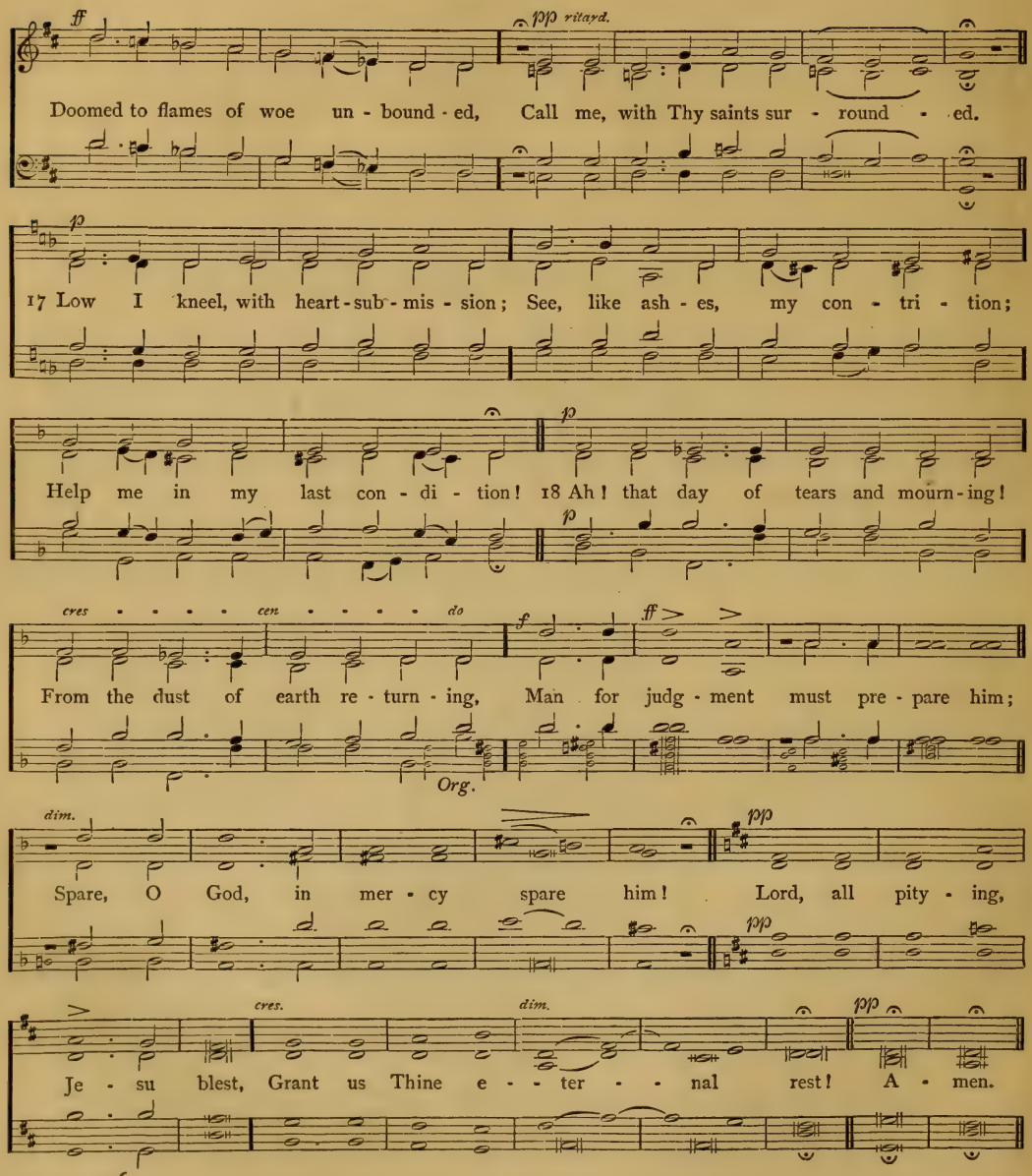
11 Righteous Judge of Retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that Reckoning Day's conclusion!

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

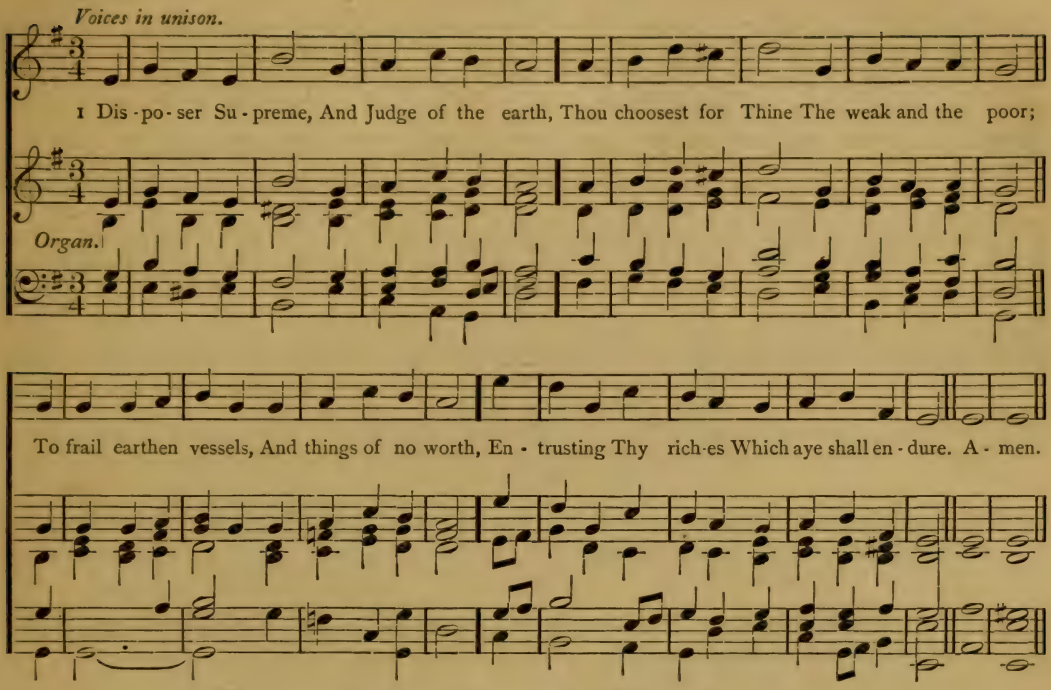
13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.


p
cres
ten.
15 With Thy fa - voured sheep, oh! place me, Nor a - mong the goats a - base me,
rall.
But to Thy right hand up - raise me. 16 While the wick - ed are con - found - ed,


ff
pp ritard.
Doomed to flames of woe un - bound - ed, Call me, with Thy saints sur - round - ed.
p
17 Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion; See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion;
p
Help me in my last con - di - tion! 18 Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!
p
cres. cen. do
f
ff
From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him;
Org.
dim.
pp
Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord, all pity - ing,
pp
cres.
dim.
pp
Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - - ter - - nal rest! A - men.

OLD 104TH. P.M.


Voices in unison.
1 Dis - po - ser Su - preme, And Judge of the earth, Thou choosest for Thine The weak and the poor;
Organ.
To frail earthen vessels, And things of no worth, En - trusting Thy rich-es Which aye shall en - dure. A - men.

(See also "HANOVER," Hymn 477.)

356

"Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."—Rom. x. 18.

1 DISPOSER Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Thou choosest for Thine
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels,
And things of no worth,
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure.

p 2 Those vessels soon fail,
p Though full of Thy light,
p And at Thy decree
p Are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

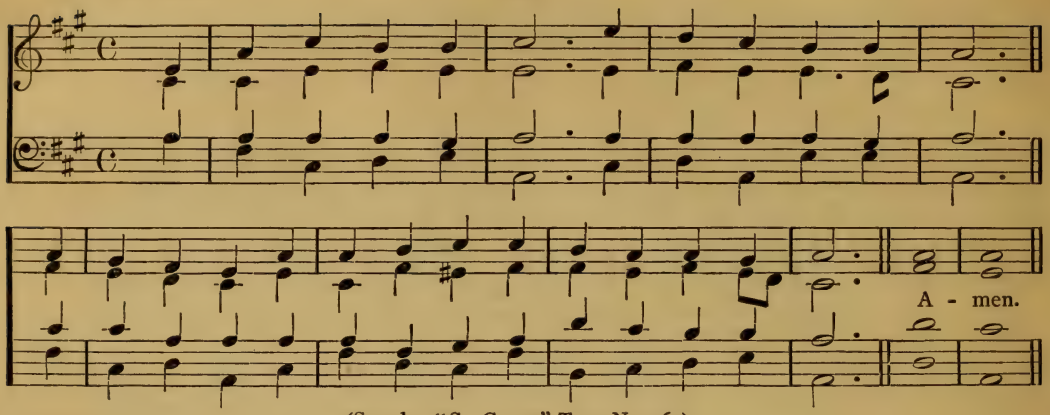
3 Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
The fire of Thy presence
Their spirits doth fill,
f They thunder, they lighten,
f The waters o'erflow.

4 Their sound goeth forth,
ff "Christ Jesus is Lord!"
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
f And one long blast shattered
f The Canaanite's wall.

5 Oh, loud be their trump,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber of sin!
The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine
Our spirits within!

F 6 All glory to Thee,
Who, hid from our sight,
Yet fillest with love
The vast infinite!
And for us revealèd
As One and yet Three,
Dost call us from darkness
Thy glory to see! Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M.



(See also "ST. CYRES," Tune No. 163).

357

"As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man."— St. Luke xvii. 26.

P 1 FAR down the ages now,
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
In haste to reach her crown.

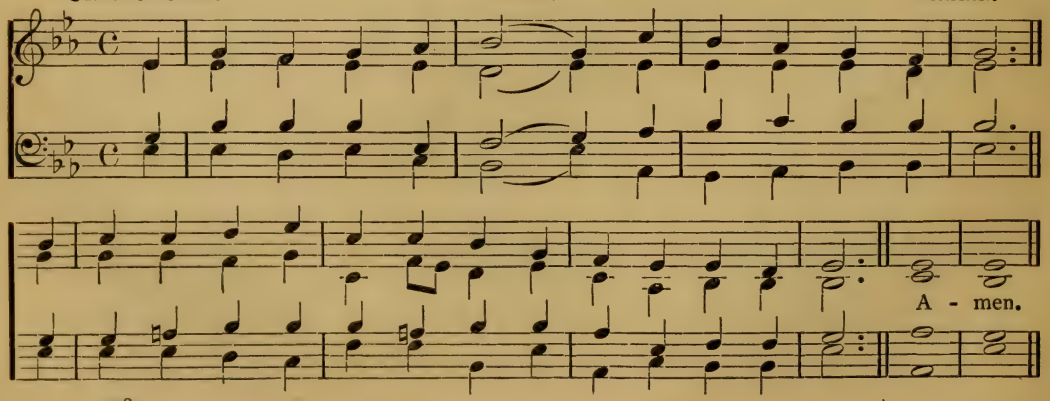
2 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.

3 No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
No less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.

4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood.

5 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom still in view. Amen.

CARLSRUHE. S.M. GERMAN.



358

"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."—Ps. lxxiii. 26.

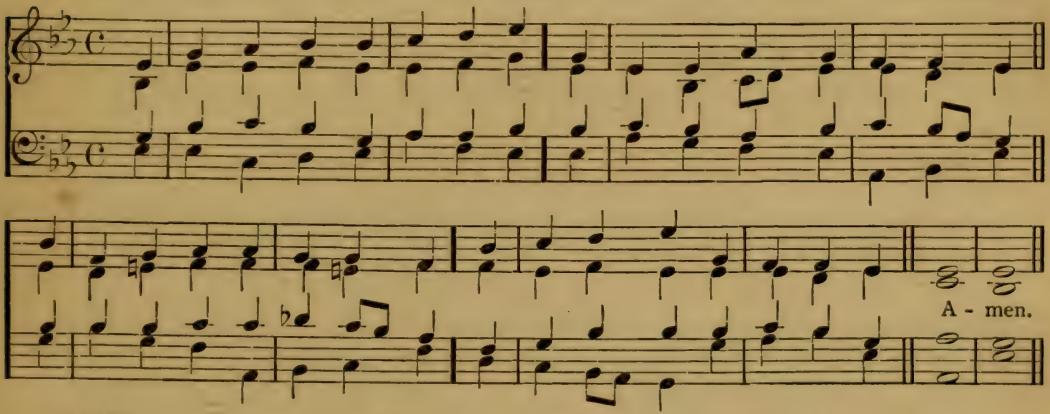
P 1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near,
On Thee my hopes I cast;
Oh! guide me through the desert here,
cres. And bring me home at last. Amen.

POTSDAM. L.M. J. SCHOP.



359

"God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness."—Ps. xlvii. 8.

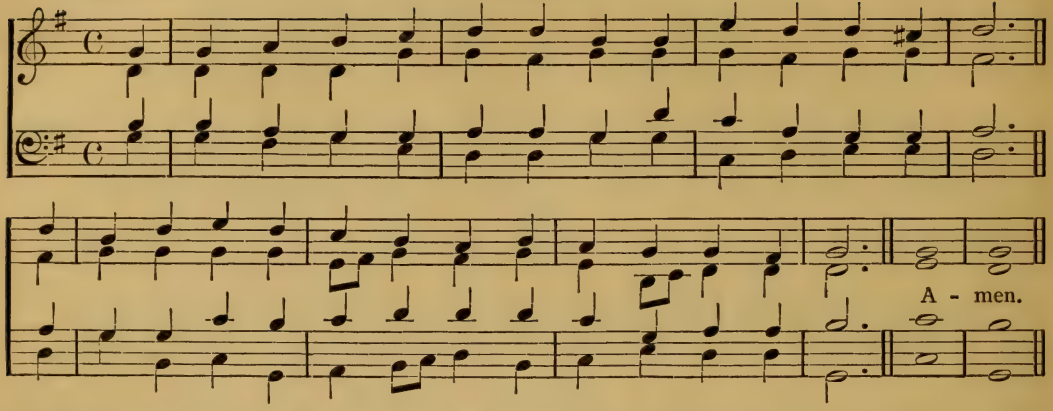
1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres. To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres. To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres. To us Thy quickening power extend.

f 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
f Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres. Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. Amen.

SOUTHAM. C.M.



360

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy House."—Ps. xxvi. 8.

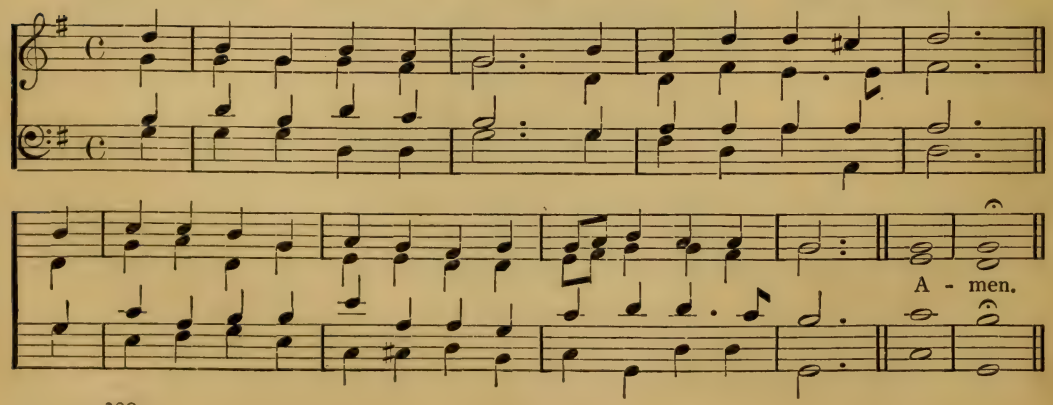
1 FATHER, we love Thy house of prayer,
And duly, morn and eve,
With cheerful feet would hasten there
Thy blessing to receive:

2 To tell our sins on bended knee,
To hear the absolving word
That sets the burdened conscience free
To serve and praise the Lord:

3 And then, in gladness deep and calm,
To rise and take our part,
And breathe in creed, and hymn, and psalm,
The fulness of the heart.

4 O God of Hosts, Thy service is
Beyond all earthly joy;
A foretaste of eternal bliss,
And heavenly hosts' employ! Amen.

ALMA MATER. S.M. RICHARD REDHEAD.



361

"And He rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."—St. Mark iv. 39.

1 FIERCE was the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Failed the disciples' hearts with fear,
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

2 But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
pp The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
cres. And owned Thee God and Lord.

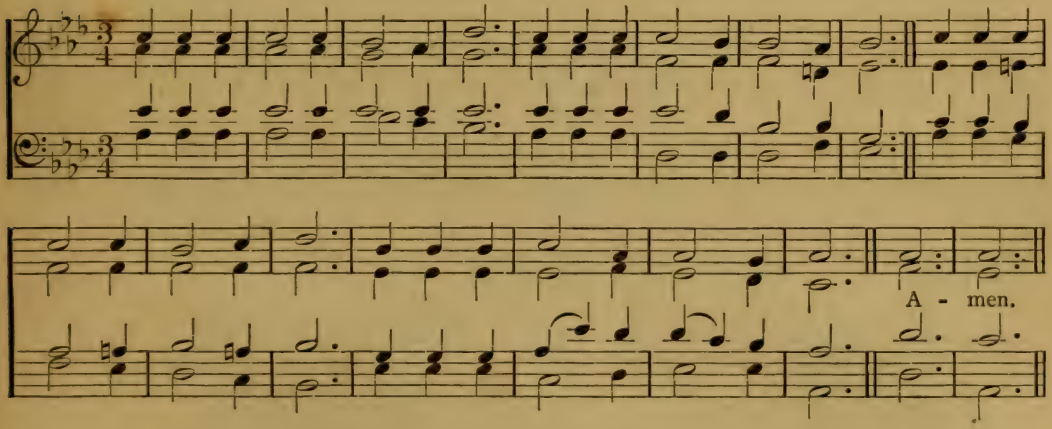
p 3 So now, when depths of sin
p Our souls with terrors fill,
cres. Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
dim. And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the waterfloods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.

5 And when, amid the signs
Which speak Thine advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fill faithless hearts with fear;

6 May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
f Lift up our heads, and hail with joy
f Thy great Epiphany. Amen.

PENTECOST. L.M. WILLIAM BOYD.



362

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

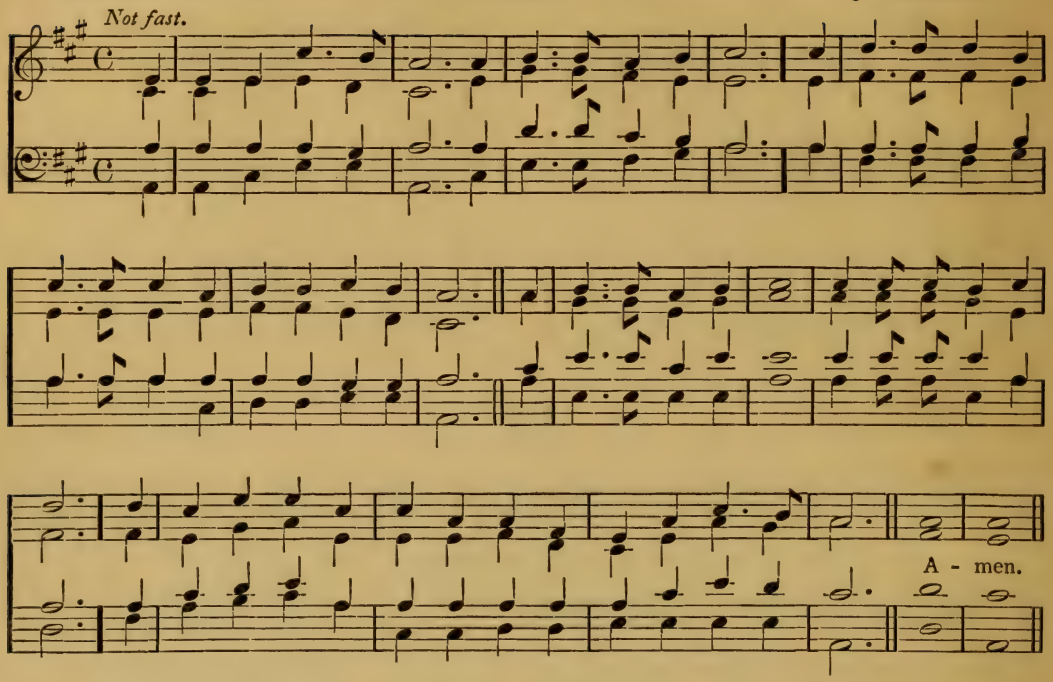
1 FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide:
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
f That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

NEARER HOME. S.M.D. J. WOODBURY.



363

"When shall I come and appear before God?"—Ps. xlii. 2.

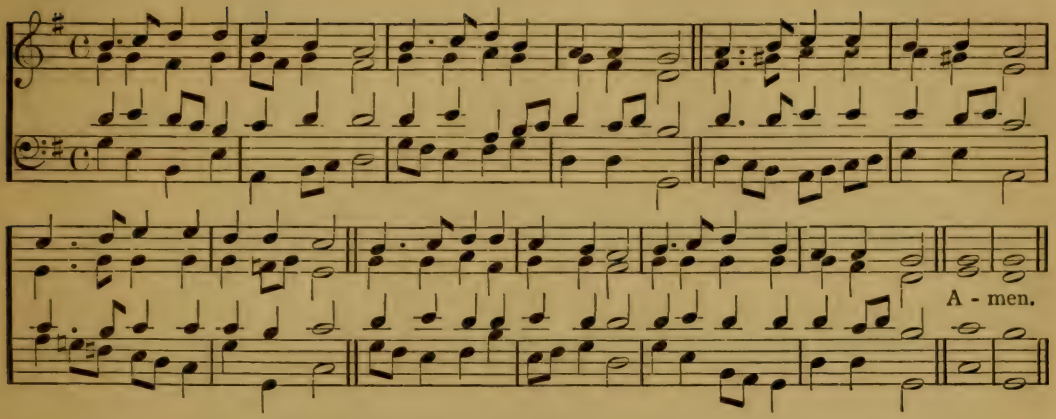
1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
p Here in the body pent,
p Absent from Him I roam,
cres. Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
p Here in the body pent,
p Absent from Him I roam,
cres. Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
p Here in the body pent,
p Absent from Him I roam,
cres. Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
f By death I shall escape from death,
f And life eternal gain.
p Here in the body pent,
p Absent from Him I roam,
cres. Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. Amen.

LEIPZIG. 7·7·7·7·7·7· GERMAN.



364

"*Giving thanks always for all things unto God.*"—Eph. v. 20.

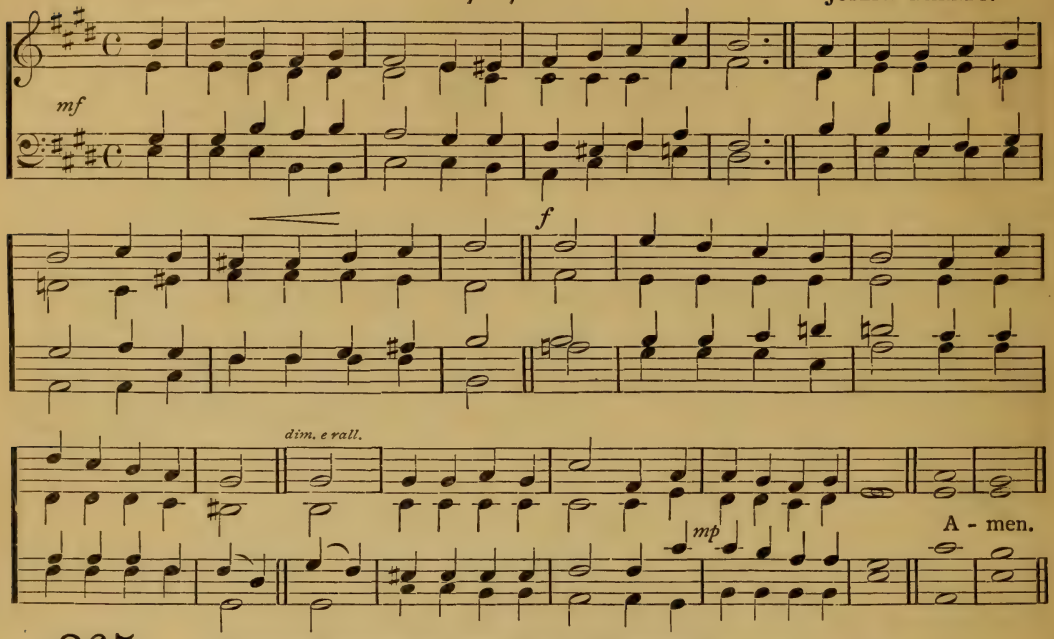
1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
f This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
f This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
f This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
f This our grateful psalm of praise. Amen.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6.7.6. D. JOSEPH BARNBY.



365

"Now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly."—Heb. xi. 16.

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

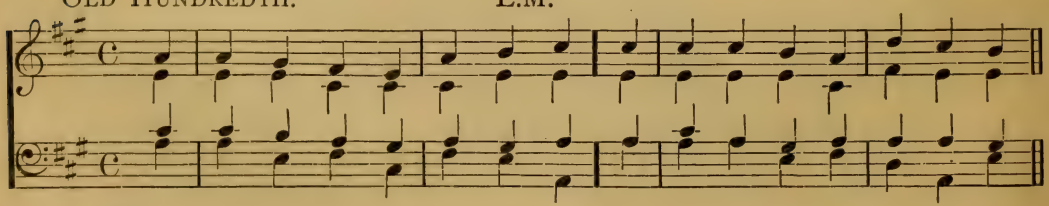
2 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints thy golden fabric,
Thy Corner-stone is Christ.

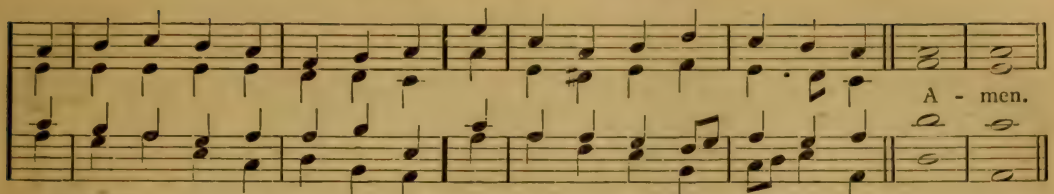
3 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
To Him glad songs of triumph
Thy ransomed people raise.
O one abiding City!
O Paradise of joy!
Whence tears are ever banished,
Where smiles have no alloy.

4 Thy loveliness oppresses
All thought of human heart,
And none, O dear, dear Country,
Can sing thee as thou art!

O Jesu, quickly bring us
To that bright land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.





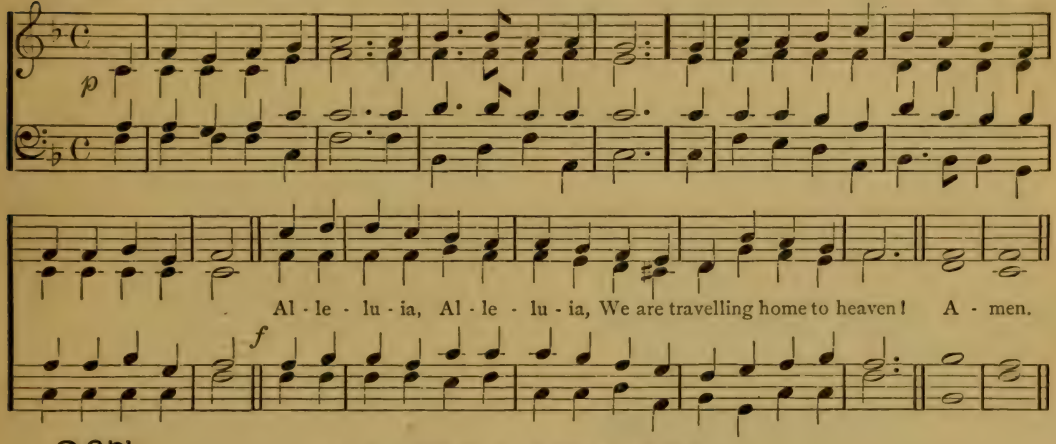
366

"All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord."—Ps. lxxxvi. 9.

F 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

PILGRIMAGE. P.M. S.



367

"I am a stranger in the earth."—Ps. cxix. 19.

1 From Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
f Alleluia!
f We are travelling home to heaven!

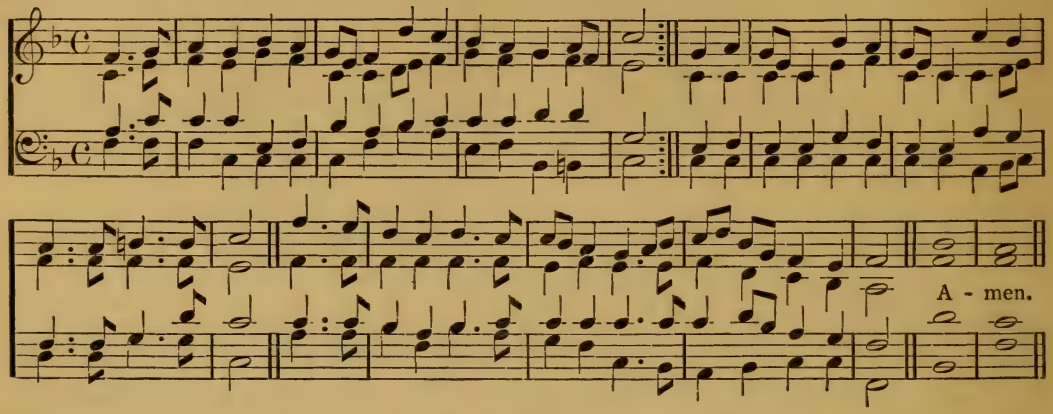
2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
f Alleluia!
f We are travelling home to heaven!

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And all the strife is o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
f Alleluia!
f We are travelling home to heaven!

4 There in celestial strains
The ransomed captives sing:
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
f Alleluia!
f We are travelling home to heaven!

5 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
As journeying through the wilderness,
We seek the promised rest!
f Alleluia!
f We are travelling home to heaven! Amen.

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. HAYDN.



368

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

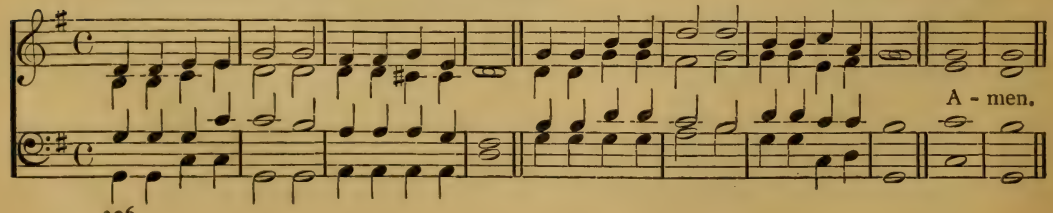
F 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age!

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Daily on the manna feeding,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's Blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings. Amen.

NORTH COATES. 6.5.6.5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



369

"The blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."—Heb. xii. 24.

1 Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains,
Poured for me the Life-blood
From His sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

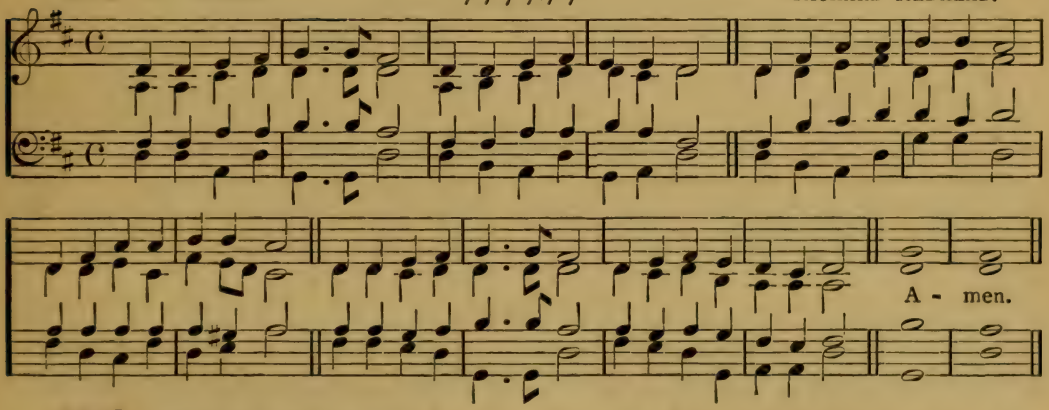
4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck, departs.

F 6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

F 7 Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
cres. Louder still and louder
ff Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

ROCK OF AGES. 7.7.7.7.7.7. RICHARD REDHEAD.



370

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps."—1 St. Pet. ii. 21.

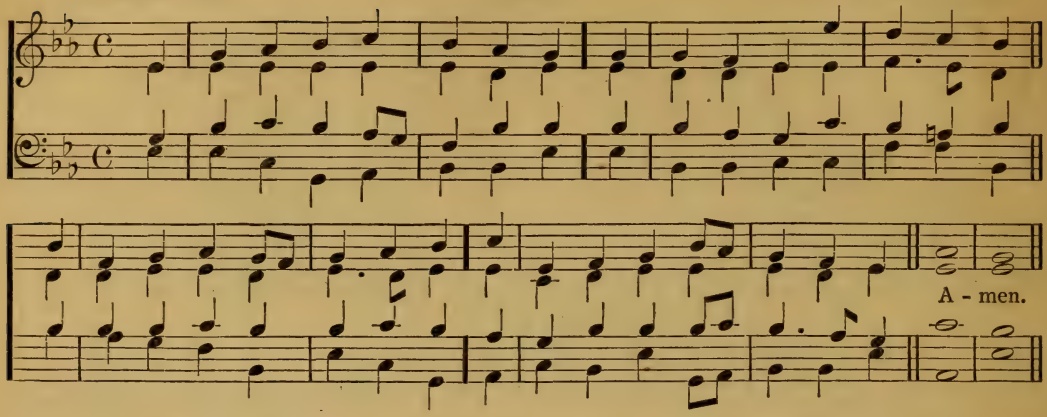
P 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
See Him meekly bearing all!
Love to man His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a Sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursèd tree:
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus how to die.

M 4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where His lifeless Body lay;
Angels keep their vigils there:
Who hath taken Him away?
"Christ is risen!" He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

LUDBOROUGH. L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



371

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."—Col. i. 12.

1 GOD hath two families of love;
One is on earth and one above;
One is in battle sharp and sore;
And one at rest for evermore.

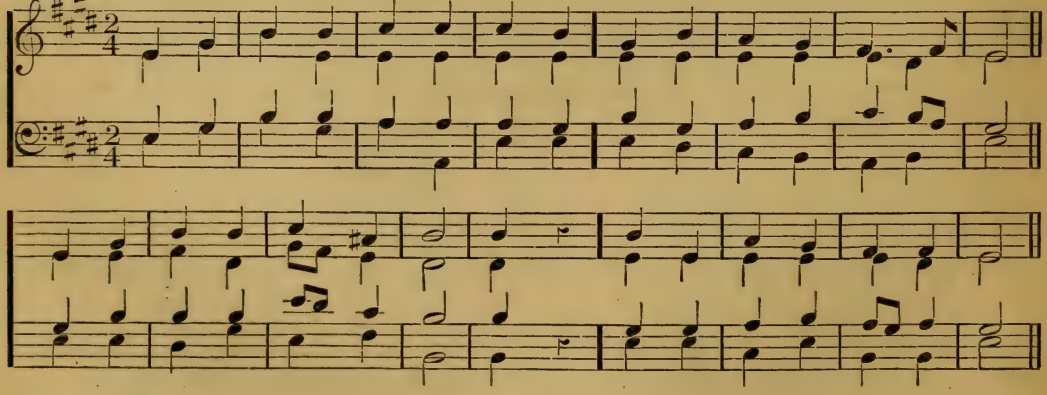
2 The Church on earth maintains the fight
Against the devil and his might;
The Church at rest with war hath done;
And yet the two are only one.

3 For they who loved their Saviour here,
And died in God's true faith and fear,
Are waiting now in Paradise
To join the Church beyond the skies.

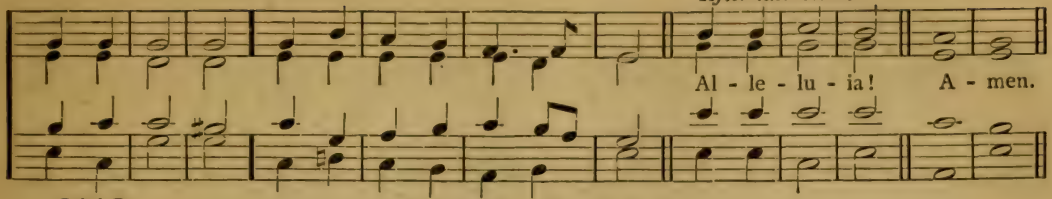
4 We thank Thee, Saviour, for the grace
By which they reached that blessèd place;
Oh, teach us so to live that we
May follow them, as they did Thee.

5 Teach us to live in faith and love,
Until Thou callest us above,
To see Thee as Thou art, and stand
Before Thee in the far-off land. Amen.

ST. BEDE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. *Adapted by* R. REDHEAD.



After last verse.



372

"God is love."—1 St. John iv. 16.

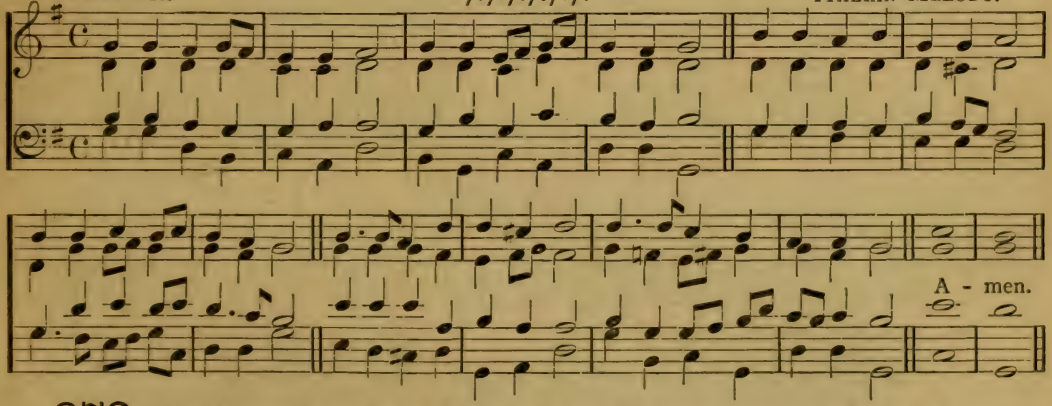
F 1 God is love; that anthem olden
Sing the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Telling to us day and night
Their great story,
God is love, and God is might!

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices,
Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love!

M 3 Through these anthems of creation,
Struggling up with gentle strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
f God is love, and God is life!

4 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Our glad story
God is life, and God is love! Alleluia! Amen.

VERONA. 7.7.7.7.7.7. ITALIAN MELODY.



373

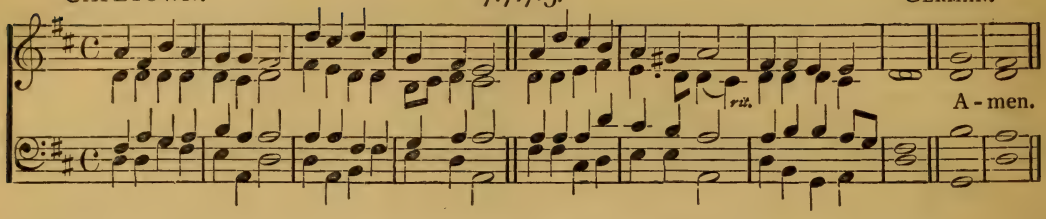
"God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us."—Ps. lxvii. 1.

F 1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

CAPETOWN. 7.7.7.5. GERMAN.



374

"The greatest of these is charity."—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if love I need;
Therefore, give me Love.

4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

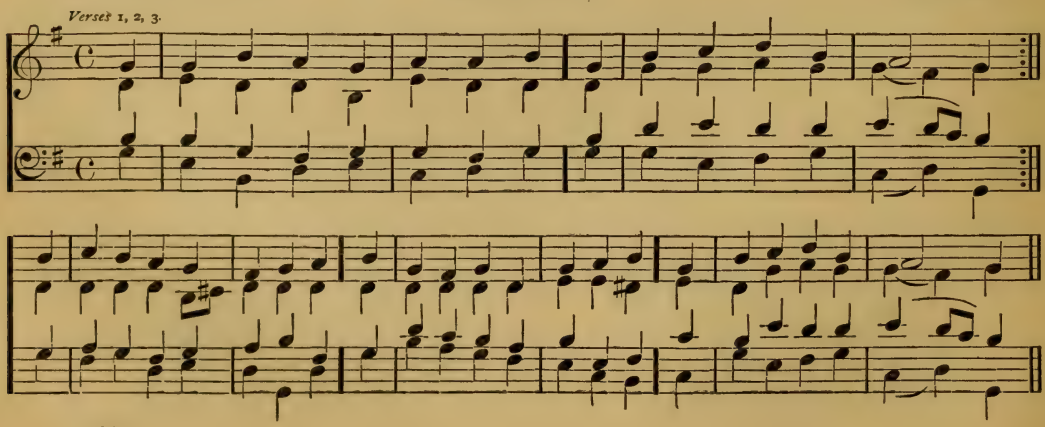
5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

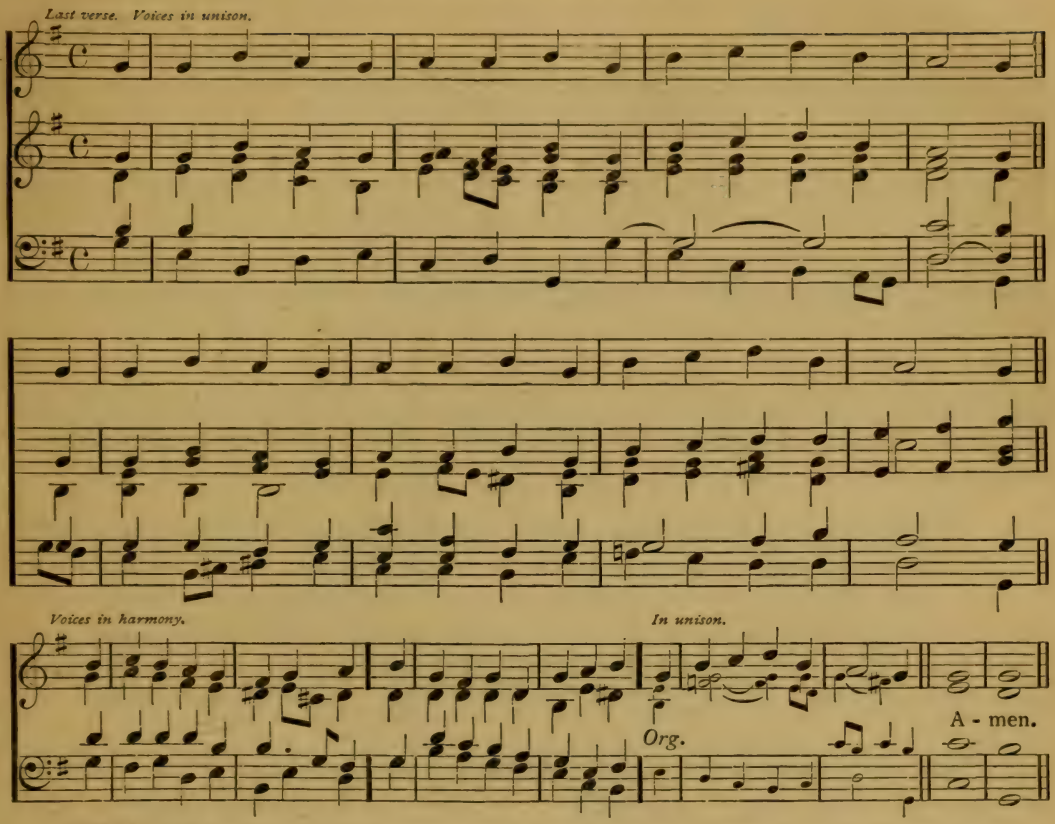
6 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

7 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

8 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly Love. Amen.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. LUTHER.





375 *"Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."*—St. Matt. xxiv. 44.

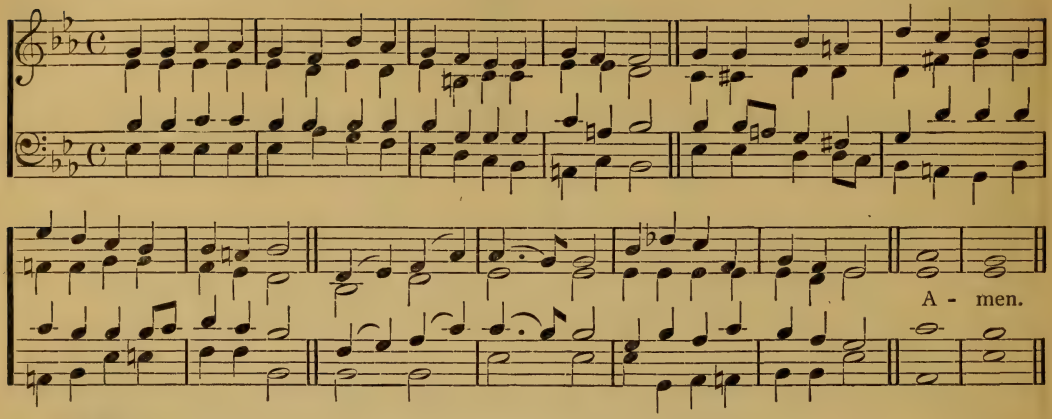
M 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
I see the Judge of men appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

F 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding,
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

P 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

M 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
I see the Judge of men appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

REALMS OF GLORY. 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. L. NAYLOR.



376

"He will be our Guide, even unto death."—Ps. xlviii. 14.

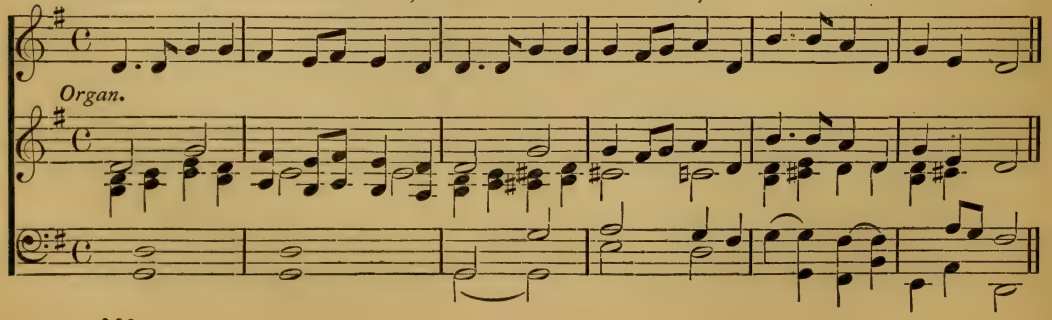
1 GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land:
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

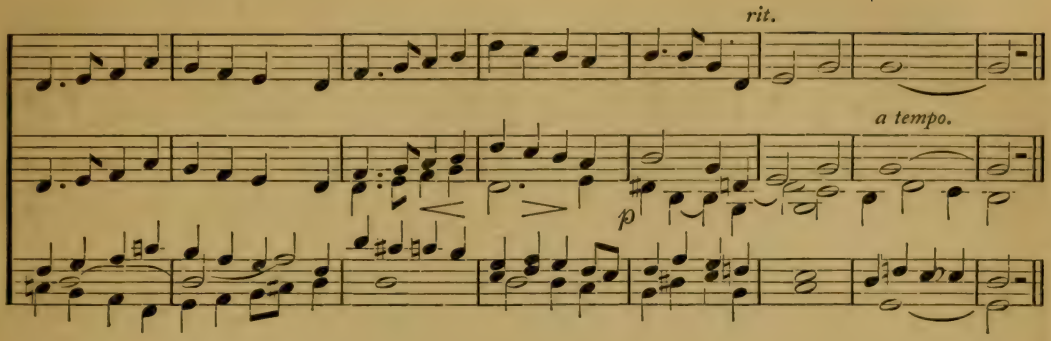
2 Open Thou the living Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee. Amen.

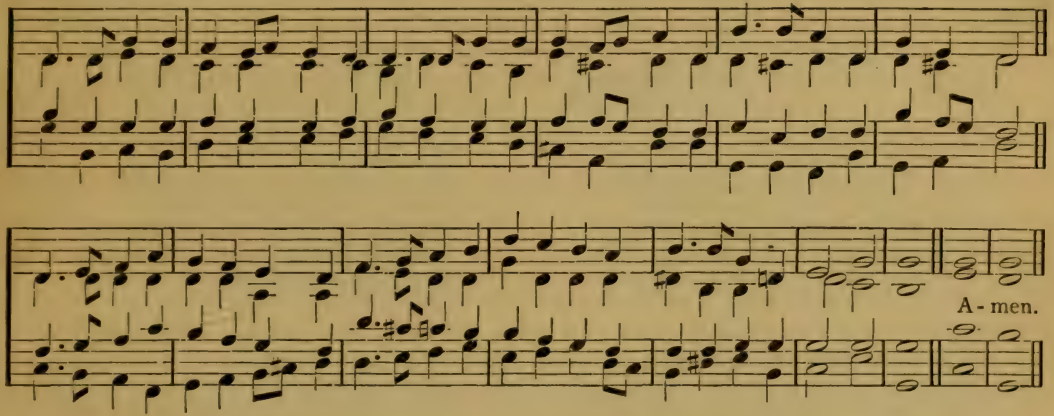
BONAR. 8.8.7.8.8.7. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

FIRST and FOURTH VERSES Unison, SECOND VERSE Trebles only.





THIRD VERSE, Harmony.



377

"That He by the grace of God should taste death for every man."—Heb. ii. 9.

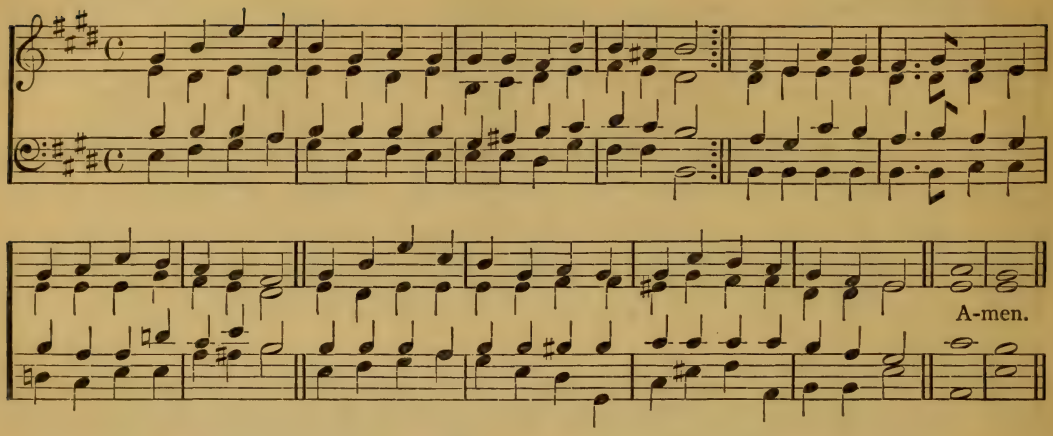
P 1 HAIL that Head all torn and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded,
Hail that Face all marred and pale;
Hail that Body, pierced and shaken,
Mocked of man, by God forsaken,
Left in death's last hour to fail!

2 Thou whose form for us was wasted,
Who for us of death hast tasted,
Hear us, sinners though we be!
Do not from Thy sufferings turn us,
Do not leave us, do not spurn us,
Let us cling in death to Thee!

3 By Thine anguish, by Thy crying,
By Thy voice when Thou wast dying,
By Thy last expiring breath;
Thou of heavenly life the Giver,
Thou, Almighty to deliver,
Oh, receive our souls in death!

4 When our weakened minds are straying,
Make, O Lord, no long delaying,
Fail us, not, O Jesu, then!
With Thy presence us defending,
Come and cheer our latest ending,
Saviour of the sons of men! Amen.

RACHEL. 8.7.8.7. D. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



378

"He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. vii. 25.

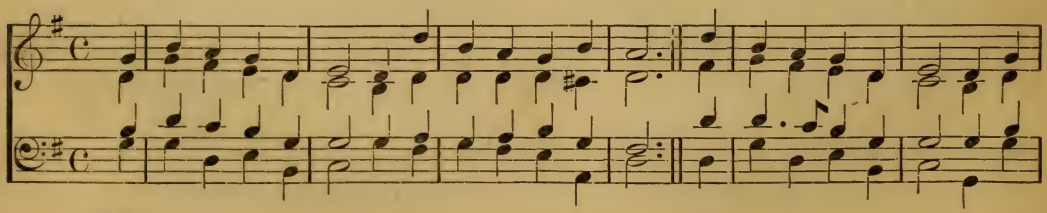
1 HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou great and glorious King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou Saviour, bleeding, dying,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
On Thy grace alone relying,
Seek we mercy through Thy Name.

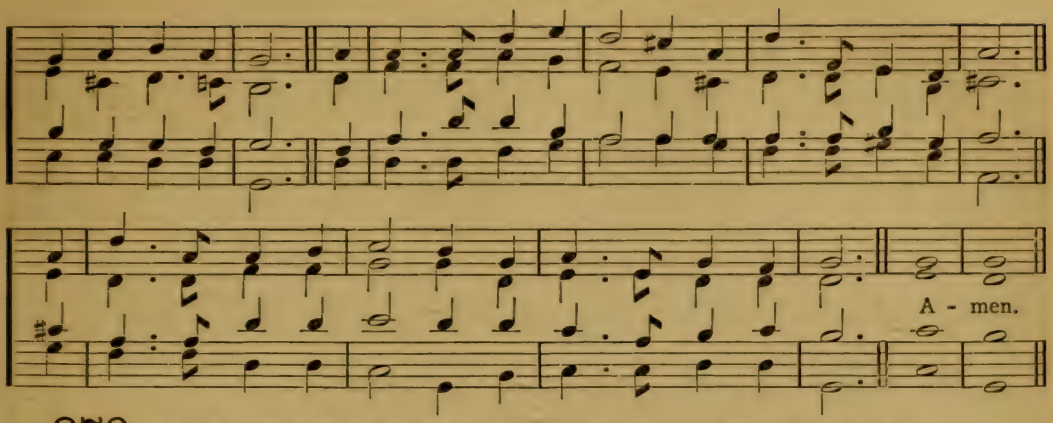
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood;
Opened is the gate of Heaven;
Peace is made for man with God.

F 3 Jesu, hail! Enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side!
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

F 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright Angelic Spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise! Amen.

HOLY CHURCH. 7.6.7.6. D. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.





379

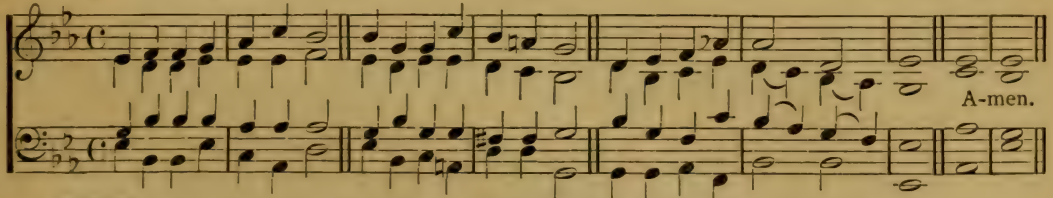
"His Name shall endure for ever. All nations shall call Him blessed."—Ps. lxxii. 17.

F 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed. Amen.

DAY OF GRACE. 7·7·7. J. W. ELLIOTT.



380

"I will restore hea'th unto thee: I will heal thee of thy wounds."—Jer. xxx. 17.

P 1 HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

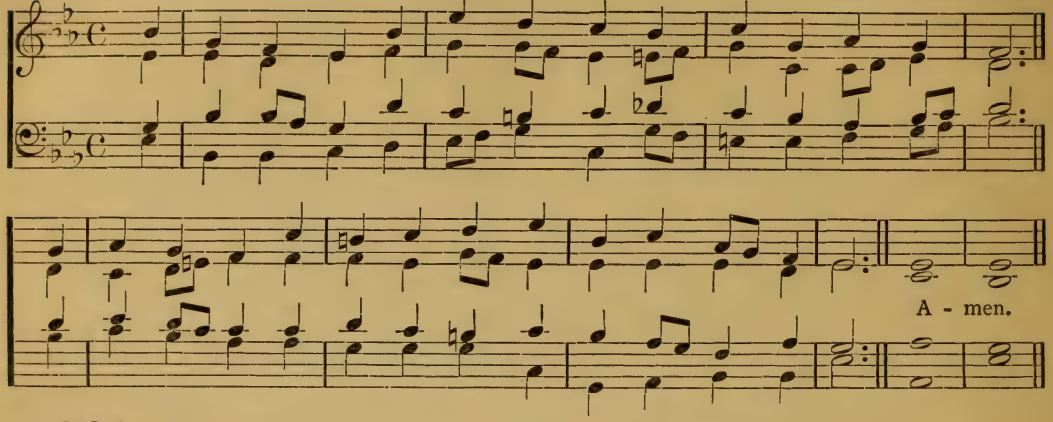
3 Helpless, none can help me now,
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

SUDELEY. C.M. JOHN STAINER.



381

"He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted."—St. Luke iv. 18.

P 1 HEAL us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer;
We wait to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

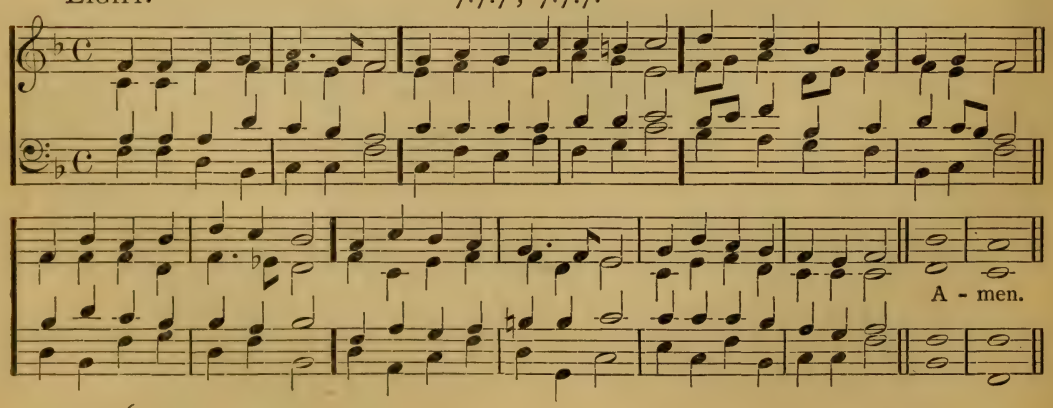
2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word:
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away! Amen.

LIGHT. 7·7·7; 7·7·7.



382

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."—St. John xiv. 26.

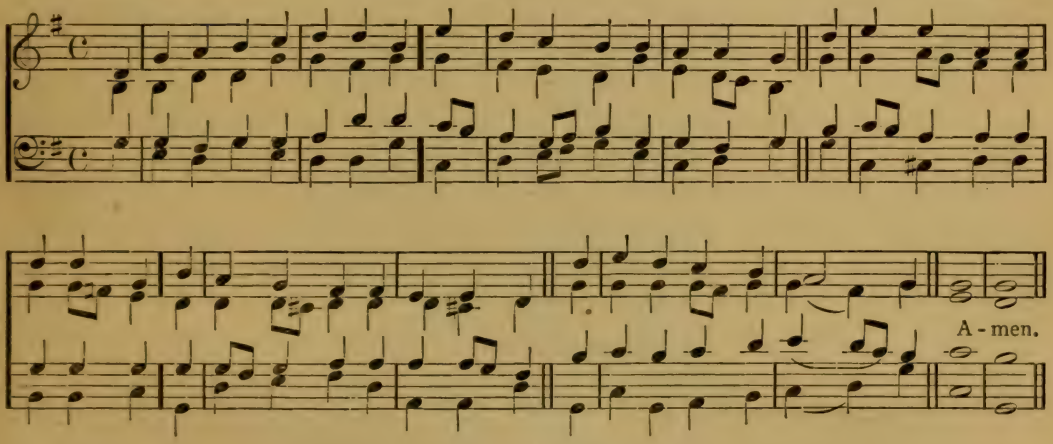
1 Holy Spirit! Come in might!
From Thy dwelling-place of light
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, Thou helper of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

2 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in us will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.

3 Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew,
Wash the stains of sin away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

4 On Thine own, who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys which never end. Amen.

BADEN. 8.8.8.8.7. GERMAN.



383

"Hosanna to the Son of David."—St. Matt. xxi. 9.

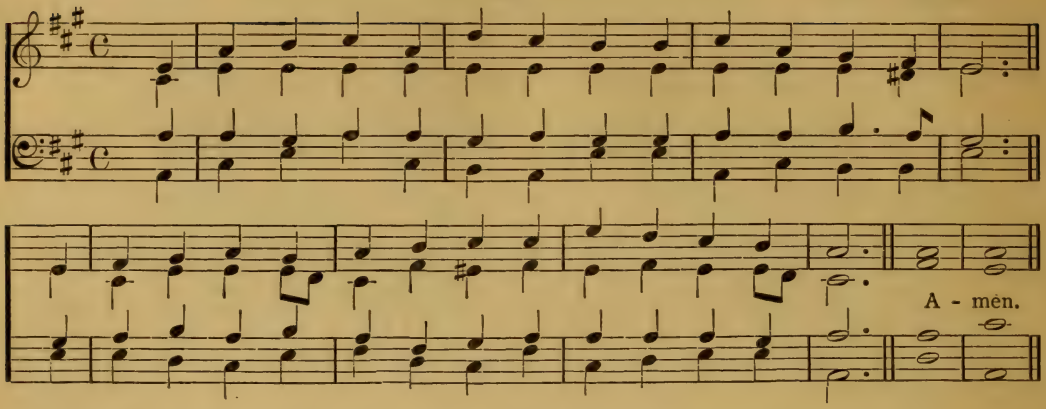
F 1 Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna in the Highest!

M 2 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy House of Prayer;
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.
f Hosanna in the Highest!

M 3 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
f Hosanna in the Highest!

p 4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
p When heaven and earth shall melt away,
m Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
cres. Shall swell the sound of praise again.
f Hosanna in the Highest! Amen.

STAFFORD. C.M. DR. S. HOWARD.



384

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them."—Rev. vii. 17.

1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they, from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light;
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

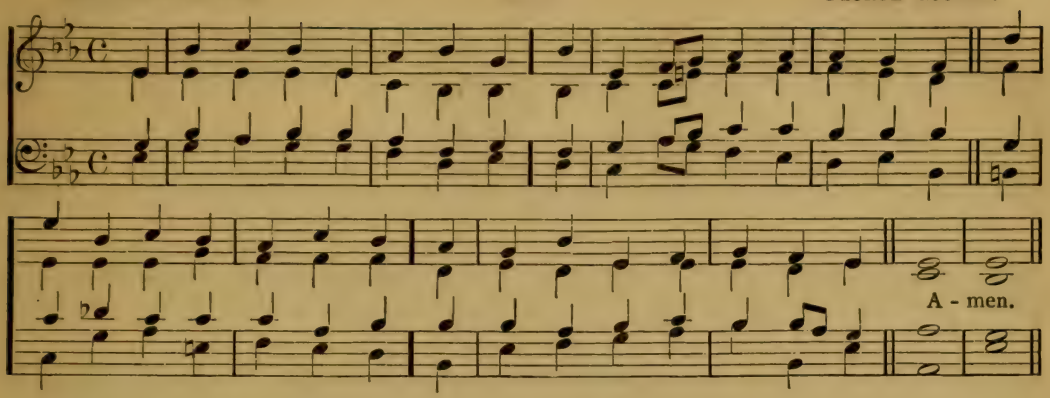
4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

ST. SEPULCHRE. L.M. GEORGE COOPER.



385

"O Lord, how long?"—Ps. vi. 3.

P 1 How long, O Lord, how long, we ask,
Before our spirits shall be free,
Before we reach the golden land,
And Israel's strong salvation see?

2 How long, O Lord, how long? they cry,
Beneath Thine altar day and night,
Who with deep yearning hearts await
The fulness of celestial light.

3 How long, O Lord? creation cries:
The tribes of men take up the strain;
When shall the poor oppressed go free,
The captive cast away his chain?

4 O Jesu, who didst win us back
From sin and death to God and grace,
When shall we tread the shining streets,
And see Thy glory face to face?

5 We are impatient, and forget
The battle stern that must be won.
Help us, O Lord, in Thee to strive,
And then to pray, "Thy will be done."

6 For first the strife, and then the crown;
First the day's march, and then the rest;
p First comes the watch, the cross, the grave,
f And then the Sabbath, bright and blest.

F 7 Thou art our Strength! No foe shall harm,
Thy love shall shield us to the last,
Thou art our Life! Since Thou hast died,
The bitterness of death is past! Amen.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.

386

"*How long, O Lord, holy and true!*"—Rev. vi. 10.

1 How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of Thy so long delay.

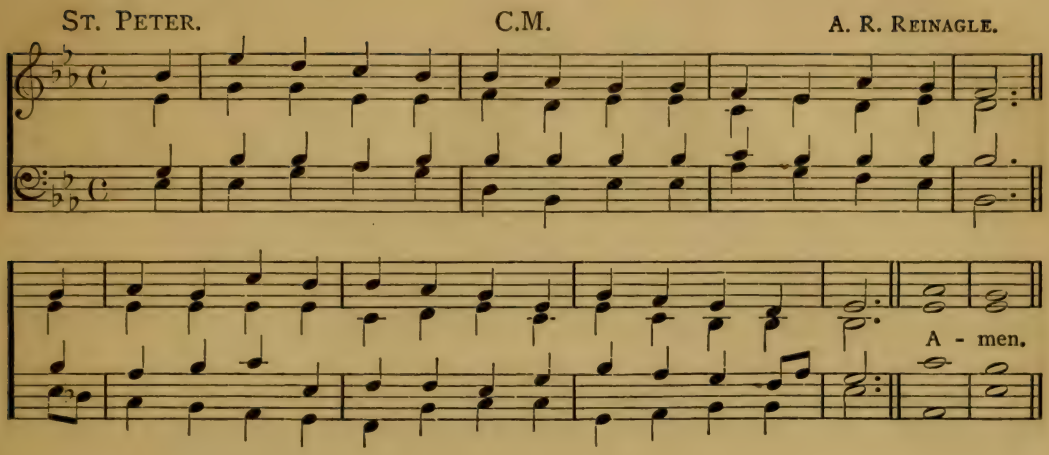
Oh, when shall come the moment
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn.

2 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt Thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That Thou dost absent stay!

The bridal train their vigil
And calling have forgot,
And seek for ease and slumber,
Where Thou, their Lord, art not.

3 Oh, wake Thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all the saints repeat it—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"

May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy Face to see. Amen.



387 "*Lord, how excellent is Thy Name in all the earth.*"—Ps. viii. 1.

1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

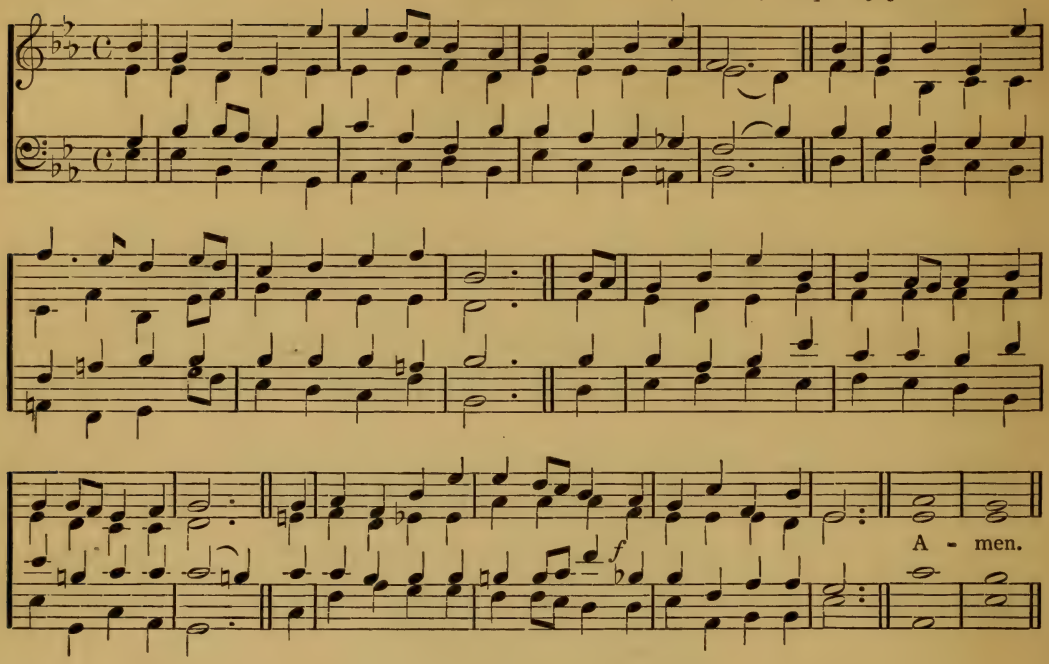
3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build!
My shield and hiding-place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

VOX JESU. D.C.M. SPOHR, *Adapted by* J. BARNBY.



388

"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst."—St. John vi. 35.

P 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
cres. I found in Him a resting-place,
f And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
f Stoop down, and drink, and live."
m I came to Jesus, and I drank
m Of that life-giving stream;
cres. My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
f And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
m I looked to Jesus, and I found
m In Him my Star, my Sun;
f And in that Light of life I'll walk
f Till travelling days are done. Amen.

CHEMNITZ. D.C.M. *Adapted from the German.*

389

"*Father, forgive them.*"—St. Luke xxiii. 34.

F 1 I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
Their furious cries I hear;
Their shouts of "Crucify!" appal,
Their curses fill mine ear.

P And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own.

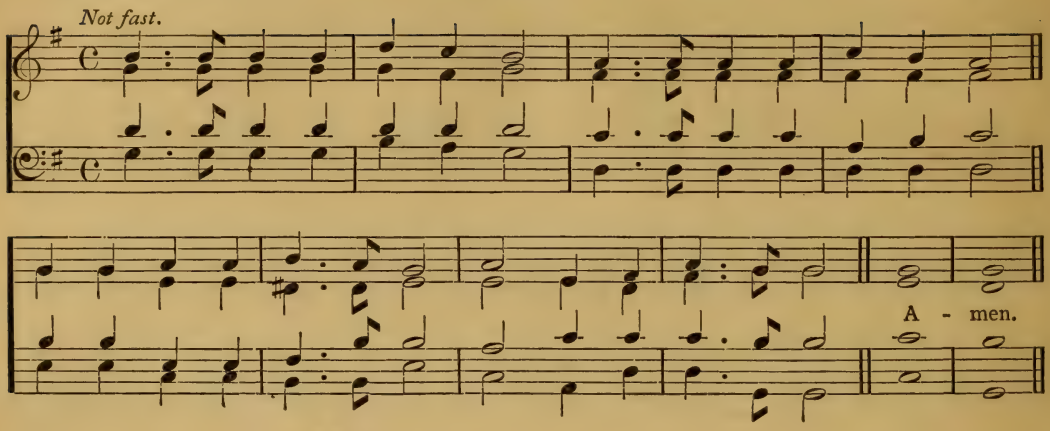
F 2 I see the scourgers rend the Flesh
Of God's belovèd Son;
And as they smite I feel afresh
That I of them am one.

P Around yon Cross the throng I see
That mock the Sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

P 3 'Twas I that shed the sacred Blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

cres. Yet not the less that Blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that Cross prevails
f To give me peace within. Amen.

EVELYN. 7.7.7.6. S.



390 *"Blessed be the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation."*—2 Cor. i. 3.

P 1 IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

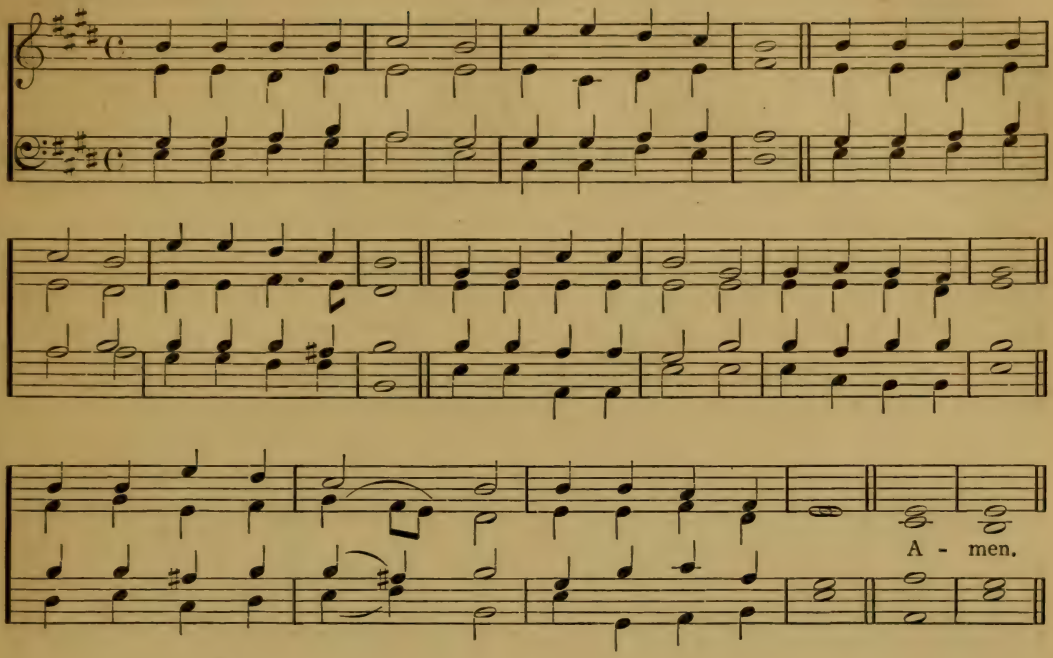
2 When I lie upon my bed
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
While mine eyes their night-watch keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

4 When the tempter me pursueth,
And the sins of all my youth
Stand arrayed in naked truth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

5 When the Judgment is revealed,
And the book of doom unsealed;
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me. Amen.

BOHEMIA. 6.5.6.5. D. GERMAN.



391

"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."—St. Luke xxii. 32.

P 1 IN the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its 'witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Freely on Thine altar
I will lay my will,
And, though flesh may falter,
Bless and praise Thee still.

4 When my lamp low burning
Sinks in death's last pain;
Earth to earth returning,
Dust to dust again;
cres. On Thy truth relying,
m Through that mortal strife,
p Jesu, take me dying
cres. To eternal life. Amen.

SUBMISSION. D.C.M. MICHAEL HAYDN.

392

"Jerusalem which is above, is free."—Gal. iv. 26.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

2 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

3 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

4 Thy saints with glory shall be crowned,
Shall see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seen.

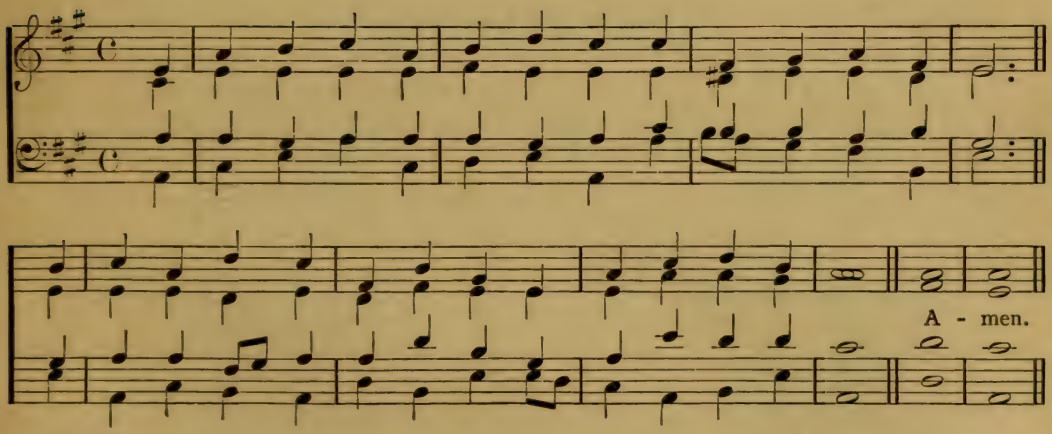
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

6 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

Repeat the last line of each verse.

ST. JAMES. C.M.



393

"*The heavenly Jerusalem.*"—Heb. xii. 22.

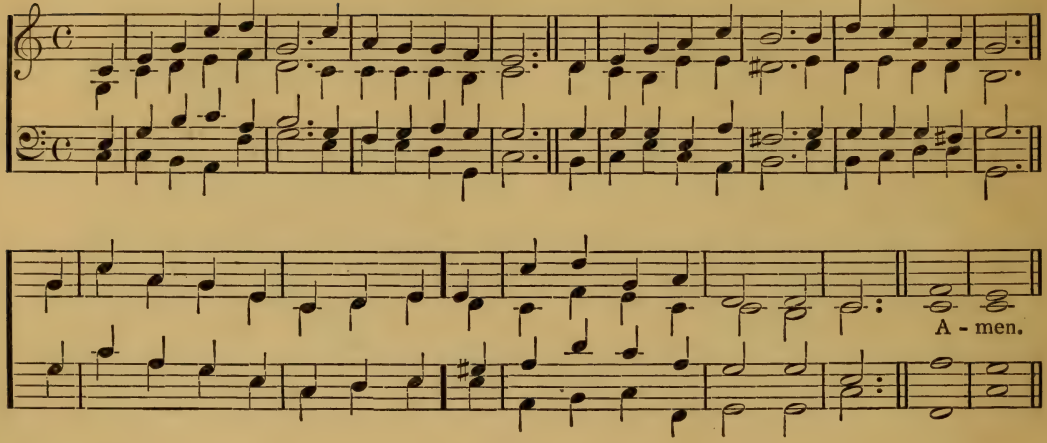
1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

CHRIST CHURCH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. CHARLES H. STEGGALL.



394

"Our conversation is in heaven."—Phil. iii. 20.

M 1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:

F Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

M 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:

F Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

M 3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:

F Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

M 4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:

F Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

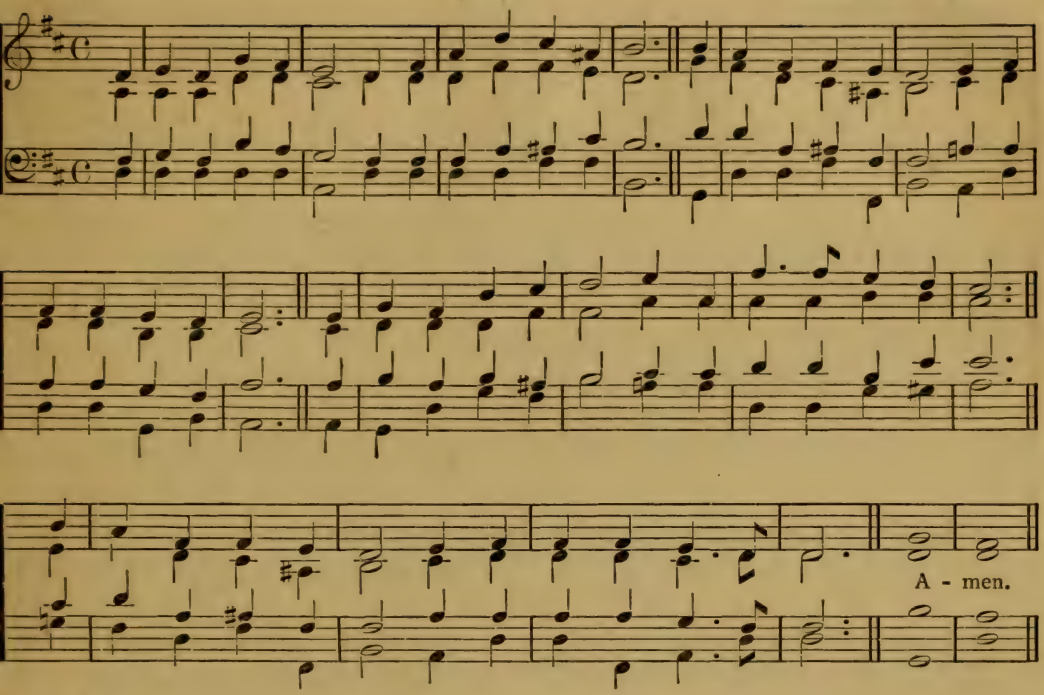
M 5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:

F Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

P 6 Ah me! ah me, that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way:

F Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face? Amen.

EWING. 7.6.7.6. D. ALEXANDER EWING.



395

"And he shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 10.

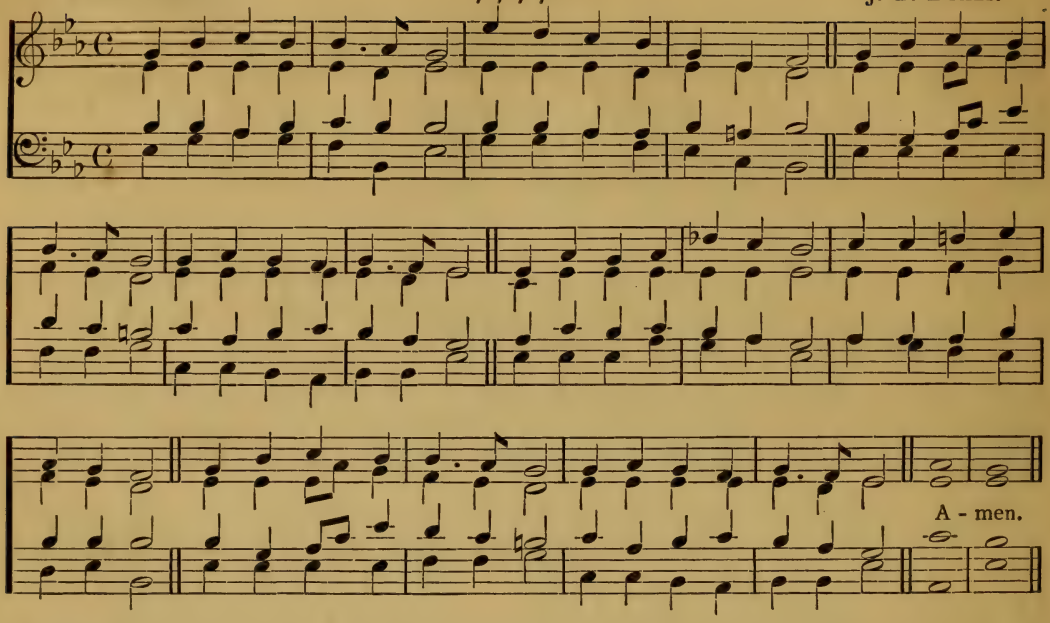
F 1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
dim. Sink heart and voice oppressed.
cres. I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an Angel
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the elect!
Oh, dear and happy vision
That eager hearts expect!
O Jesu! quickly bring us
To that bright land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7.7.7.7. D. J. B. DYKES.



396

"Thou sparest all, for they are Thine, O Lord, Thou Lover of souls."—Wisd. xi. 26.

P 1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave—ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.

Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope, I stand;
Dying, and, behold, I live!

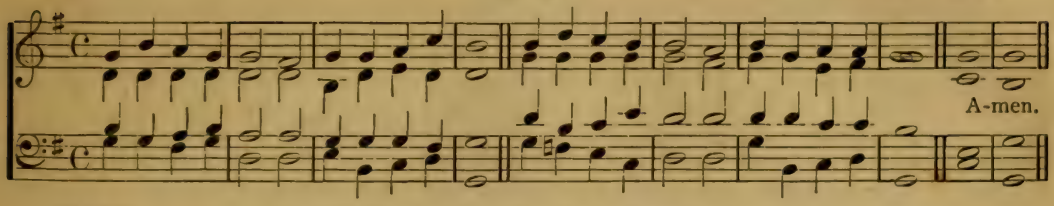
4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

cres. Thou of life the fountain art,
m Freely let me take of Thee;
cres. Spring Thou up within my heart;
f Rise to all eternity. Amen.

FULSTOW. 6.5.6.5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



397

"I am meek and lowly in heart."—St. Matt. xi. 29.

P 1 JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

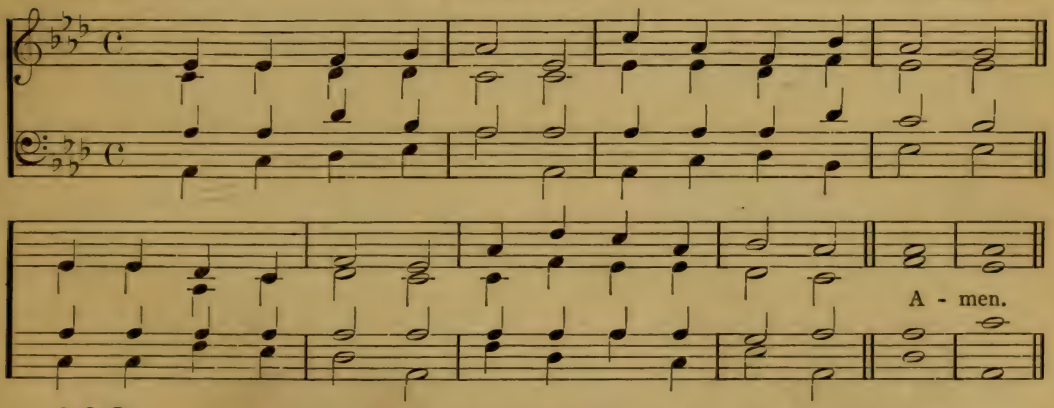
2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

ST. CYPRIAN. 6.6.6.6. R. R. CHOPE.



398

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."—St. Luke xxiii. 43.

P 1 JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless, I adore Thee.

4 By that fount of blessing
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

5 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me. Amen.

"JESU, MY LORD." 8.8.8.8.8.8. JOSEPH BARNBY.

399 *"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."*—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

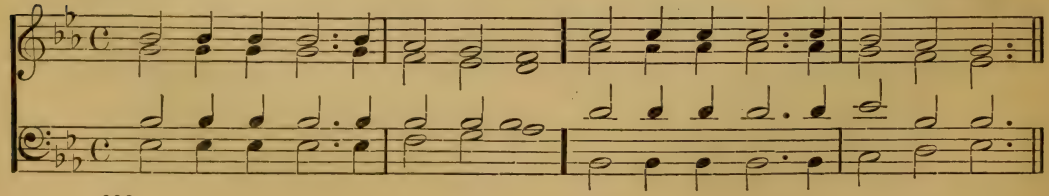
1 JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
cres. Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

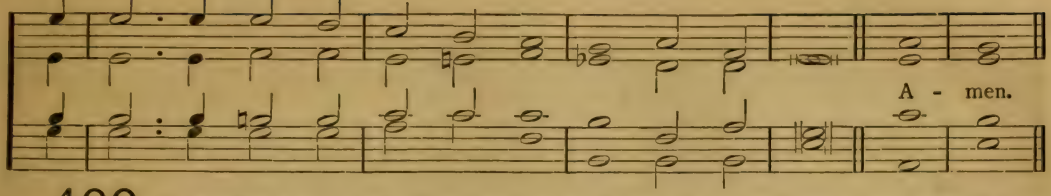
2 Jesu, alas! too coldly sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
cres. Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

P 3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
cres. Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

F 4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

HANFORD. 8.8.8.4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





400

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?"—Ps. xliii. 5.

P 1 Jesu, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on Thee;
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.

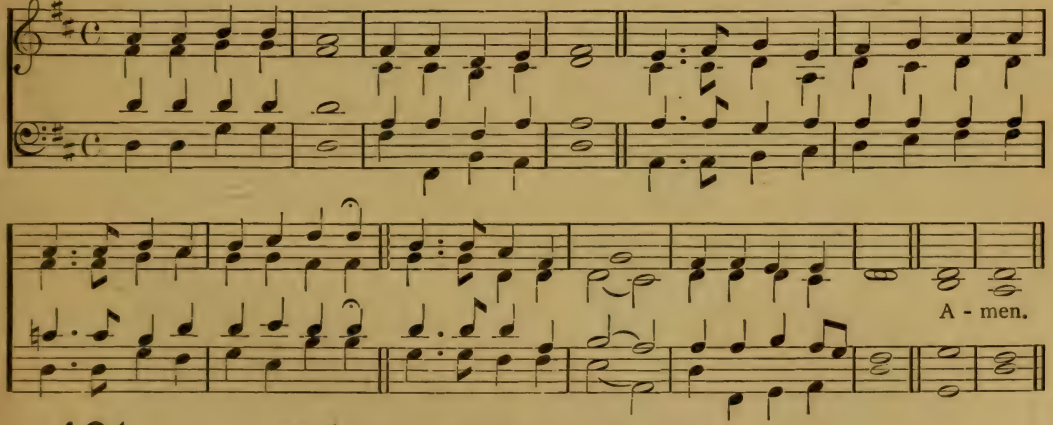
3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befall:
f Through life, in death, eternally,
f Thou art my All. Amen.

ST. HUBERT. P.M. LEICESTER DARWALL.



401

"They forsook all, and followed Him."—St. Luke v. 11.

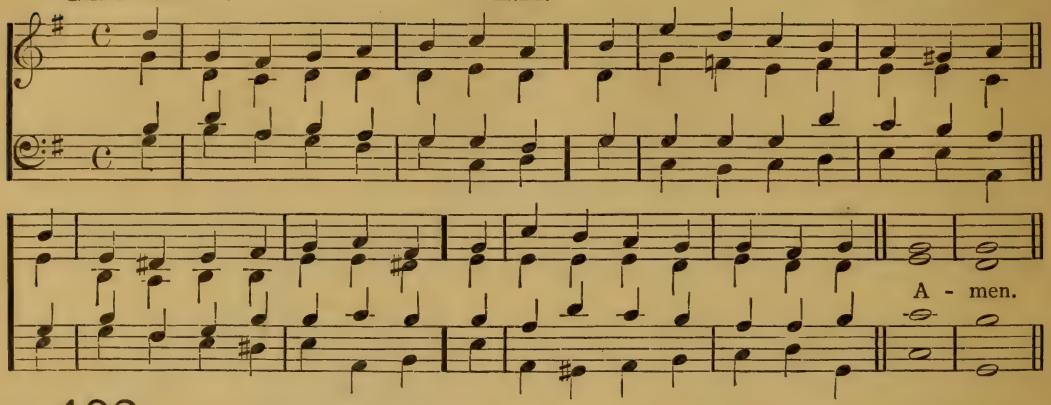
1 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go!

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,—
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland. Amen.

GENNESARET. L.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



402

"Unto you which believe He is precious."—1 St. Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESU! the very thought is sweet:
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet:
But, oh! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His Presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most High.

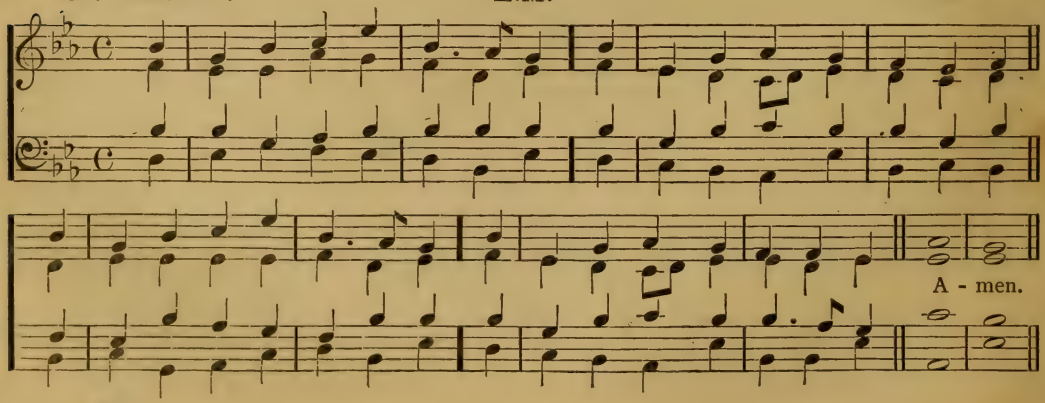
3 Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness;
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

f 5 O Jesu, King of wondrous might!
f O Victor, glorious from the fight!
dim. Sweetness that may not be expressed,
cres. And altogether loveliest!

6 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day;
Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;
And with Thine own true sweetness feed
cres. Our souls, from sin and darkness freed. Amen.

ST. GREGORY. L.M. GERMAN.



403

"The fulness of Him that filleth all in all."—Eph. i. 23.

1 JESU, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, all in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

GOTHA. 8.7.8.7. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

404

"He left all, rose up, and followed Him."—St. Luke v. 28.

1 JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."

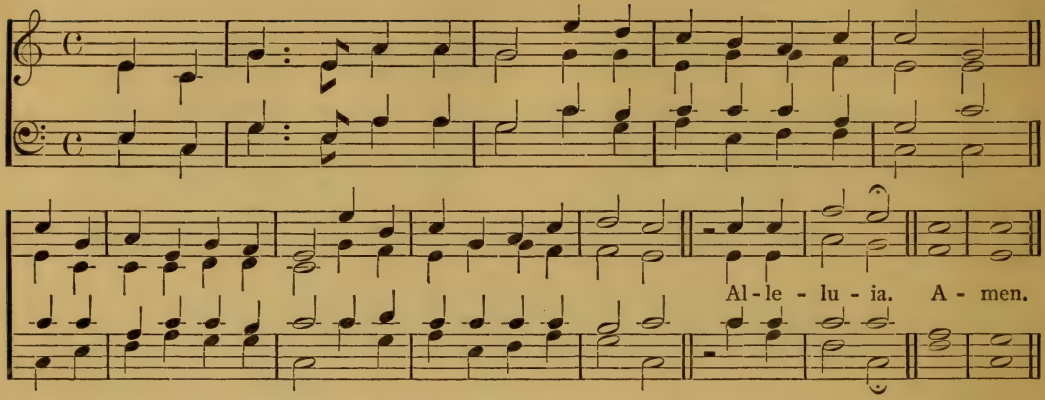
2 Jesus calls us, from the evil
In a world we cannot flee,
From each idol that would keep us,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."

3 Still in joy, and still in sadness,
We discern His own decree;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."

4 As Saint Andrew heard Thee, Saviour,
By the lake of Galilee,
May we hear, and help each other
Day by day to follow Thee.

5 Thou dost call us! May we ever
To Thy call attentive be;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Rise, leave all, and follow Thee! Amen.

ST. ALBINUS. P.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



405 *"I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore."*—Rev. i. 18.

F 1 JESUS lives! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us. Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! For us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! Our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! To Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven. Alleluia!
Amen.

VIENNA. 7·7·7·7· GERMAN.

406

"Far above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."—Eph. i. 21.

1 JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! Name decreed of old;
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

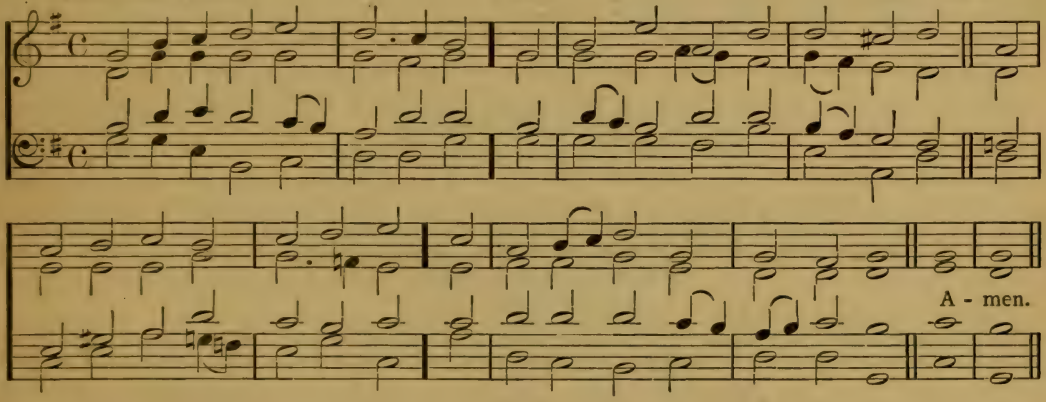
3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

P 4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above!
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

HILDERSTONE. L.M. PHILIP HART.



407

"His Name shall endure for ever. All nations shall call Him Blessed."—Ps. lxxii. 17.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

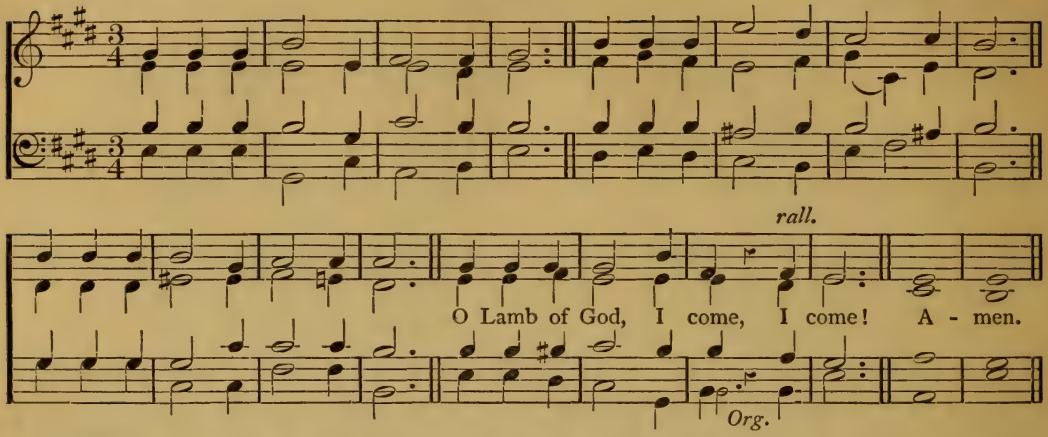
2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

F 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ST. CRISPIN. 8.8.8.6. GEORGE ELVEY.



408

"*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*"—St. John vi. 37.

P 1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

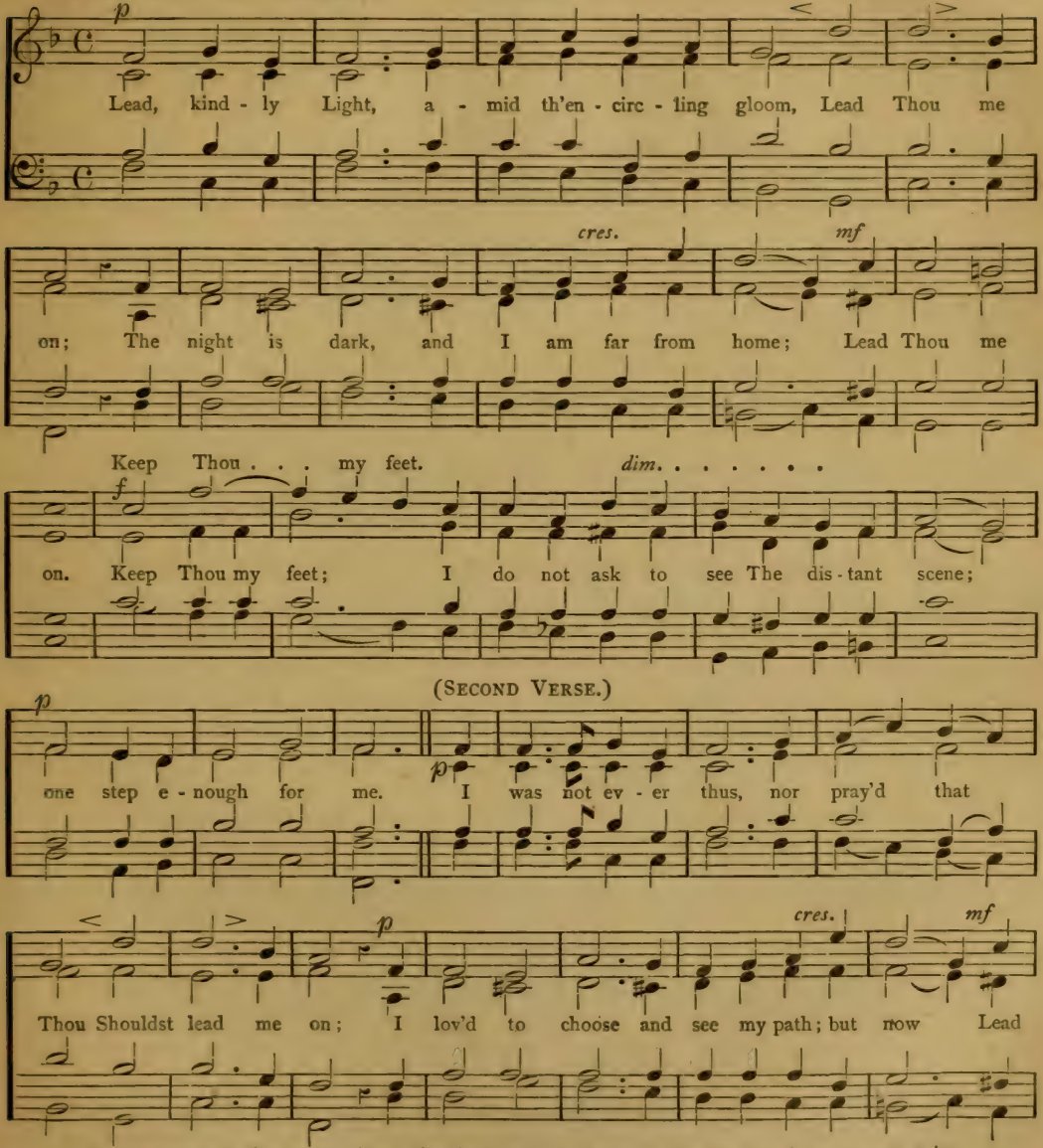
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

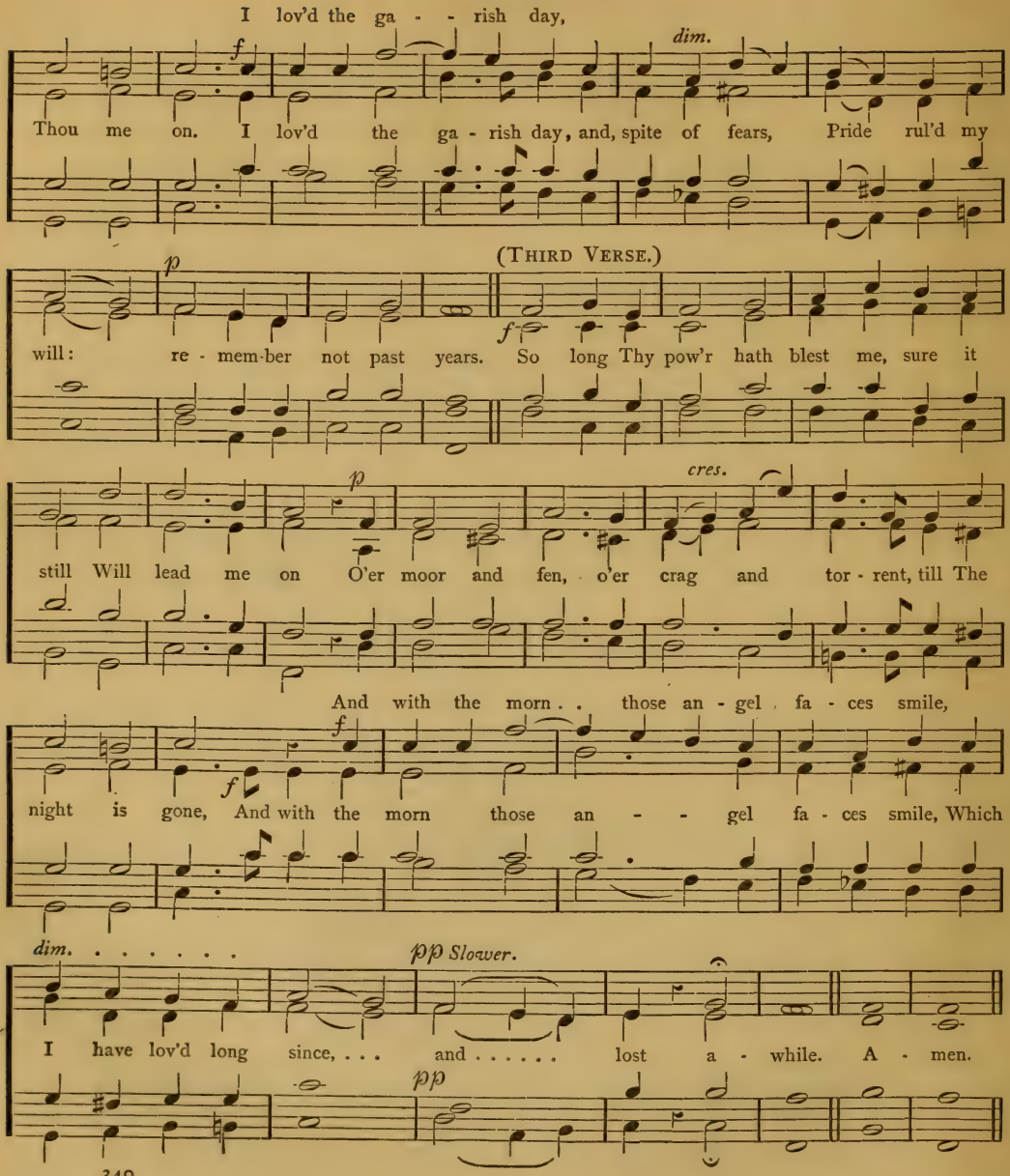
6 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,)
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cres. Here for a season, then above,
mf O Lamb of God, I come! Amen.

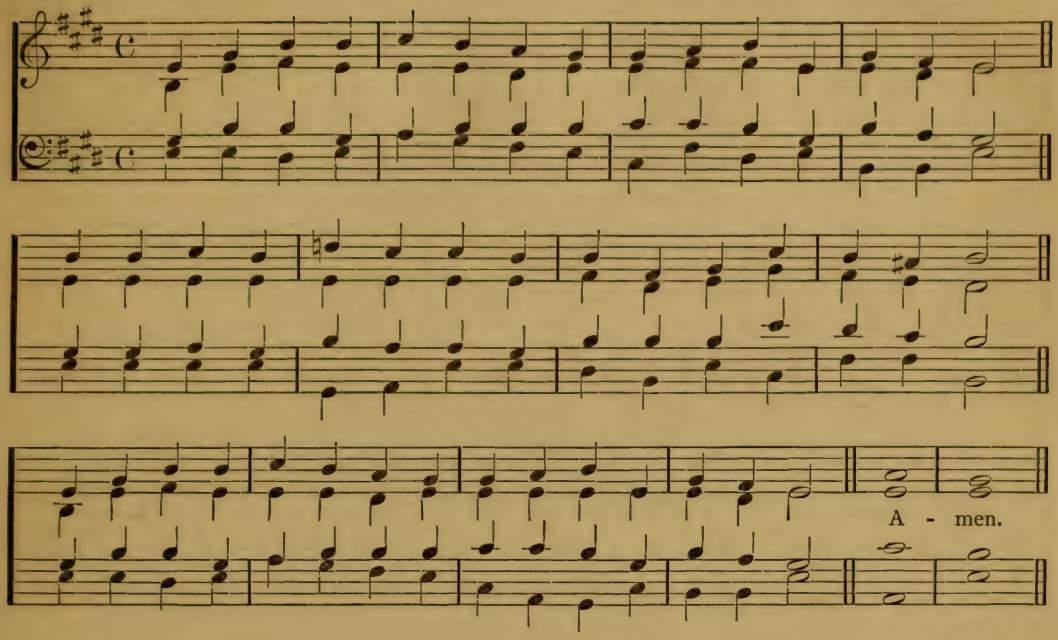
409 LUX IN TENEBRIS. P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


p
Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - circ - ling gloom, Lead Thou me
cres.
mf
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me
Keep Thou . . . my feet.
dim. . . . . .
f
on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene;
(SECOND VERSE.)
p
one step e - nough for me. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that
p
cres.
mf
Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead

In consequence of the irregularity of the rhythm of this hymn, it has been found necessary to print the music to all three verses.


I lov'd the ga - - rish day,
dim.
Thou me on. I lov'd the ga - rish day, and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my
(THIRD VERSE.)
will: re - mem-ber not past years. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it
cres.
still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The
And with the morn . . those an - gel fa - ces smile,
night is gone, And with the morn those an - - gel fa - ces smile, Which
dim. . . . . .
pp Slower.
I have lov'd long since, . . . and . . . . . lost a - while. A - men.
pp

MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



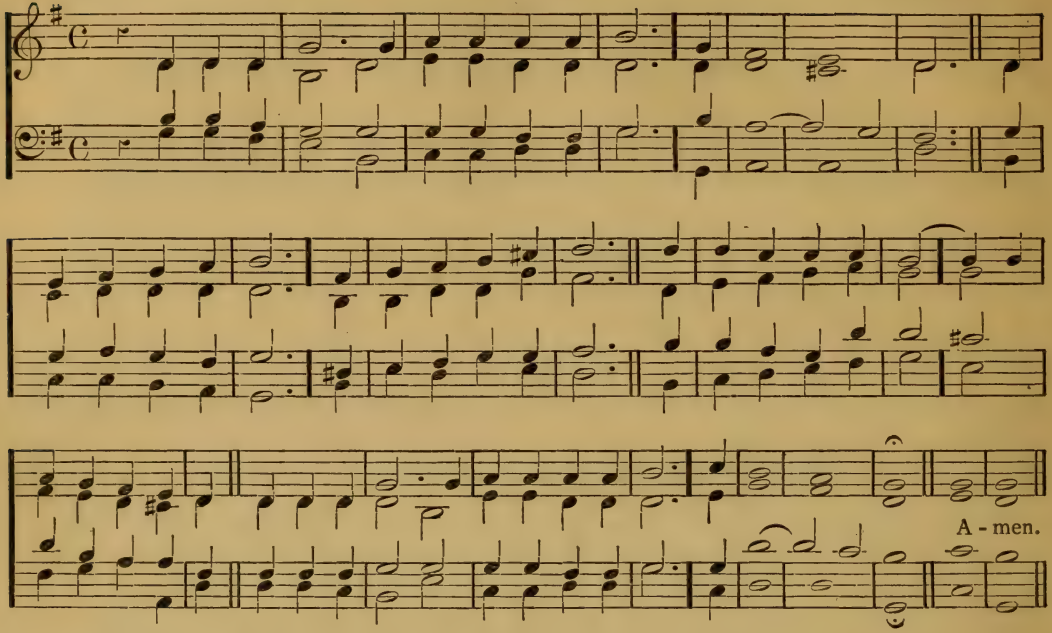
410 "*I am the Lord, thy Redeemer, which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldest go.*"—Isa. xlviii. 17.

1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

UNDIQUE GLORIA. P.M. G. J. ELVEY.

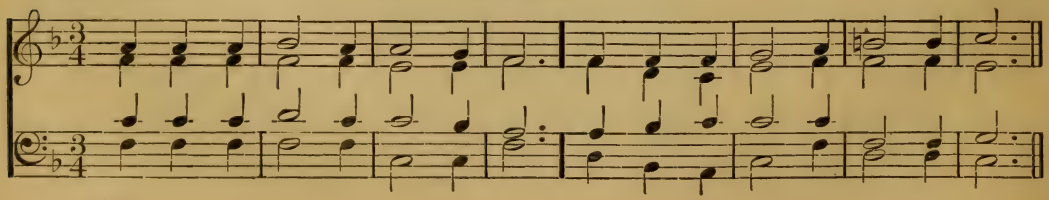


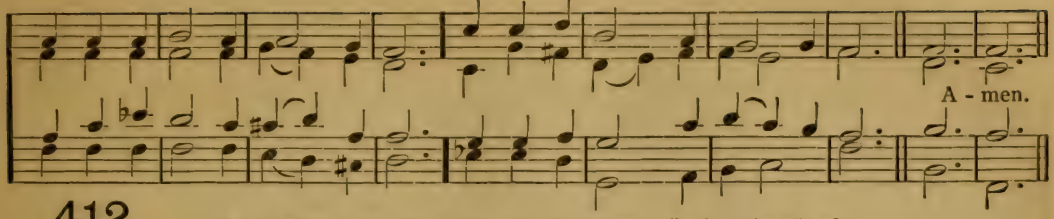
411 *"God is the King of all the earth, sing ye praises with understanding."*—Ps. xlvii. 7.

F 1 LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

2 Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with Psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out;
But above all the heart
Must bear the largest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King! Amen.

ST. ALBAN. L.M.





412

"And where I am, there shall also My servant be."—St. John xii. 26.

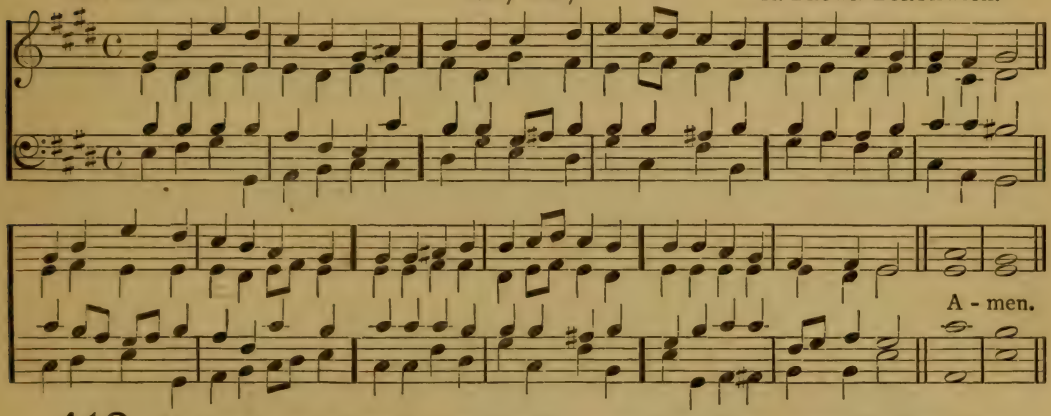
1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest:
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and completely blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore,
Then only will this evil heart
Be sinful and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither life nor death can part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love! Amen.

BATHURST. 8.8.7.8.8.7. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



413

"Let them praise the Name of the Lord, for He commanded, and they were created."—Ps. cxlviii. 5.

1 LET us raise our grateful voices;
Nature all with us rejoices
Homage to our God to bring,—
Voices hymning deepest yearning
Of our hearts intent on learning
How God's praise we best may sing.

2 Hills and vales and mighty mountains,
Lakes and rivers, sparkling fountains,
Join the never-resting throng!
Beasts and birds, all God's creation,
Filled with holy aspiration,
Swell the universal song!

3 Let not man, of all God's creatures
Noblest far—for in man's features
God's own image we behold,—
Let not man in adoration
Fall behind. By ev'ry nation
Let His praise in song be told!

4 God and Father, deign to hear us,
Son Eternal, come Thou near us,
Holy Spirit, present be;
As, with Angels blest and mortals,
High above to Heaven's bright portals
Swells our psalm of praise to Thee! Amen.

EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE. P.M. S.

414 "*O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever.*"—Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure!

2 Who by His wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state:
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure!

3 Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain:
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure!

4 Who by His all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light:
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure!

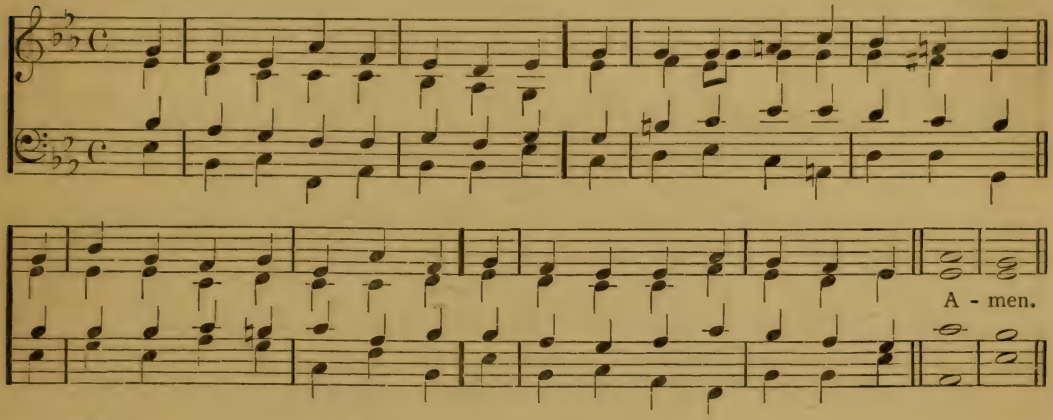
5 And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run:
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure!

6 The hornèd moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure!

7 All living creatures He doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure!

8 Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
f For His mercies aye endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure! Amen.

ELLESMERE. L.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



415

"*Surely the Lord is in this place.*"—Gen. xxviii. 16.

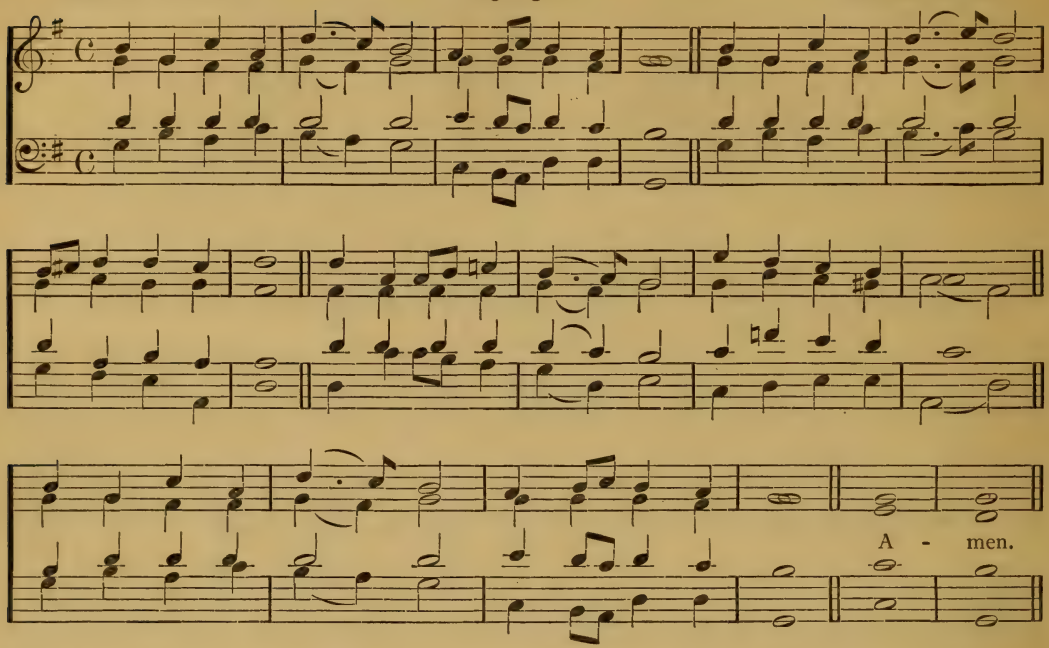
1 Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And humbly bow before His face.

2 Lo, God is here, whom day and night
United choirs of angels praise;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
The host of heaven their anthems raise.

3 Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still bear and do Thy sovereign will.

F 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

PRINCETHORPE. 6.5.6.5. D. WILLIAM PITTS.



416

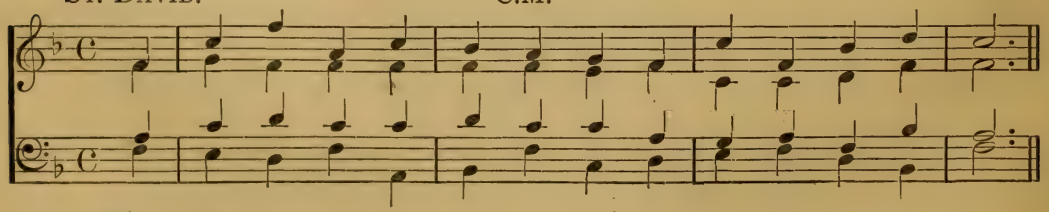
"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh."—Cant. v. 2.

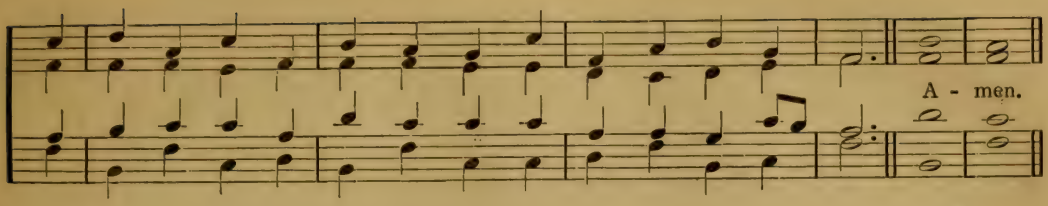
1 Lo! the voice of Jesus
Fondly speaks to all;
He it is who frees us
From sin's bitter thrall:
He it is whose nature,
Human as our own,
Pleads for every creature
By the Father's throne.

2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distrest—
p Tells us that our sorrow
p For the night may last,
f But a glad to-morrow
f Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure,
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure;
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
cres. Where Faith's years of trial
f Shall be lost in sight. Amen.

ST. DAVID. C.M.





417

"We shall see Him as He is."—1 St. John iii. 2.

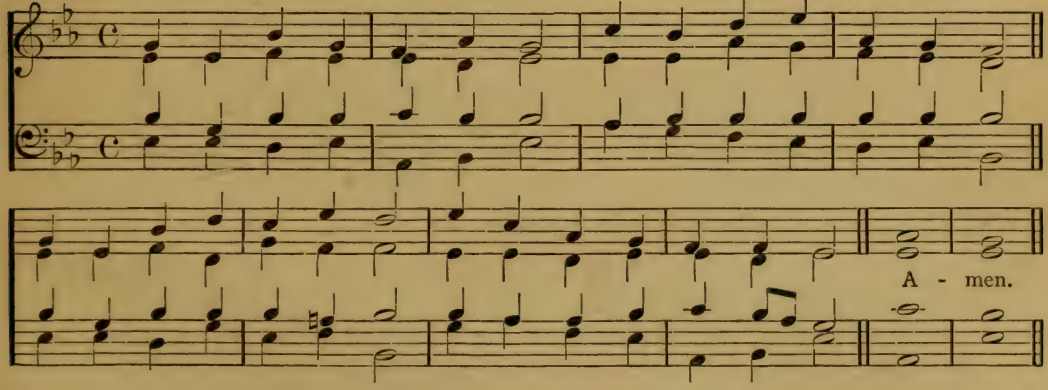
1 LORD, if on earth the thought of Thee
Be life, and strength, and peace,
How blessèd shall that vision be
Which never more can cease!

2 How blest when we Thy glory see
In light without a shade;—
The glory which surrounded Thee
Before the worlds were made!

3 Darkly to us, as through a glass,
Thy beauty now is shown;
Then we shall see Thee face to face,
And know as we are known.

4 Then purge, O Lord, our hearts from sin,
Ha'low Thine own abode,
That nought unclean be found within
The temple of our God. Amen.

JERSEY. 7.7.7.7. DR. BOYCE.



418

"My soul is even as a weaned child."—Ps. cxxxi. 2.

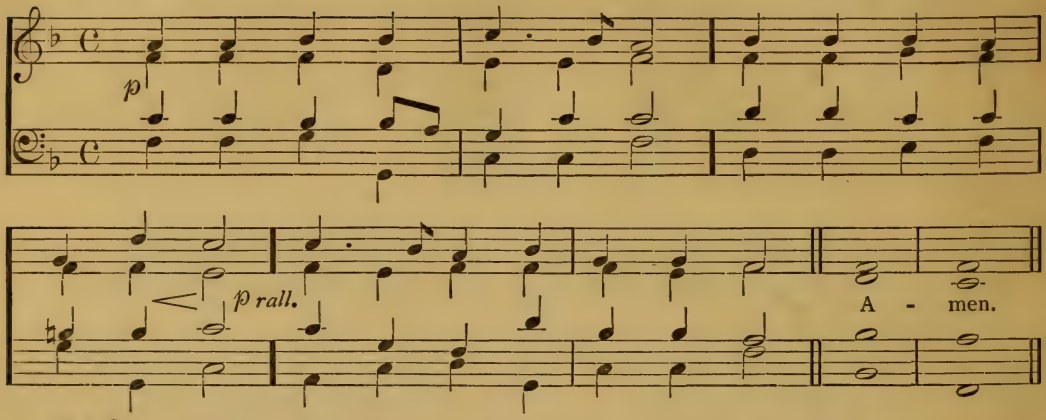
P 1 LORD, if Thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Like our Master we shall be,
Clothèd with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild;
Humble as a little child;
Pleased with what the Lord provides;
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix our souls on Thee;
Every evil let us flee;
Always happy in Thy love;
Looking for our rest above.

cres. 4 Oh, that all might seek and find
m Every good in Christ combined!
f Oh, that all might Him adore,
f Trust Him, praise Him, evermore! Amen.

ROSEHILL. 7.7.7. ALFRED PHILLIPS.



419

"Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God."—Heb. xii. 15.

P 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

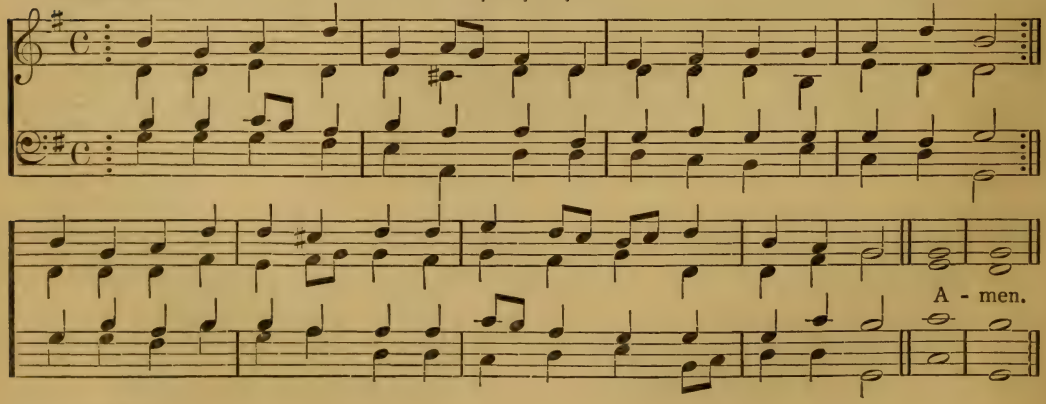
3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Lest we never see Thy face. Amen.

BAMBERG. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.



420

"Our fathers have told us what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old."—Ps. xliv. 1.

1 Lord, in whose eternal counsels
Past and Future are as one,
With Thy grace and Thy protection
Bless Thy work in us begun;
By our hands maintain Thy conflict
Till the victory be won.

2 It was the resistless power
Of Thy quickening Spirit's flame
That upon our night of darkness
Full of light and healing came,
Bidding us arise and serve Thee
To the glory of Thy Name.

3 With Thy glory for our watchword,
And our confidence in Thee,
In Thy might our weakness prospered;
Faint, yet not distressed are we:
Still in hope, by faithful warfare,
Thy co-heirs of joy to be.

4 Great Thy work for us already,
Lord, wherein we now rejoice:
Oh! with Thy sure help for ever
Bless the people of Thy choice,
Make us follow where Thou goest,
Faithful to our Shepherd's voice.

5 From the chiding of the godless,
From the harshness of the proud,
Save us, trusting to Thy Presence,
Though the strife of tongues wax loud;
As we journey through the desert
Lead us with Thy guiding cloud.

F 6 So to Thee, O loving Father;
So to Thee, Incarnate Son;
So to Thee, Creator Spirit;
Ever Three and ever One;
Be the glory of the wonders
Which Thy hand alone hath done! Amen.

ST. HUGH. C.M. E. J. HOPKINS.

421

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. iv. 17.

1 Lord, it belongs not to our care
Whether we die or live;
To love and serve Thee is our share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, oh, make us glad
The longer to obey;
p If short, no labourer is sad
p To end his toilsome day.

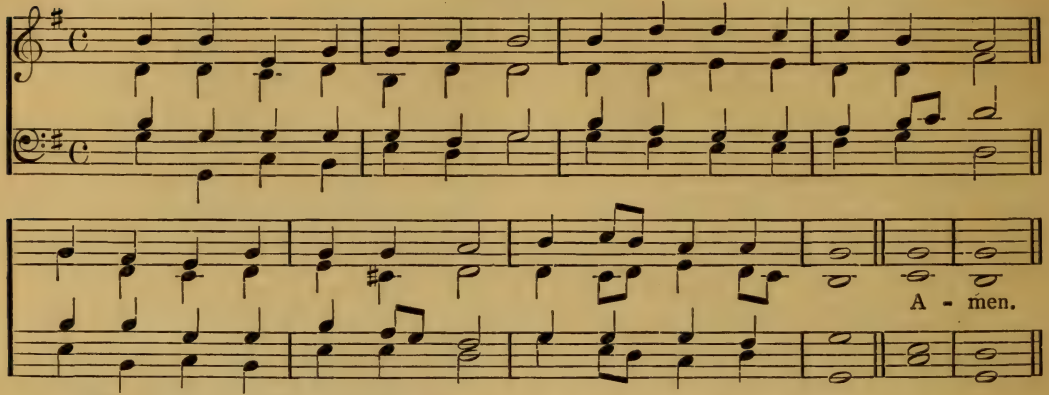
3 Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
cres. What will Thy glory be?

5 There shall we end our sad complaints,
Our weary sinful days,
f And join with the triumphant saints
f That sing Jehovah's praise.

p 6 Our knowledge of that life is small,
p The eye of faith is dim:
f Enough for us that Christ knows all,
f And we shall be with Him. Amen.

PRESTON. 7·7·7·5. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



422 *"Thou, Lord, art plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee."*—Ps. lxxxvi. 5.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
p Jesu, hear and save!

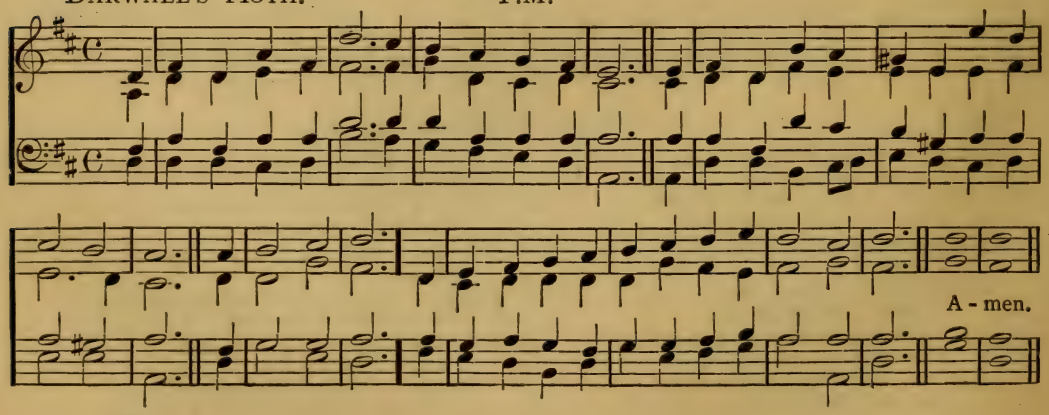
2 Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
p Jesu, hear and save!

3 Strong Creator! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
p Jesu, hear and save!

f 4 Throned above celestial things,
f Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
f Lord of lords, and King of kings,
p Jesu, hear and save!

5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of Angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
p Jesu, hear and save! Amen.

DARWALL'S 148TH. P.M.



423

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
cres. Till each in heaven appears:
F Oh, glorious seat!
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

F 4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee. Amen.

BANGOR. C.M. OLD WELSH MELODY.

424

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."—Ps. lxv. 2.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

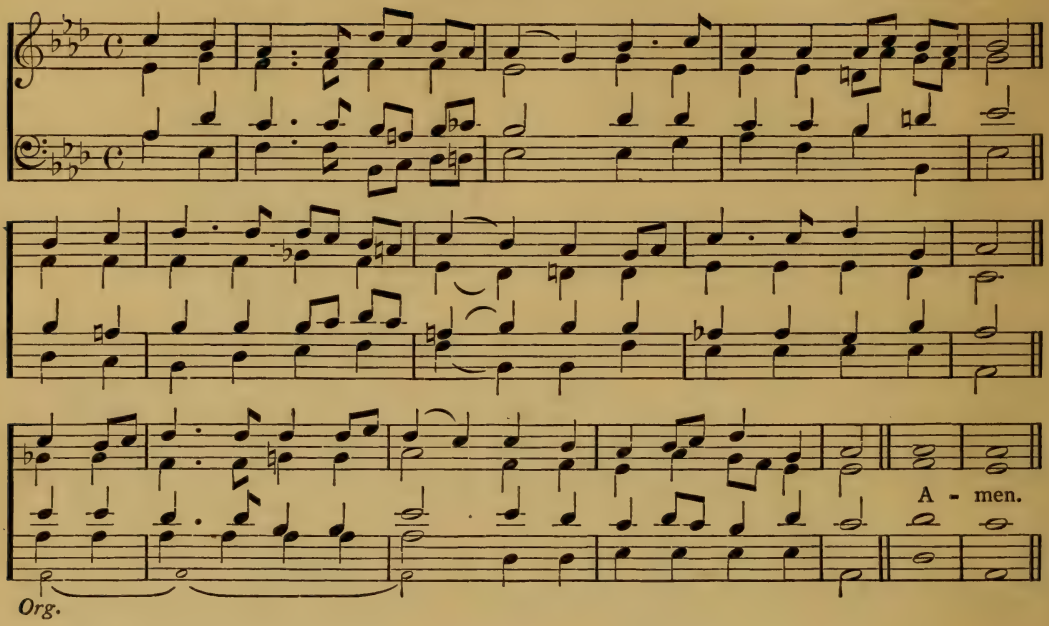
2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh, grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts;

5 And faith in that One Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To rest our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone. Amen.

REQUIEM. 7·7·7·7·7·7. W. SCHULTES.



425

"Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."—St. Matt. vii. 14.

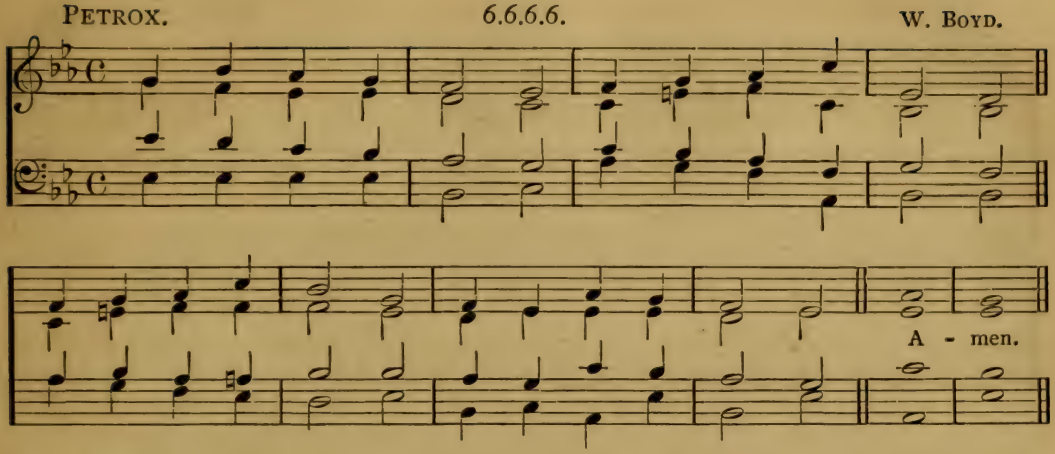
1 LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness.
p Holy Jesu, day by day
p Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
p Holy Jesu, day by day
p Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
p Holy Jesu, day by day
p Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees;
Sunny slopes, and scented shades:
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
p Holy Jesu, day by day
p Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
p Holy Jesu, day by day
p Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.



426 "*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*"—Ps. cxix. 105.

1 LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth:
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

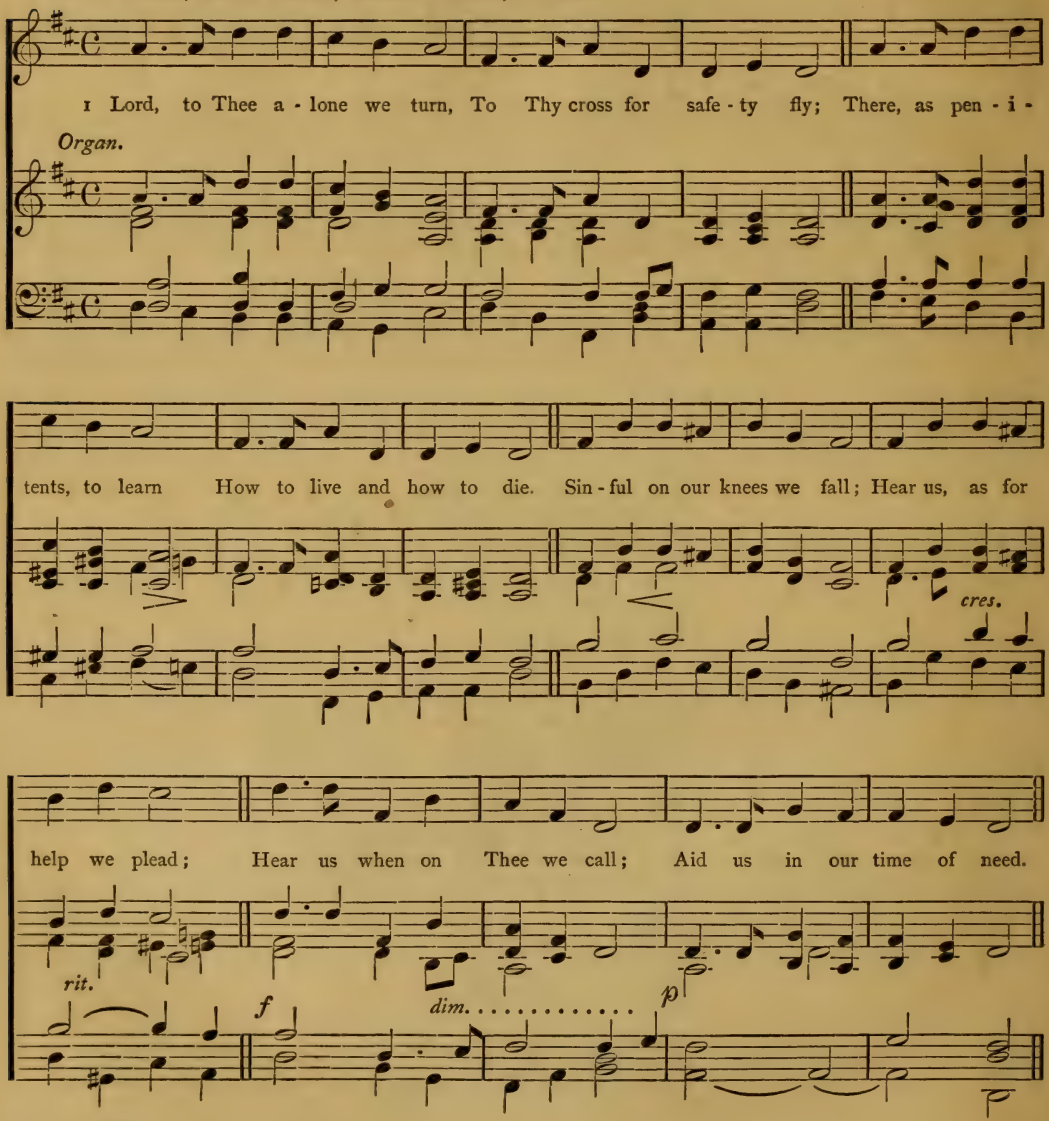
4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

RAMOTH. 7.7.7.7. D. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

FIRST VERSE, Men's Voices; SECOND VERSE, Trebles.


1 Lord, to Thee a - lone we turn, To Thy cross for safe - ty fly; There, as pen - i -
Organ.
tents, to learn How to live and how to die. Sin - ful on our knees we fall; Hear us, as for
cres.
help we plead; Hear us when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need.
rit.
f
dim.
p

THIRD VERSE, Harmony.

427

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

P 1 LORD, to Thee alone we turn,
To Thy Cross for safety fly;
There, as penitents, to learn
How to live and how to die.

Sinful on our knees we fall;
Hear us, as for help we plead;
Hear us when on Thee we call;
Aid us in our time of need.

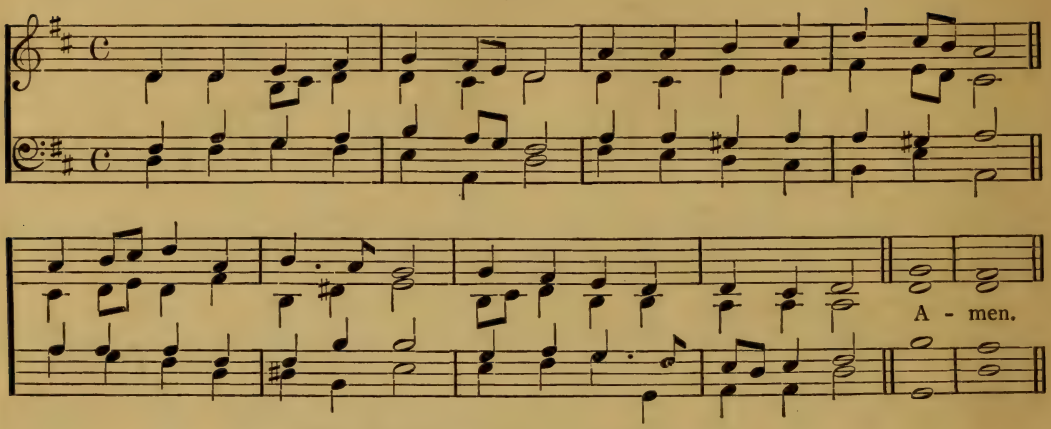
2 In the midst of sin and strife,
In the depths of mortal woe,
Teach us, Lord, to live a life
Meet for sojourners below.

Though the road be oft-times dark,
Though the feet in weakness stray,
Lead us, Saviour, as the Ark
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone
When the vale of death we tread,
Then be all Thy mercy shown,
Then be all Thy love displayed.

Guard us in that darksome hour,
Lead us to the land of rest;
Where, secure from Satan's power,
We may lie upon Thy breast. Amen.

ST. LUCY. 7·7·7·7. J.



(See also "ANCIENT LITANY," Hymn 55.)

428 *"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal Life."*—St. John vi. 68.

1 LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go—
Thee whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know?

2 Though Thy dread mysterious word
Hard to human sense may prove,
Where can deeper truth be heard,
Dropt from purer lips of love?

3 Awful is that life of Thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires,
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires.

4 Israel on the heavenly bread
Fed, and died, in days of yore,
But the souls upon Thee fed
Never thirst nor hunger more.

5 Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide?
Who, except Thyself, can be
Hope, and help, and strength, and guide?

6 Who can prove what Thou hast proved?
Who can win what Thou hast won?
Who can love as Thou hast loved?
Who can do as Thou hast done?

7 Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessèd Saviour, who but Thou?

F 8 Therefore evermore I'll give
Thanks and praise, my God, to Thee;
Evermore in Thee I live,
Evermore live Thou in me. Amen.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. RAVENSCROFT.

429

"Give ear unto my prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips."—Ps. xvii. 1.

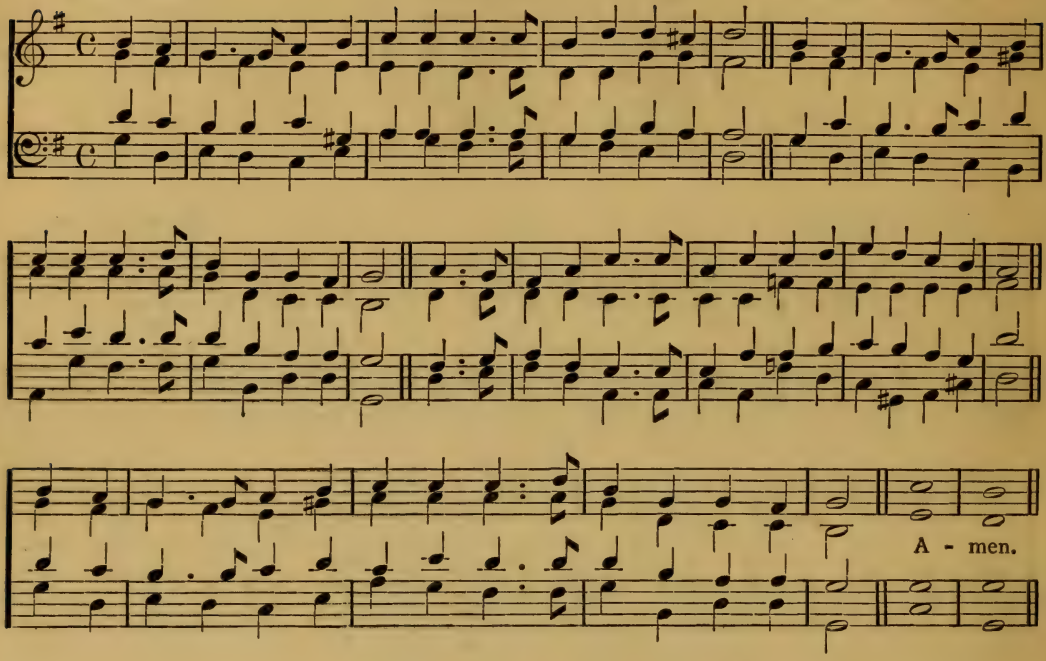
P 1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine;

4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

FALFIELD. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



430

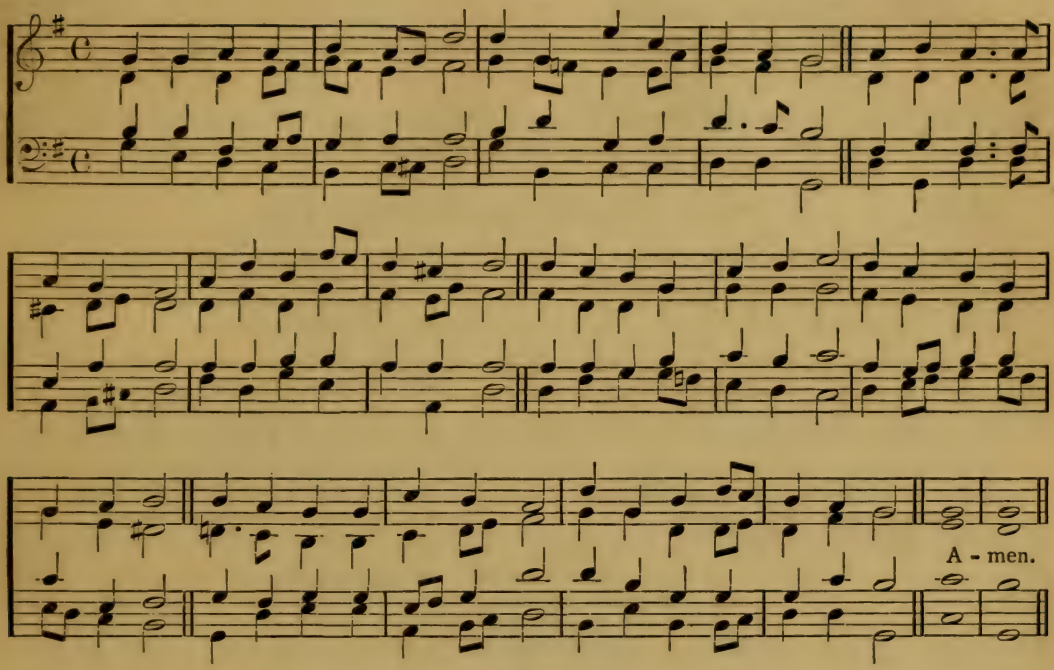
"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."—1 St. John iv. 16.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy Love receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave.
Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
cres. Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
f Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
f Lost in wonder, love, and praise! Amen.

COBURG. P.M. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.



431 *"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."*—2 Tim. ii. 3.

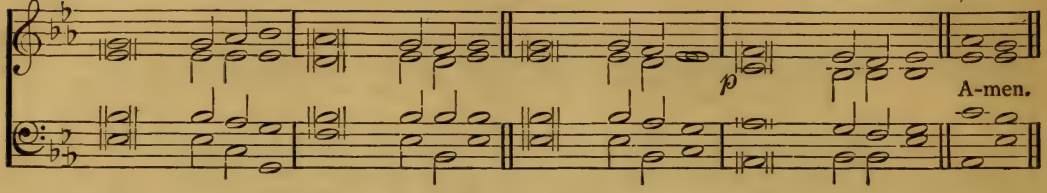
F 1 MARCH, march onward, soldiers true! Take through cloud and mist your way,
Yonder flows the fount of life, yonder dwells eternal day.
March, though myriad foes are nigh, forward till ye reach the shore,
dim. Then, when all the strife is done, rest in peace for evermore.

2 Hark, hark, loud the trumpet sounds! Wake, ye children of the light;
Time is past for sloth and sleep; wake and arm you for the fight.
Spear and sword each warrior needs; foes are round you, friends are few;
Faint not, though the way be long: fainting, still your way pursue.

3 See, see, yonder shines your home; gates of pearl and walls of gold,
Joy that heart hath never known, bliss that tongue hath never told.
Victors then through Christ your Lord, gathered round His glorious throne,
Be it yours to sing His praise, praise that He, your King, shall own.

4 Praise, praise Him who reigns on high! Praise the co-eternal Son,
Praise the Spirit, Lord of life, praise the blessèd Three in One.
Praise Him, ye who toil and fight; praise Him, ye who bear the palm;
As the sound of mighty seas, pour your everlasting psalm. Amen.

TROYTE, NO. 1. 8.8.8.4. A. H. D. TROYTE.



432

"Not my will, but Thine, be done."—St. Luke xxii. 42.

P 1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
pp Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
pp Thy will be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
pp Thy will be done!

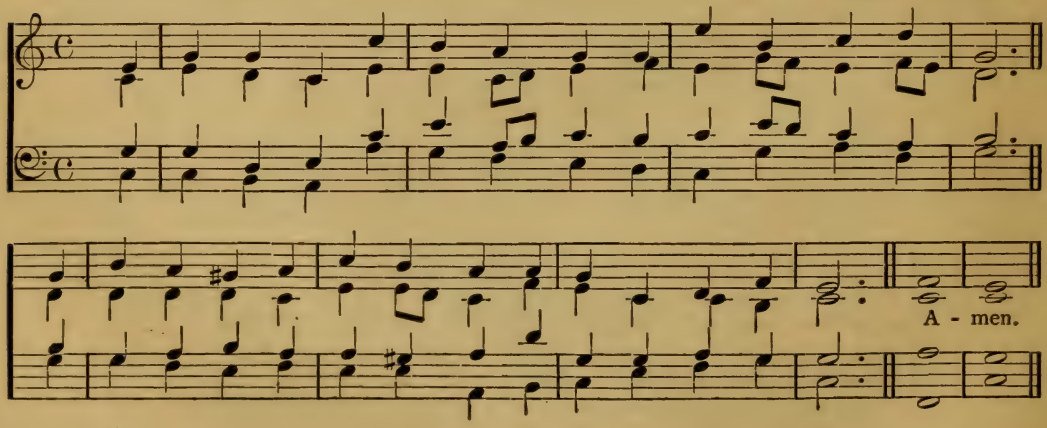
4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
pp Thy will be done!

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
pp Thy will be done!

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
pp Thy will be done!

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
cres. The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
f I'll sing upon a happier shore,
dim. Thy will be done! Amen.

WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE.



433

"Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto."—1 Tim. vi. 16.

1 My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy Majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

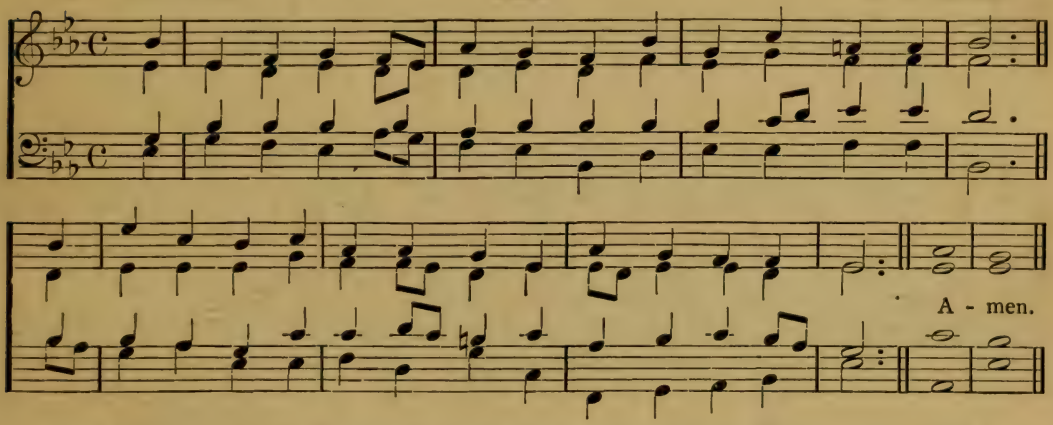
3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee! Amen.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. L. G. HAYNE.



434

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 St. John iv. 19.

P 1 My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

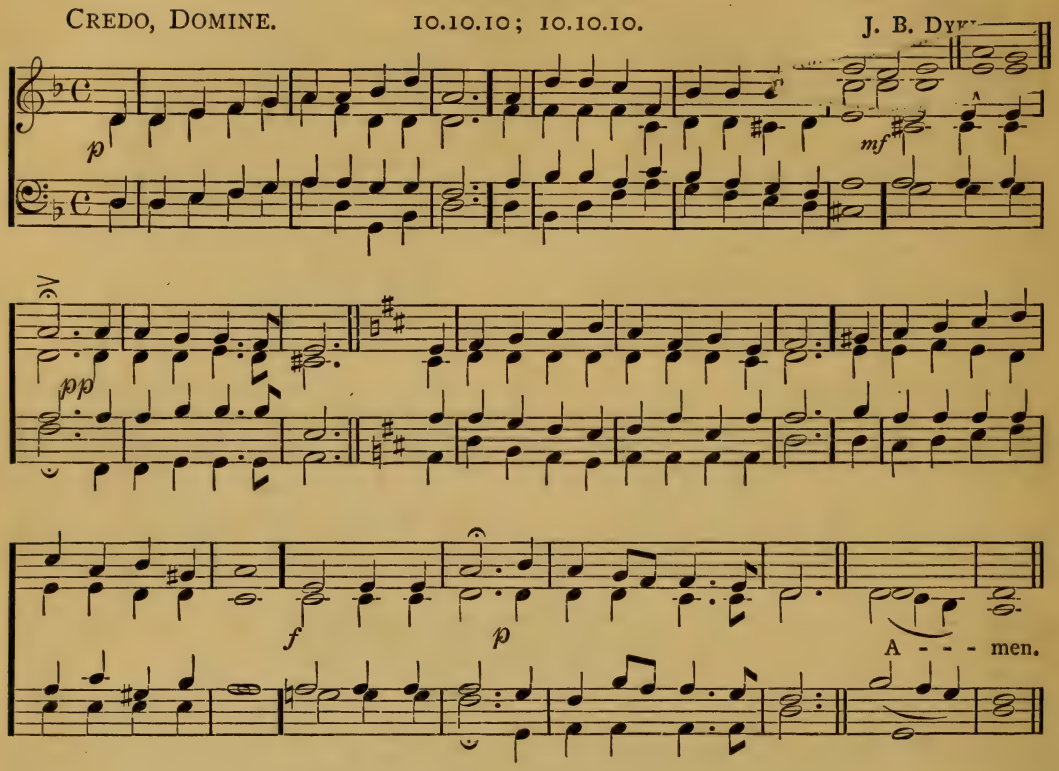
2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony:
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
cres. And in Thy praise will sing;
f Solely because Thou art my God,
f And my Eternal King. Amen.



435 *"Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up."*—Ps. xl. 12.

P 1 My sins have taken such an hold on me,
I am not able to look up to Thee;
Lord, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
F But Thou hast taken all my sin away,
And I in Thee dare now look up and pray:
f Lord, I believe; (*p*) help Thou mine unbelief.

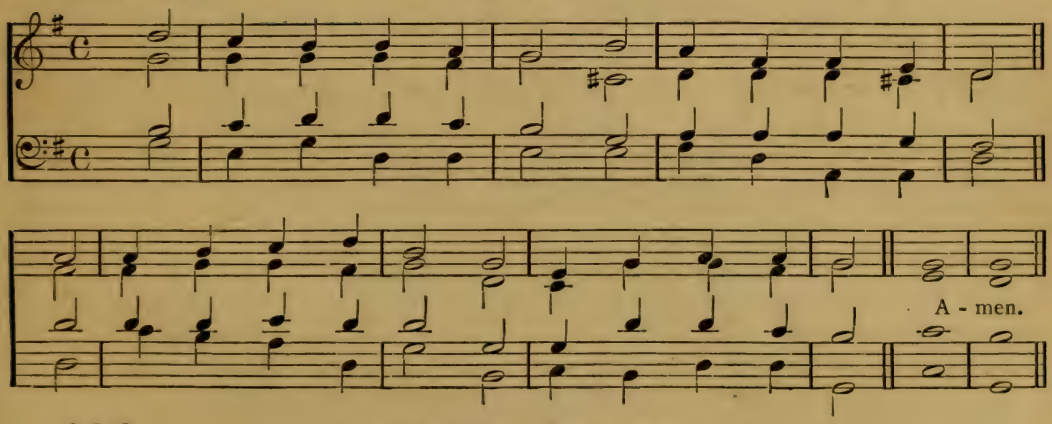
P 2 Of nights unhallowed, and of sinful days,
Of careless thoughts and words and works and ways,
Lord, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
F And in the Life which doth within me live,
And the Forgiveness which can all forgive,
f Lord, I believe; (*p*) help Thou mine unbelief.

P 3 Of selfishness which makes the soul unjust,
Envy and strife, and every sinful lust,
Lord, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
And in the Blood, which doth my pardon plead,
The Truth and Love, which for me intercede,
f Lord, I believe; (*p*) help Thou mine unbelief.

P 4 Of sins that as a cloud have hid Thy face,
Of Thy care slighted, and Thy grievèd grace,
Lord, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
In love which puts sin's envious veil aside,
Rending the veil of flesh which for me died,
f Lord, I believe; (*p*) help Thou mine unbelief.

P 5 Sin is my sorrow, passion is my pain,
To Thee their vileness, and in me their stain;
Lord, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
cres. Christ is my joy; and out of all distress
He doth deliver with His righteousness:
f Lord, I believe; (*p*) help Thou mine unbelief. Amen.

ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6. L. G. HAYNE.



436

"My soul longeth for Thee."—Ps. lxiii. 1.

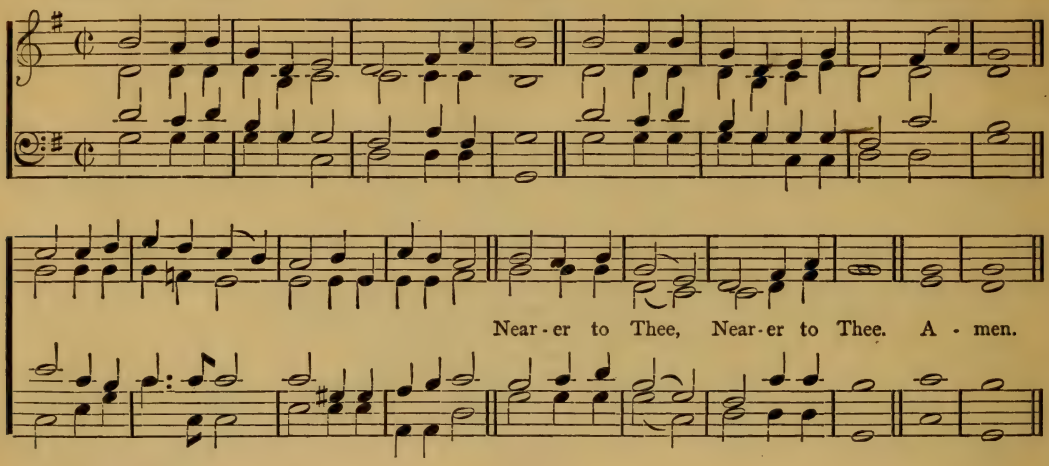
P 1 My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest:

2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee:

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

4 No rest is to be found,
But in Thy blessèd love:
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above! Amen.

PROPIOR DEO. P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



This and the tune on the next page (St. John) may be interchanged.

437

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."—St. James iv. 8.

P 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

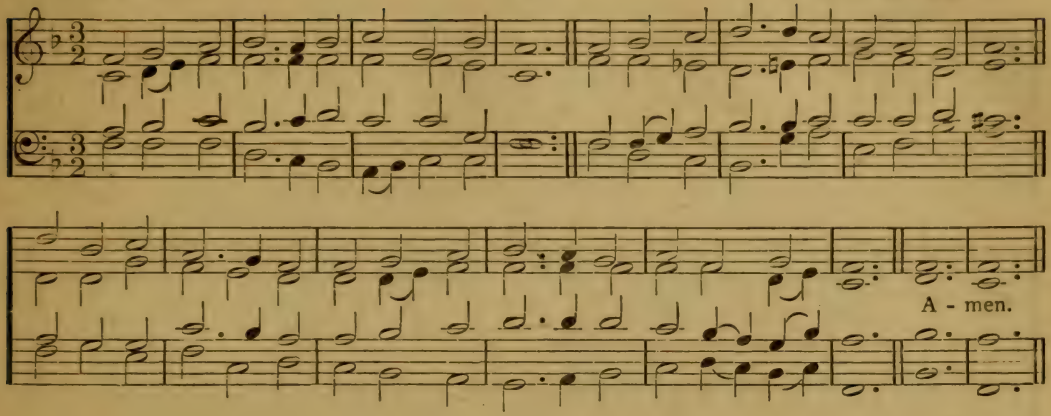
2 Though like the wanderer (the sun gone down),
Darkness comes over me—my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

3 Then let the way appear steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

f 4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
f Out of my stony griefs *Bethel* I'll raise;
dim. So by my woes to be
p Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

F 5 Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee. Amen.

ST. JOHN. P.M. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.



438 *"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."*—St. John xii. 32.

P 1 NEARER, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou my prayer.
E'en though a heavy cross fainting I bear,
Still all my prayer shall be,
Nearer, O God, to Thee; nearer to Thee!

2 If, where they led my Lord, I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His, weary and worn,
Oh, may they carry me
Nearer, O God, to Thee; nearer to Thee!

3 If Thou the cup of pain givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip from the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee; nearer to Thee!

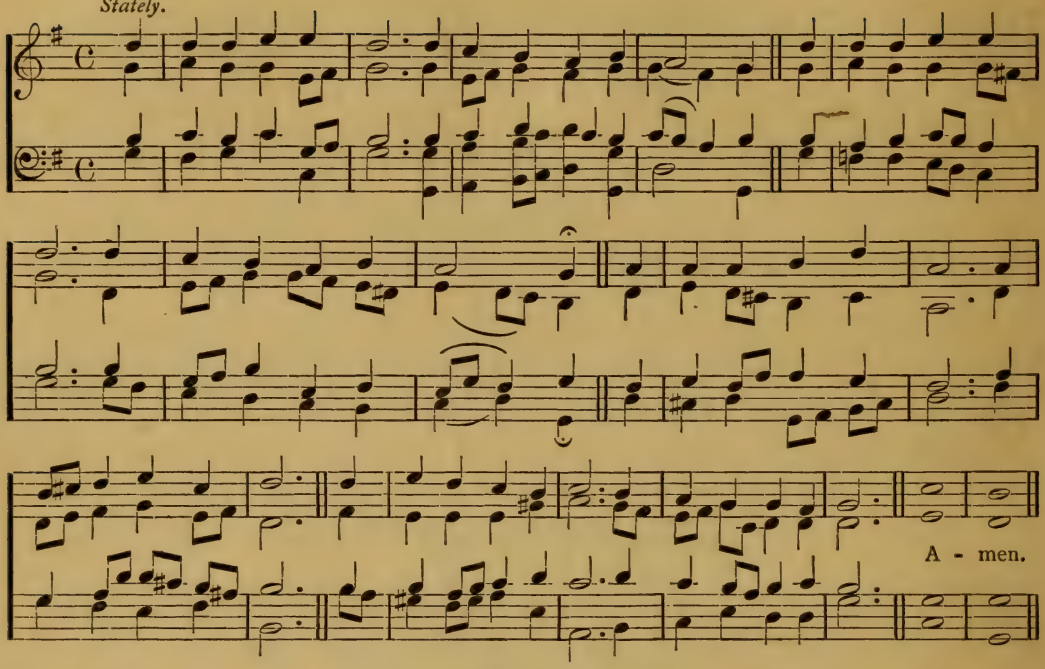
f 4 Though the great battle rage hotly around,
f Still where my Captain fights let me be found;
dim. Through toils and strife to be
p Nearer, O God, to Thee; nearer to Thee!

pp 5 When, my course finished, I breathe my last breath,
Ent'ring the shadowy valley of death,
There too I still shall be
Nearer, O God, to Thee; nearer to Thee!

F 6 And when Thou, Lord, once more glorious shalt come,
Oh for a dwelling-place in Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee; nearer to Thee! Amen.

NUN DANKET. P.M. GERMAN.

Stately.



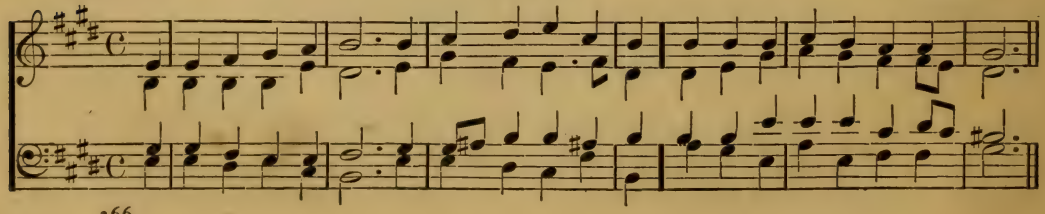
439 *"Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name."*—1 Chron. xxix. 13.

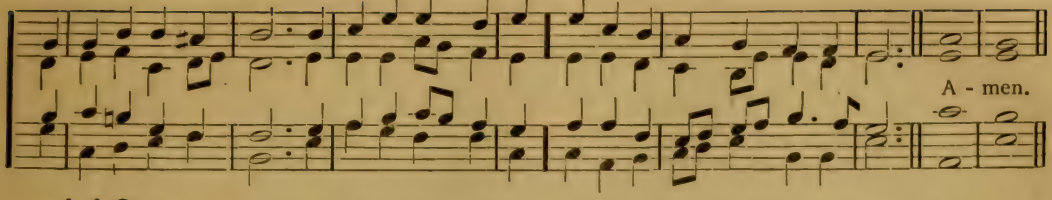
F 1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven!
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

PRAGUE. 6.6.8. D. GERMAN.





440

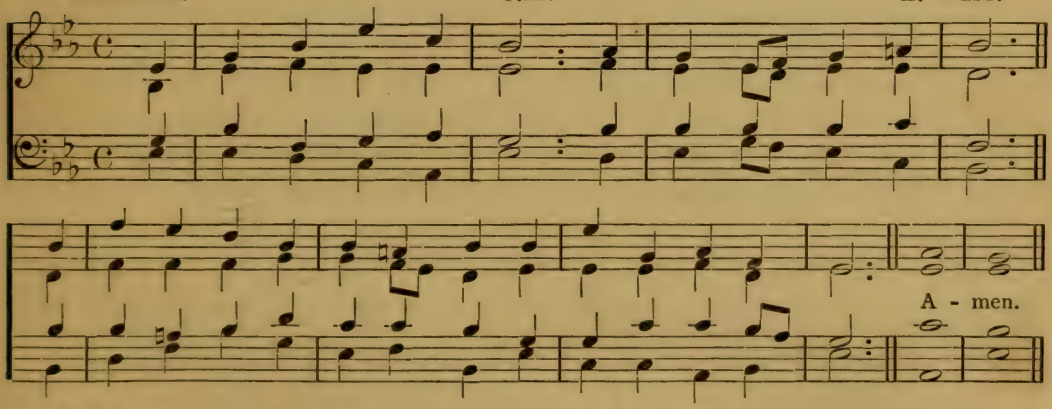
"Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. xvii. 8.

1 O CHRIST our King, give ear;
O Lord and Maker, hear;
And guide our footsteps lest they stray.
Thy faithful guardian send,
Thine Angel, who may tend,
And lead us on our holy way.

2 Defend our onward path,
Protect from hostile wrath,
And bring us to Thy holy seat.
Thy right hand be stretched out,
Thy left be round about,
In every peril that we meet!

3 And oh, good Lord, at last,
Our many wanderings past,
Give us to see Thy realm of light!
Glory to God on high,
Be paid eternally,
And praise, and majesty, and might! Amen.

MORAVIA. S.M. L. WEST.



441

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me."—Ps. xliii. 3.

1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay;

2 O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,
Our Bliss, our Treasure, and our Wealth,
To Thee our spirit clings!

3 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true;
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,
Lead us, and teach us too!

4 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold us in the way;
Bring us, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day!

5 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease! Amen.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M. TALLIS.

442

"And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead."—Rev. i. 17.

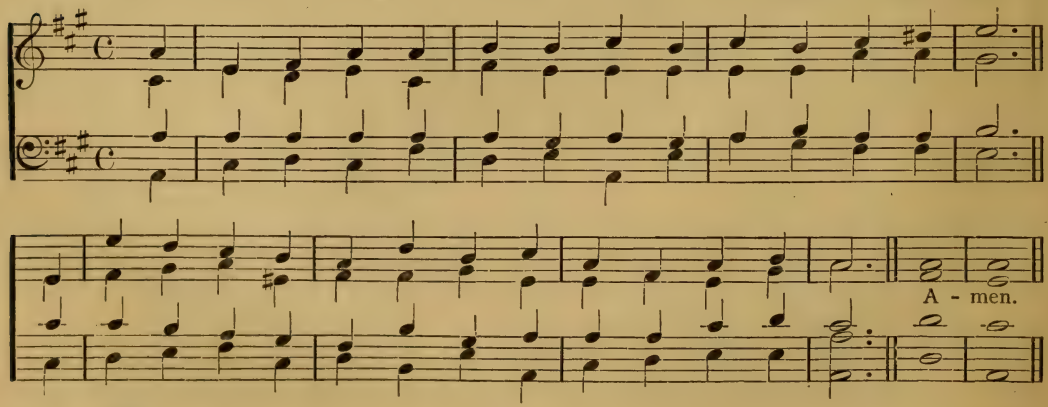
1 O GOD, enshrined in dazzling light
Above the highest sphere,
My soul is filled with awe to feel
That Thou art present here.

2 Thine Eye is as a lamp of fire,
And in its searching flame
p I see myself, all stained with sin,
pp And bow my head with shame.

F 3 But, O my God, Thy Son hath died!
And from the dust I rise,
And from myself and all my sin
To Thee I lift mine eyes.

p 4 My sins are dark, but over all
cres. Thy burning love I see;
ff And all my soul is full of praise,
ff And worships only Thee. Amen.

ST. NATHANIEL. C.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



443

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

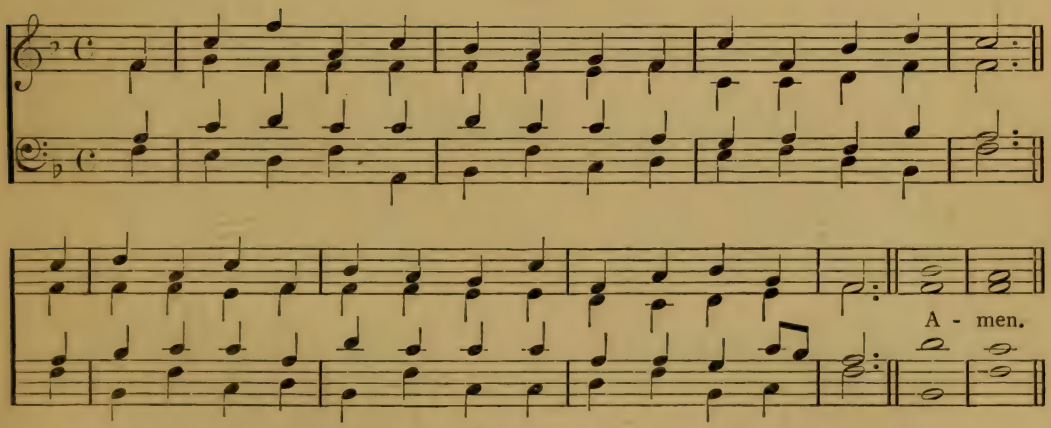
2 Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead!

3 For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

4 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

5 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on Thee! Amen.

ST. DAVID. C.M.



444

"Our fathers trusted in Thee, they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them."—Ps. xxii. 4.

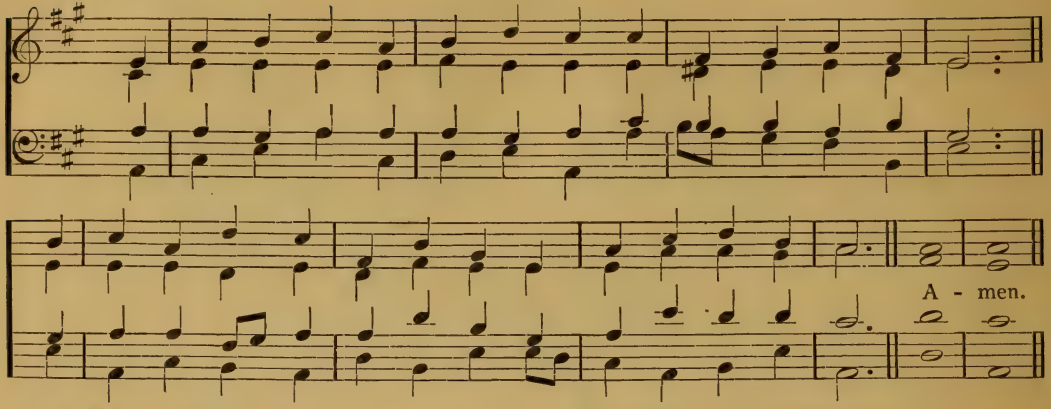
1 O God of Jacob! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace. Amen.

ST. JAMES. C.M.



445

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. lx. 4.

1 O GOD of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er has breath,
Look down on Thy created sons
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

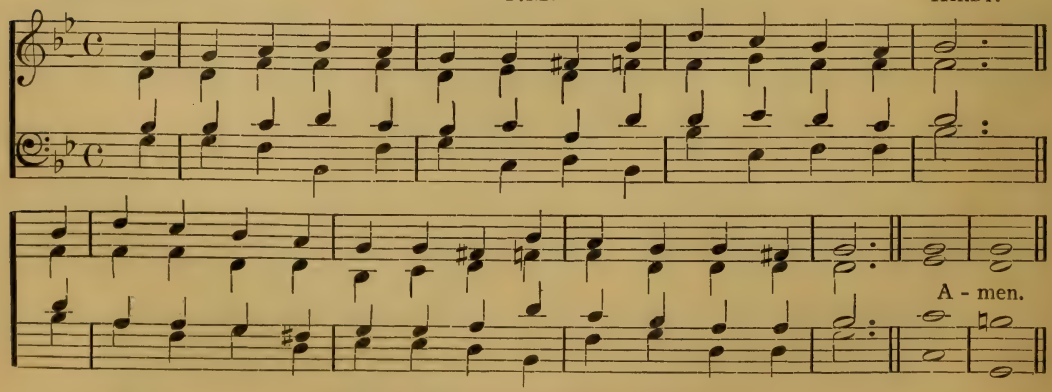
3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white?

4 How can we fight for Truth and God,
Enthralled by lies and sin?
He who would wage such war on earth
Must first be true within.

5 O God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there!

6 So tried in Thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us Thy perfect Truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for Thee. Amen.

WINDSOR. C.M. KIRBY.



The first and last verses may be sung in unison.

446

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help."—Ps. cxlvi. 5.

1 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

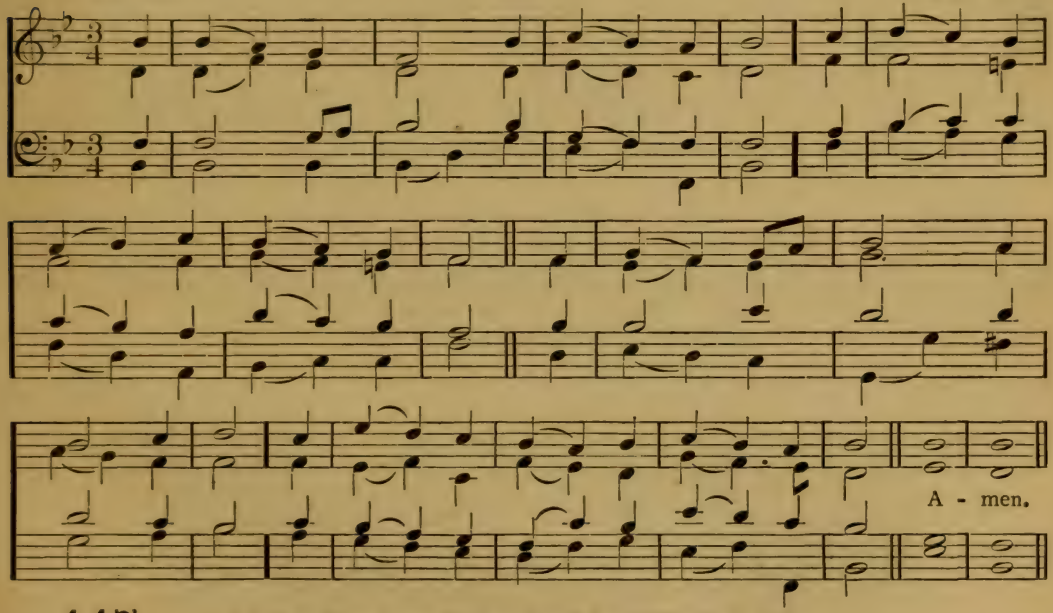
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home! Amen.

WAREHAM. L.M. KNAPP.



447

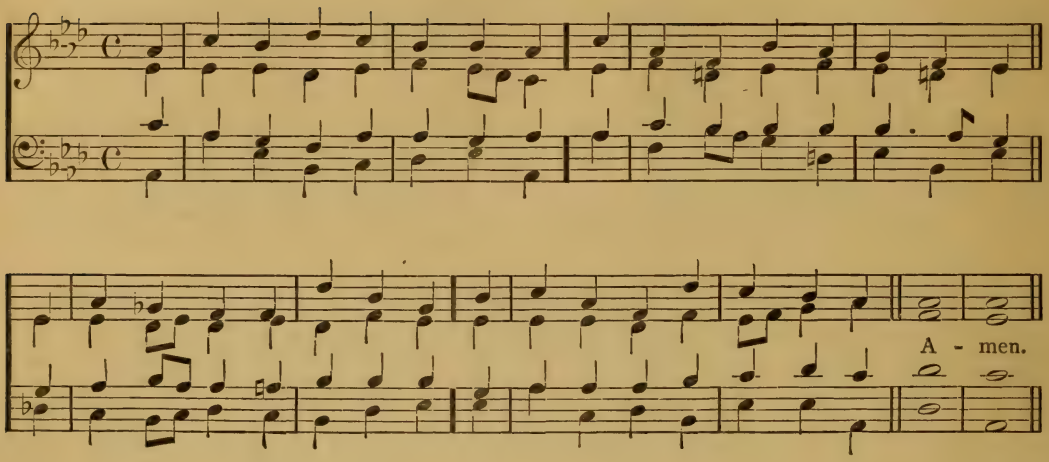
"O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee."—Ps. lxiii. 1.

1 O God, Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Thee in the watches of the night,
Will I remember on my bed;
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee? Amen.

LEONBURG. L.M. GERMAN.



448

"*There is one Body, and one Spirit.*"—Eph. iv. 4.

1 O HOLY GHOST, Thou God of peace,
Pity Thy Church, now rent in twain;
Bid wrath and strife and variance cease,
And let us all be one again;

2 One with our brethren here in love,
And one with saints that are at rest,
And one with Angel hosts above,
And one with God for ever blest.

3 Oh! make on earth all churches one,
One with the blessèd gone before,
All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

4 For one the Lord on whom we call,
The Spirit one which He hath given,
cres. One God and Father of us all,
f One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven. Amen.

KREUZNACH. 7.6.7.6. D. GERMAN.

449 *"I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."*—St. John x. 14.

1 O JESU ever present,
O Shepherd ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.

It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

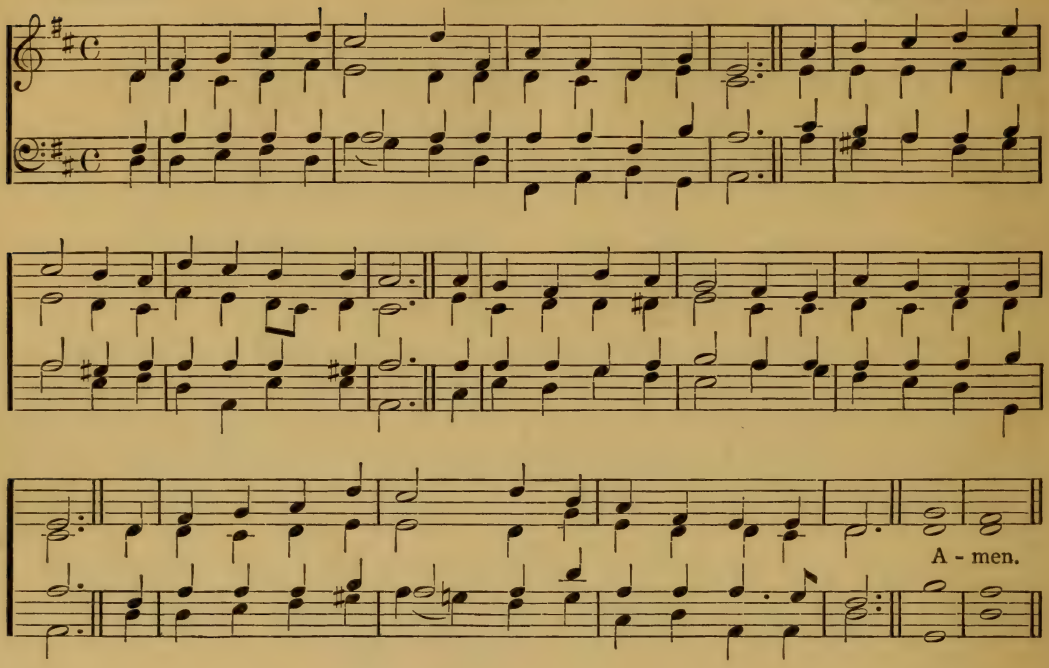
P 2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way!

How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy Hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in!

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.

f Thy voice, in life so mighty,
f In death shall make me bold.
ff Oh, bring my ransomed spirit
ff To Thine eternal fold! Amen.

CEYLON. 7.6.7.6. D. SAMUEL REAY.



450

"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."—St. Luke ix. 57.

1 O JESU, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesu, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

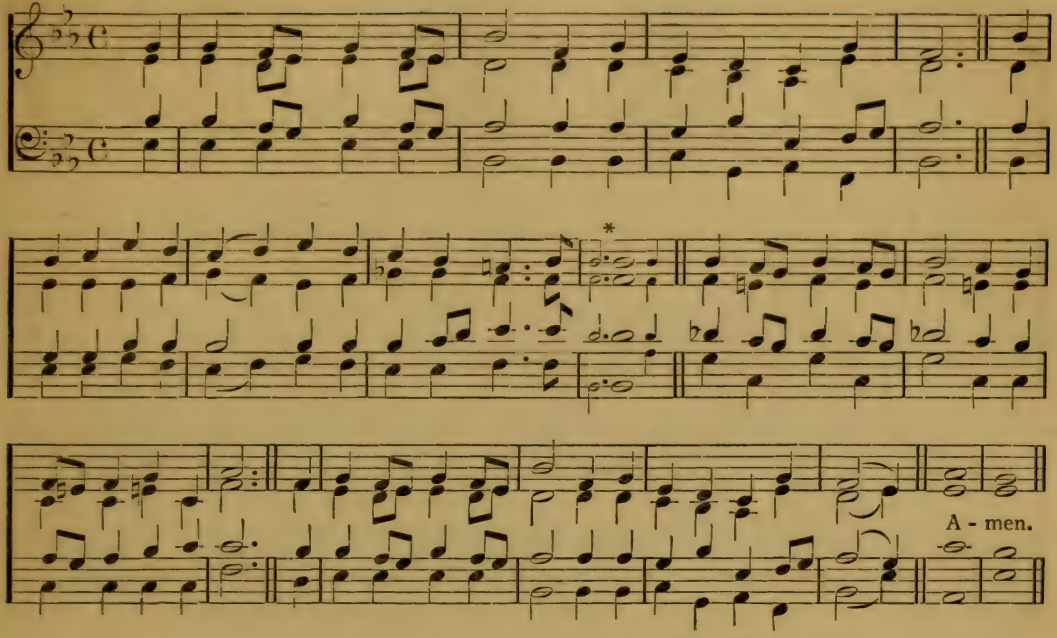
3 Oh! let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh! speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control:
Oh! speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesu, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesu, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh! let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

LUX MUNDI. 7.6.7.6. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Not fast.



451

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. iii. 20.

P 1 O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.

Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
Oh, shame, thrice shame, upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marred.

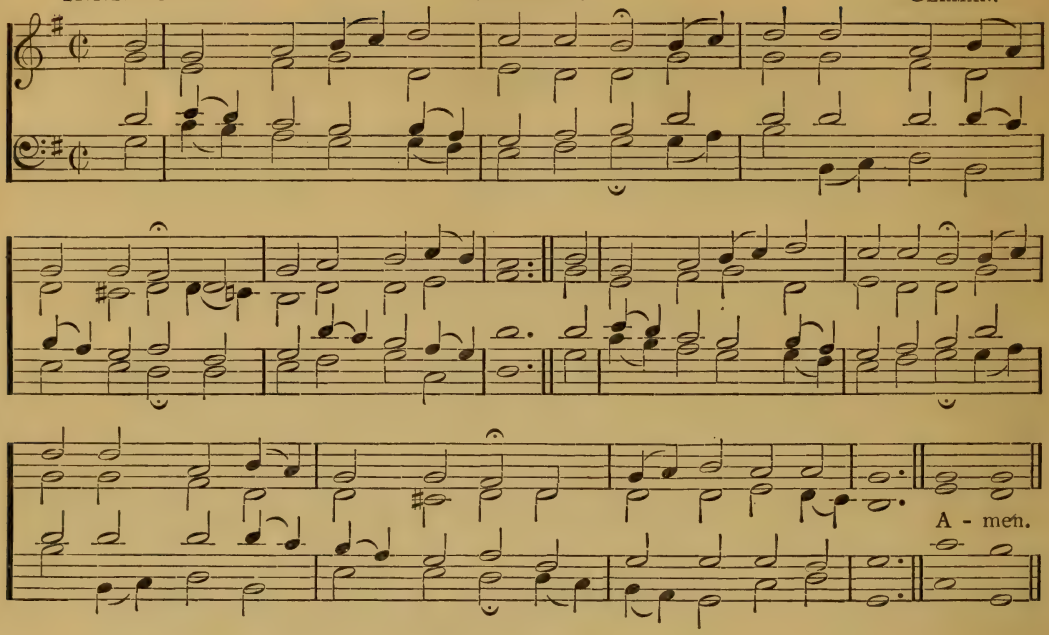
cres. Oh love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
dim. Oh sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low—
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so!"

O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
cres. Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
mf And leave us nevermore. Amen.

* The small notes to be used for the second and third verses.

INNSPRUCK. 8.8.6.8.8.6. GERMAN.



452

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 St. Peter v. 7.

P 1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

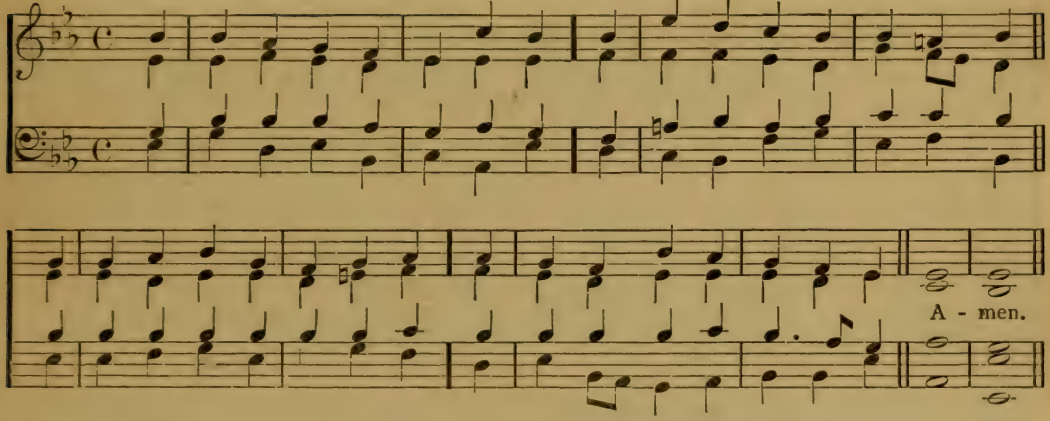
2 How far from this our daily life!
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowers round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



453 *"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"*—Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet within Thy holy place
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 Oh! may we love the House of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
Oh! may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love:
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

SLEEPERS, WAKE. P.M. GERMAN.

454

"King of kings and Lord of lords."—Rev. xix. 16.

1 O LORD our God, in reverence lowly,
The host of heaven call Thee "Holy,"
From Cherubim and Seraphim,
From Angel phalanx, far extending,
In fuller tones is still ascending
The "Holy, Holy, Holy" hymn.

The Fount of joy Thou art,
E'er filling every heart,
Ever! Ever!
We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,
f "Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King!"

2 They sing, in sweet and sinless numbers,
The wondrous love that never slumbers,
And of the wisdom, power, and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding.
But they can scarcely praise aright;
For all is never sung,
Even by Seraphs' tongue,
Never! Never!
We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,
f "Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King!"

3 Oh, come! Reveal Thyself more fully,
That we may learn to praise more truly;
Make every heart a temple true,
Filled with Thy glory overflowing,
More of Thy love each morning showing,
And waking praises loud and new.
Here let Thy peace divine
Over Thy children shine,
Ever! Ever!
And, glad or sad, we joining sing,
f "Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King!" Amen.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8.8.6.8.8.6. DR. HAYES.

455

"My soul followeth hard after Thee."—Ps. lxiii. 8.

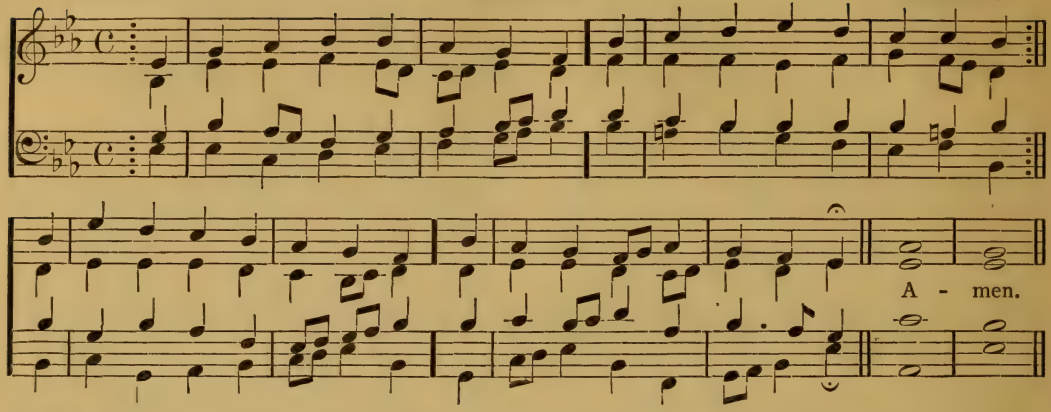
1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
My thirsty spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice! Amen.

CREFELD *. 8.8.8.8.8.8. GERMAN.



456

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."—1 St. John iv. 16.

1 O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
cres. O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be.

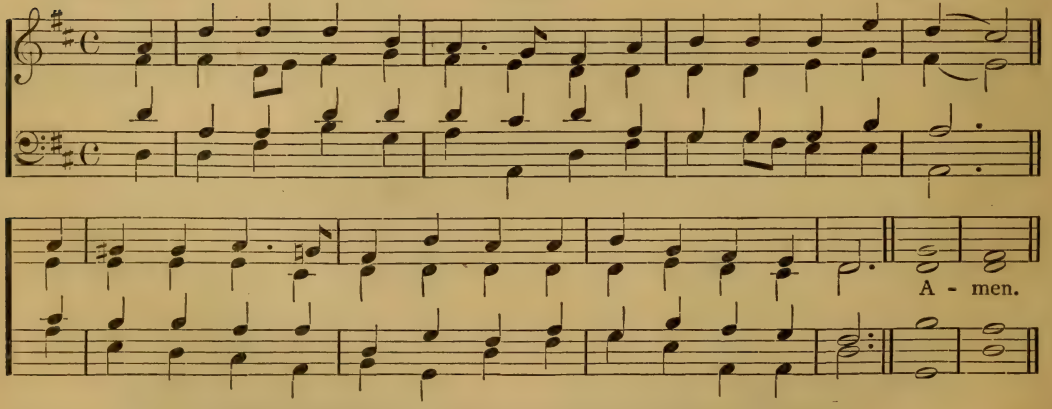
2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
cres. O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
cres. O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
cres. O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
cres. O Love, I give myself to Thee,
f Thine ever, only Thine to be. Amen.

ZWINGLE. C.M. KNECHT.



* This is another version of the Tune called "EISENACH." (See 156.)

457

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."—1 St. John iii. 2.

1 O SHINING city of our God!
And shall we see thee here?
Thy pearly gates and golden streets?—
p "It doth not yet appear."

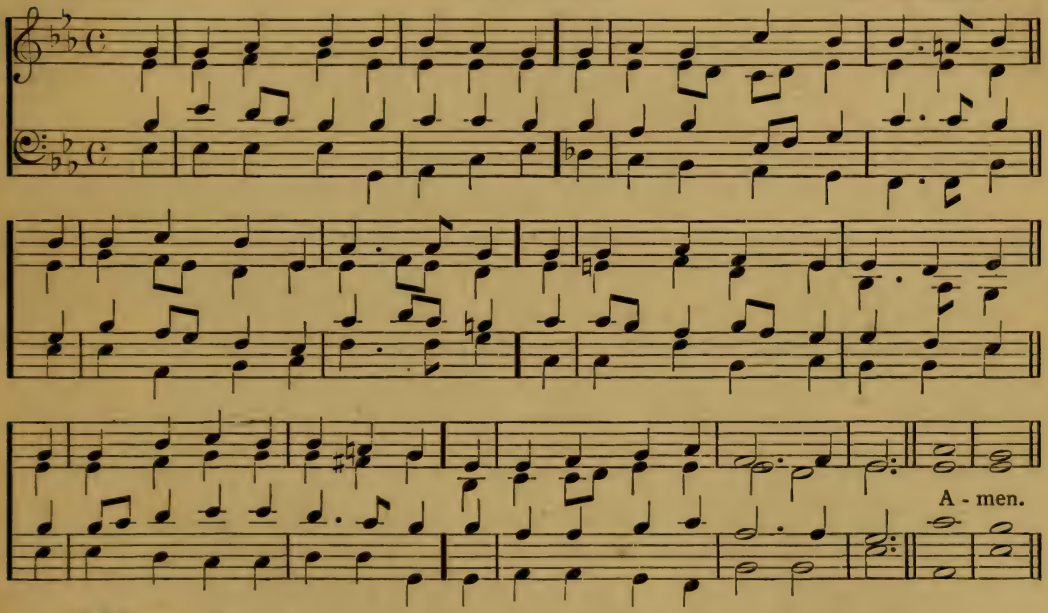
2 O healing tree of twelvefold fruit!
O river pure and clear!
And shall we touch and shall we taste?—
p "It doth not yet appear."

3 O crowned and white-robed choir on high,
Our elder brethren dear!
And shall we blend our songs with yours?—
p "It doth not yet appear."

4 O Rainbow Throne! O Court of Heaven!
And are ye truly so?
Or signs of things we cannot yet
In faintest semblance know?

5 For Thine appearing, Lord, I wait;
Be this enough for me,
cres. If I may see Thee as Thou art,
m And then be like to Thee! Amen.

FABER. 8.8.8.8.8.8. R. R. CHOPE.



458

"Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek."—Ps. cx. 4.

1 O THOU, before the world began,
Ordained a Sacrifice for man;
And by the Eternal Spirit made
An Offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its blood-stained hue;
Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain,
Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

3 Oh! that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love;
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
Our Victim and our Priest to be! Amen.

GLOUCESTER. C.M.

(See also "ST. PETER'S," Tune No. 202.)

459 *"According to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord."*—Ps. xxv. 7.

P 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
pp O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
pp In love remember me!

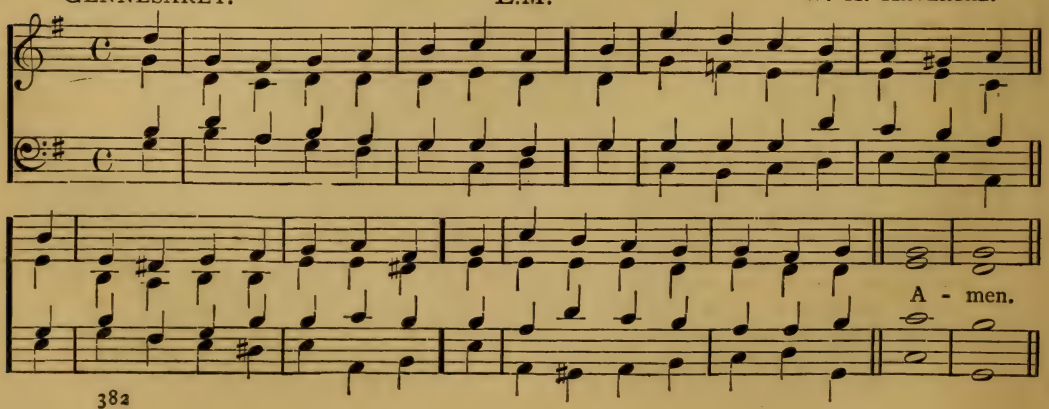
3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day,
pp For good remember me!

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be;
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
pp Hear, and remember me!

5 If on my face, for Thy loved Name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
pp If Thou remember me!

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
pp O Lord, remember me! Amen.

GENNESARET. L.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



460

"Search me, O God, and know my heart."—Ps. cxxxix. 23.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no evil need I fear,
If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Teach me, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee;
Oh, let Thy Hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace. Amen.

OXFORD. 8.8.6.8.8.6. DR. BOYCE.

461

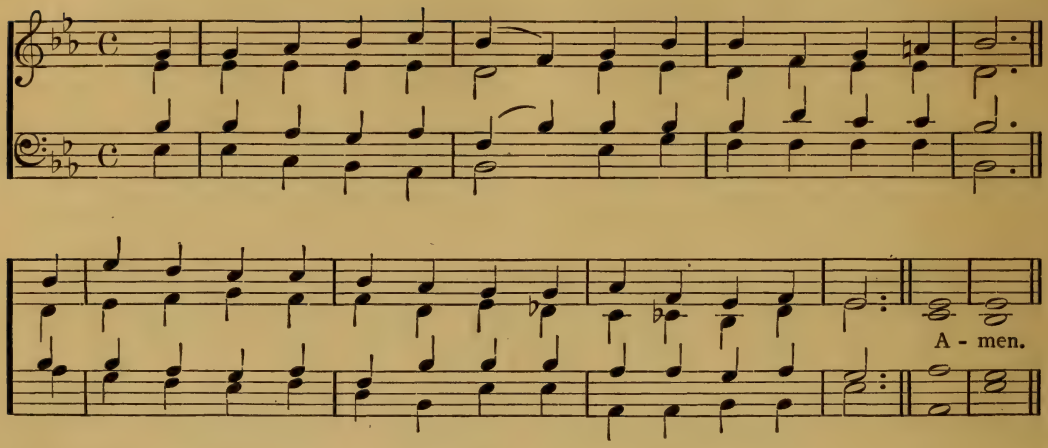
"They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced."—Zech. xii. 10.

P 1 O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee, and mourn,—
On Thee whom we have slain;
Thee we have pierced a thousand times,
And by our oft-repeated crimes
Renewed Thy deadly pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith, to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,—
To know Thee who Thou art,
The One eternal God and true!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break each stubborn heart.

3 Oh, let Thy dying love constrain
Our souls to love their God again,
Their Lord to glorify;
That we may come Thy Cross to share,
Join in Thy sacrificial prayer,
And with our Saviour die! Amen.

AUTUMN. 7.6.7.6. FREDERICK ILIFFE.



462

"The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light."—Prov. vi. 23.

1 O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky:

2 We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

3 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

4 It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

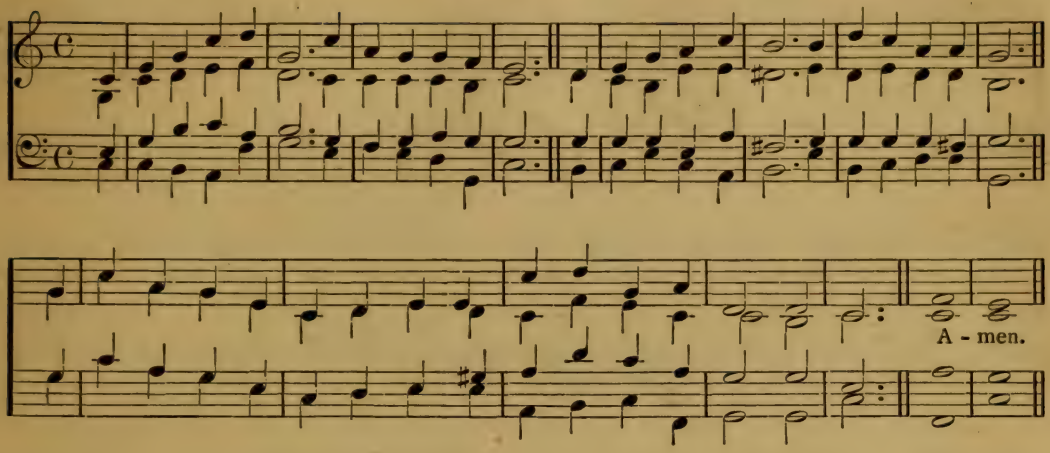
5 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

6 It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

7 Oh! make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.

8 Oh! teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
cres. Till, clouds and darkness ended,
f They see Thee face to face. Amen.

CHRISTCHURCH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. CHARLES H. STEGGALL.



463

"Behold, Angels came and ministered unto Him."—St. Matt. iv. 11.

F 1 O YE immortal throng
Of Angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known.
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace;
His glorious Face
In heaven ye view.

P 2 Ye saw the heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed,
An Infant meek and mild,
While in the manger laid:
F And "Praise to God,
And peace on earth,"
For such a birth,
Proclaimed aloud.

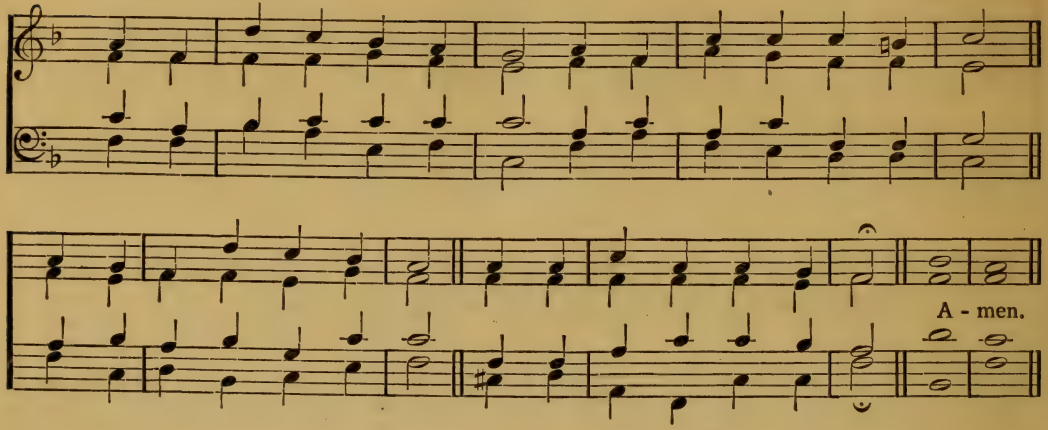
P 3 Around the fatal Tree
Ye pressed with strong desire
That wondrous sight to see—
The Lord of life expire:
And could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had shed it there
In sad surprise.

p 4 Around His sacred Tomb
p A willing watch ye kept,
cres. Till that blest moment came
f When He awoke that slept;
F Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord
With joy unknown.

F 5 When, all arrayed in light,
The ascending Conqueror shone,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight
Up to His Father's throne,
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

F 6 O ye immortal throng
Of Angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known:
Praise, bright-winged host,
The Three in One,
The Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost. Amen.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



464

"Ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies: let not your hearts faint."—Deut. xx. 3.

F 1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe.
Faint not! Much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

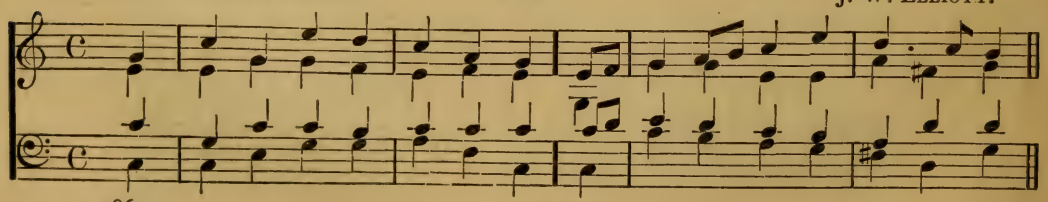
3 Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

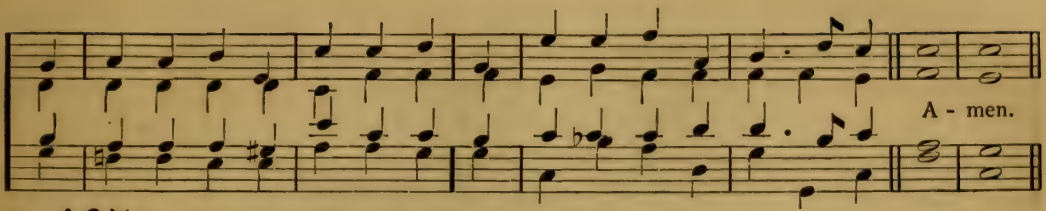
4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.





465

"Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord."—Ps. xcv. 1.

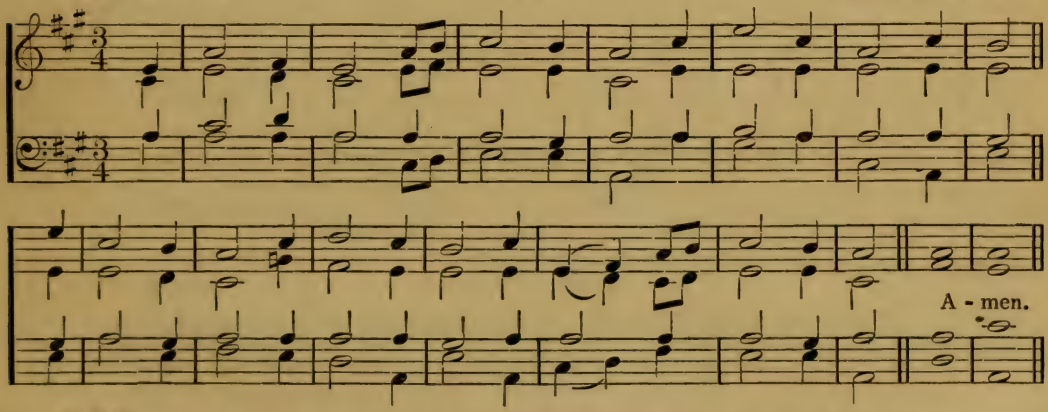
F 1 Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address in joyful songs
The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
There on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.

MARTYRDOM. C.M. HUGH WILSON.



466

"I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear Me for ever."—Jer. xxxii. 39.

P 1 Oh! for a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely spilt for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus rules alone!

3 Oh! for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
cres. Write Thy new name upon my heart,
mf Thy new, best name of love. Amen.

BYZANTIUM. C.M.

467 *"He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak."*—St. Mark vii. 37.

F 1 OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

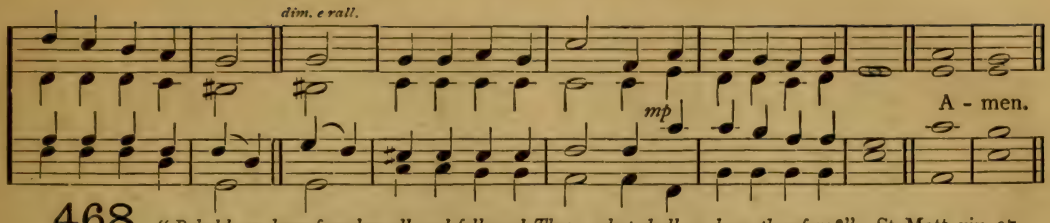
2 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace!

3 He speaks! and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice:
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name. Amen.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6.7.6. D. JOSEPH BARNBY.



468

"Behold, we have forsaken all and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?"—St. Matt. xix. 27.

1 Oh, happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!
Oh, happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
Oh, happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

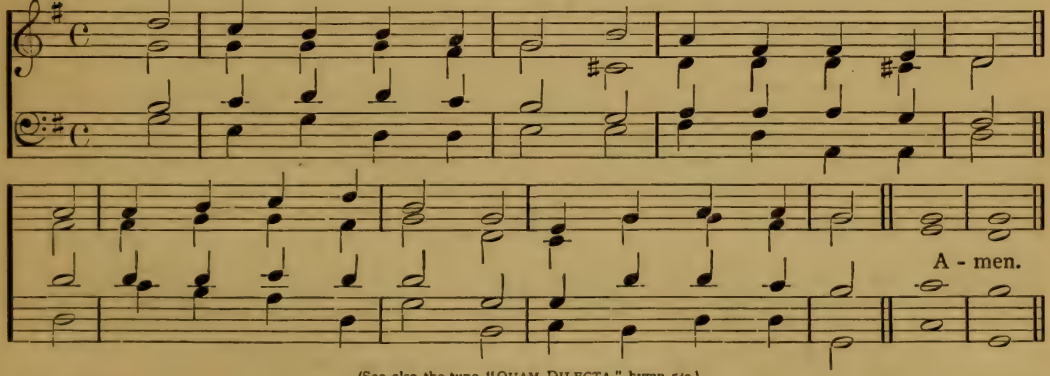
2 The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—
F What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?

P 3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That Death alone can cure,—
F What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

p 4 The Cross that Jesus carried,
p He carried as your due;
f The Crown that Jesus weareth,
f He weareth it for you.

F Oh, happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize! Amen.

ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6. L. G. HAYNE.



(See also the tune "QUAM DILECTA," hymn 540.)

469

"One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."—Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

F 1 Oh, happy feet that tread
Thine earthly courts, O Lord!
There heavenly light is shed;
There Thine own peace is poured.

P 2 Oh, happy knees that press
Thy Temple's lowly floor,
While contrite hearts confess,
And pardoning grace implore!

3 Oh, happy ears that hear
With glad and simple faith
The message ringing clear—
f "Thy sins God pardoneth!"

f 4 Oh, happy tongues that sing
f With burning praise on fire,
dim. Here faintly echoing
f The bright celestial choir!

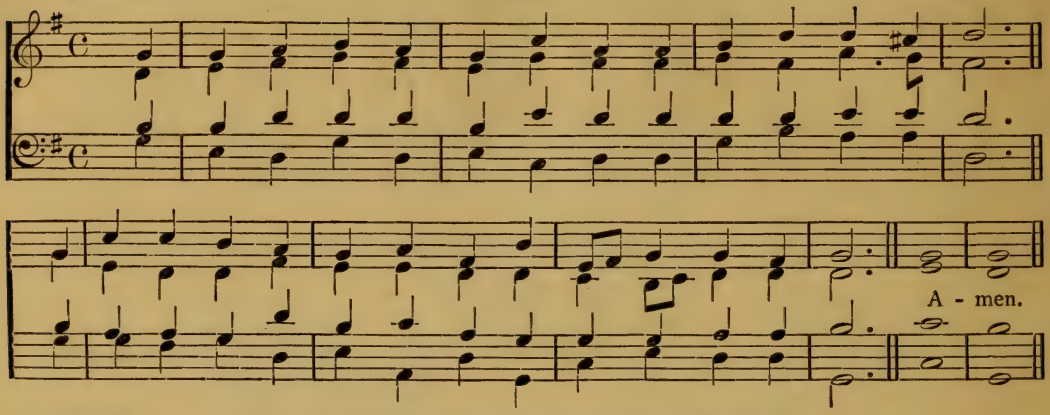
P 5 Oh, happy souls that rise
In childlike trust to Thee,
With hallowed sacrifice
Of prayer and litany!

F 6 Oh, happy eyes that light
With brave and holy pride
The one faith to recite,
For which the martyrs died!

F 7 Oh, happier still who low
At Thy blest banquet kneel,
With trembling rapture glow,
And there Thy Presence feel!

FF 8 But happiest, happiest far,
To Heav'n's fair courts to soar,
And, where all glories are,
To praise Thee evermore! Amen.

FARRANT. C.M. ADAPTED.



470

"*Have compassion on us, and help us!*"—St. Mark ix. 22.

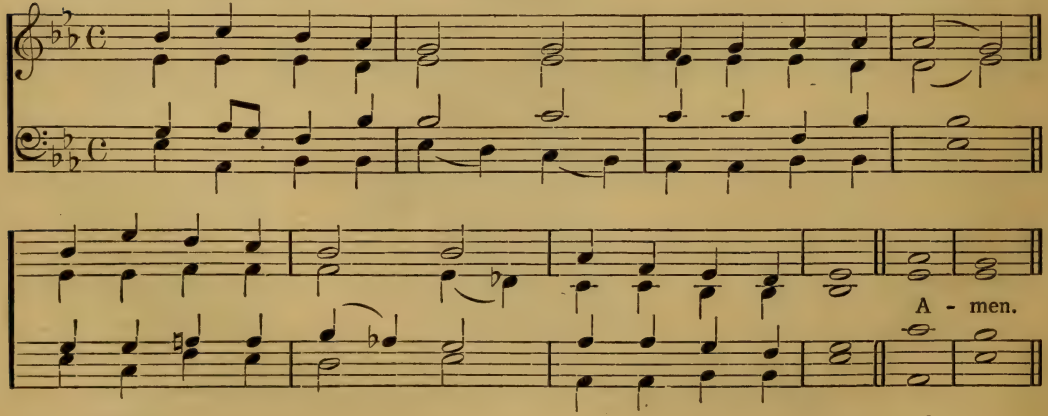
P 1 OH, help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

3 Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Jesu, from on high:
We know no help but Thee!
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be! Amen.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST. 6.5.6.5. FEILDEN.



471

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

P 1 Oh! let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 When in grief we languish
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in Heaven shall know.

7 Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love. Amen.

472

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

F 1 Oh! Love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy!
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no Angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

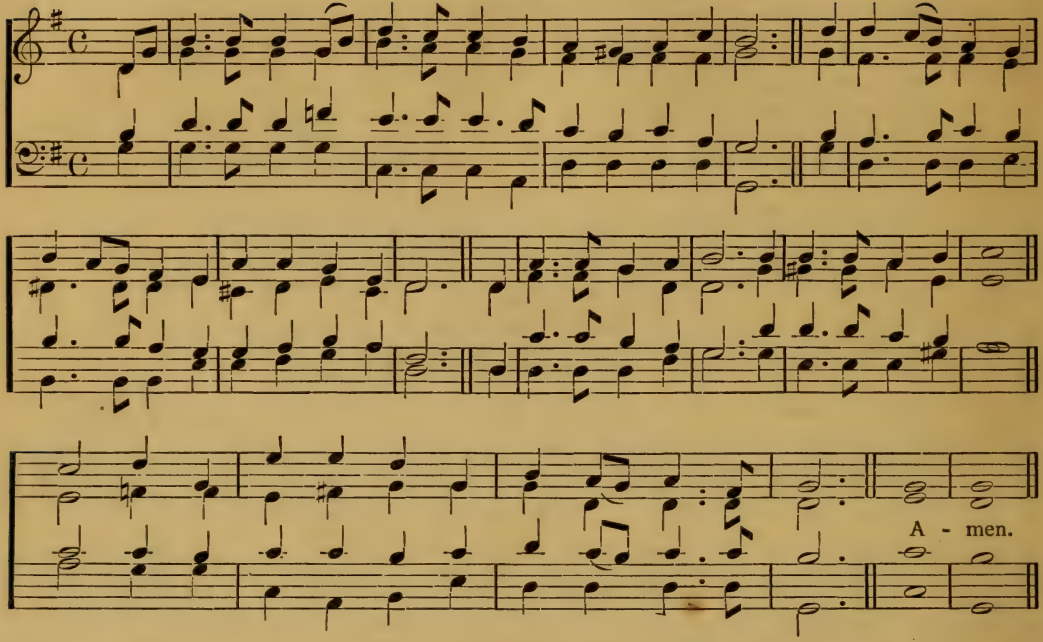
P 3 For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

P 4 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.

P 5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful Cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

F 6 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer. Amen.

PARADISE. P.M. S.



473

"The Paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

P 1 OH Paradise! Oh Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
F Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

P 2 Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free,
Where love is never cold?
F Where loyal hearts, &c.

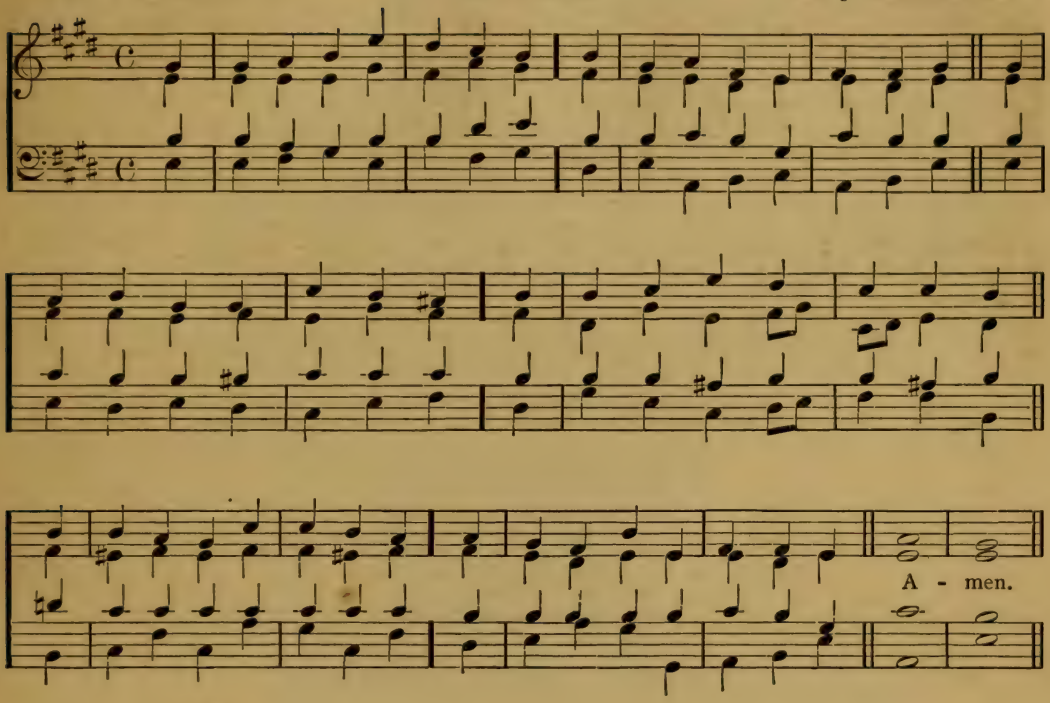
P 3 Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
We long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
F Where loyal hearts, &c.

P 4 Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise!
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
F Where loyal hearts, &c.

P 5 Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise!
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
F Where loyal hearts, &c.

6 Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above:
F Where loyal hearts, &c. Amen.

HUNTINGDON. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



474 *"He saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."*—Rev. xxii. 20.

1 OH! quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
Oh! quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 Oh! quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
Oh! quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Oh! quickly come, true Life of all;
p For death is mighty all around;
p On every home his shadows fall,
p On every heart his mark is found.
cres. Oh! quickly come; for grief and pain
f Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh! quickly come, sure Light of all;
p For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
p And weakly souls begin to fall
p With weary watching for the day.
f Oh! quickly come; for round Thy throne
f No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

YORK. C.M.

475 *"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."*—Ps. cxxii. 1.

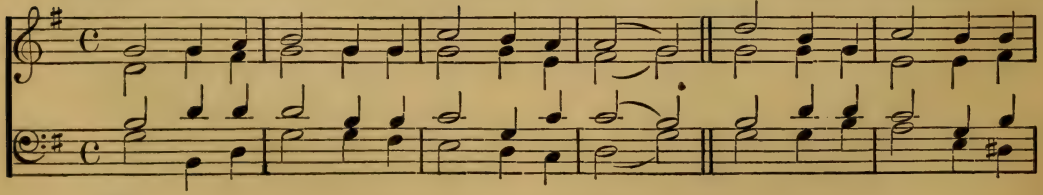
1 OH, 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

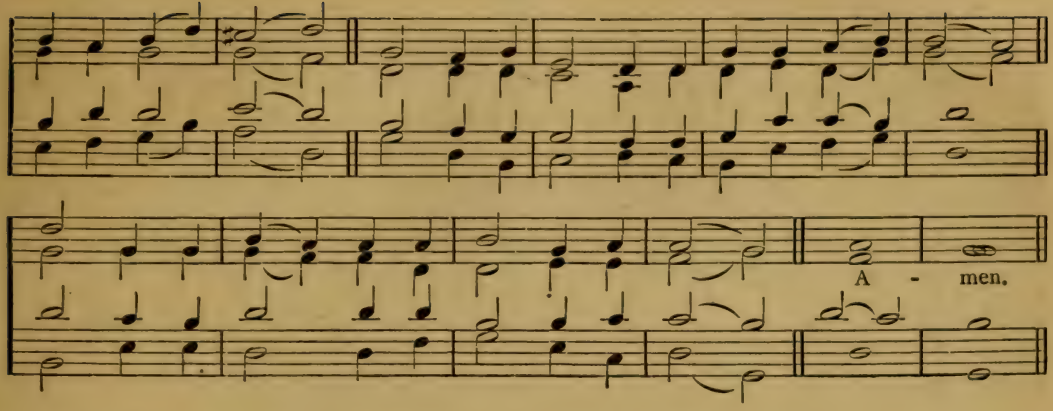
2 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

3 Oh! pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned. Amen.

O QUANTA QUALIA. 10.10.10.10. *From* LA FEUILLÉE.





476

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

F 1 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest!

2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and His Throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise,
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore:
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

P 6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

F 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever One. Amen.

HANOVER. P.M. HANDEL.

477 *"O Lord my God, Thou art very great, Thou art clothed with honour and majesty."*—Ps. civ. 1.

F 1 OH! worship the King all glorious above,
Oh! gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise!

2 Oh! tell of His might, oh! sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

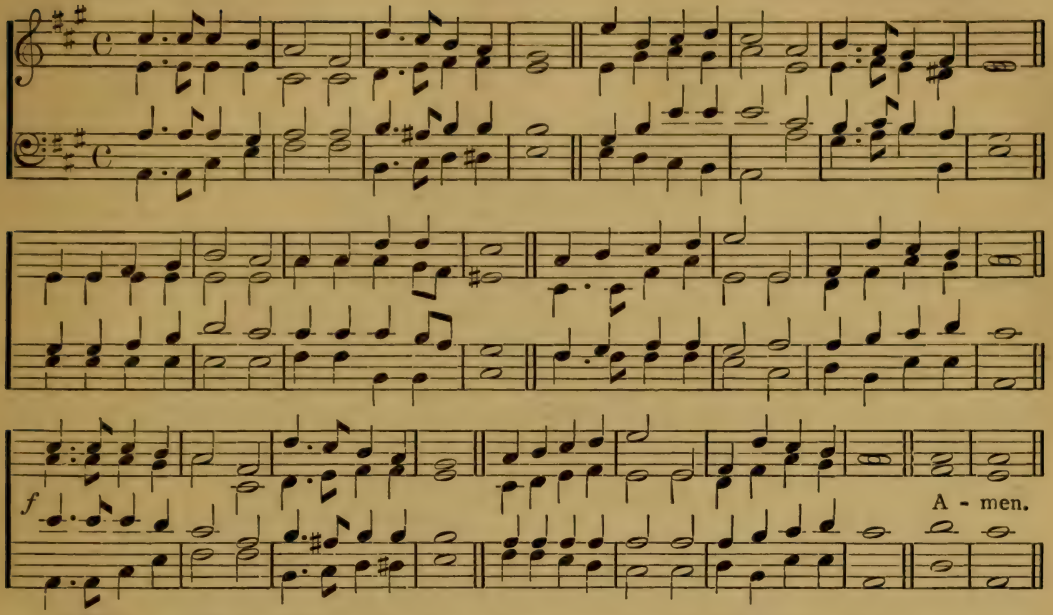
3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While Angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

HERMAS. P.M. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



478

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."—Ps. cxxvi. 3.

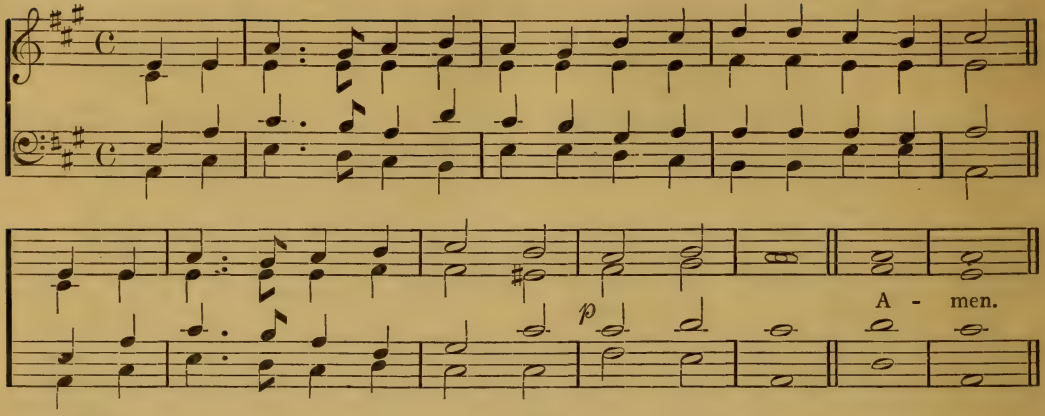
F 1 ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
p Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be!
p Is our sky beclouded? *f* Clouds are not from Thee!
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!

2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace,
On our way rejoicing, &c.

3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, &c.

4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, &c. Amen.

MELTON. 8.7.8.3. C. E. WILLING.



479

"Ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jer. vi. 16.

F 1 ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

P 2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness
Wrapt in sleep.

p 3 For a space the tirèd body
p Lies with feet toward the dawn;
f Till there breaks the last and brightest
f Easter morn.

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
f Breaking at the Resurrection
f Into song!

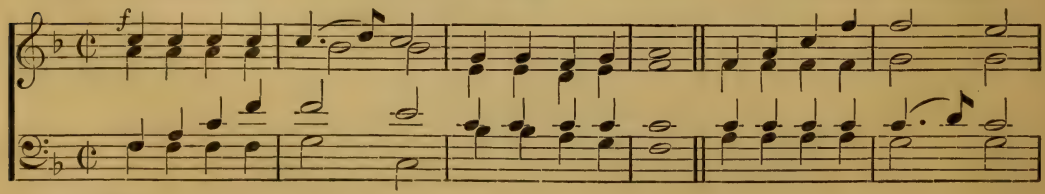
F 5 Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

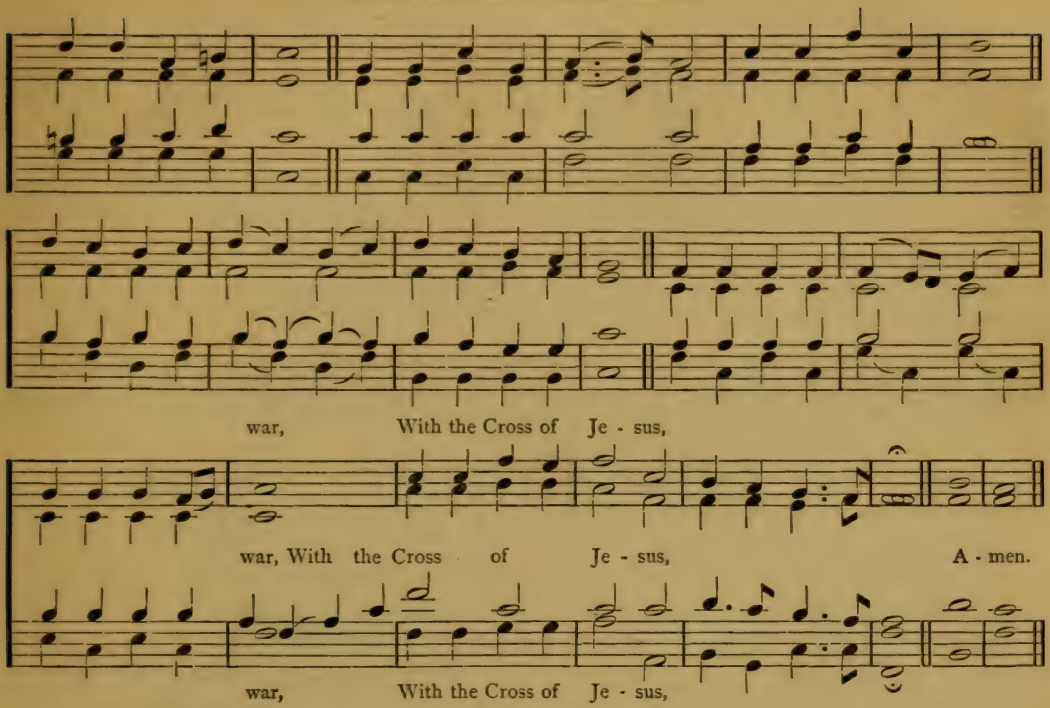
F 6 Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

F 7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

F 8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

ST. GERTRUDE. P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





480

"Be strong and of a good courage: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee."—Deut. xxxi. 6.

F 1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
Do His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
p cres. Marching as to war,
f With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!

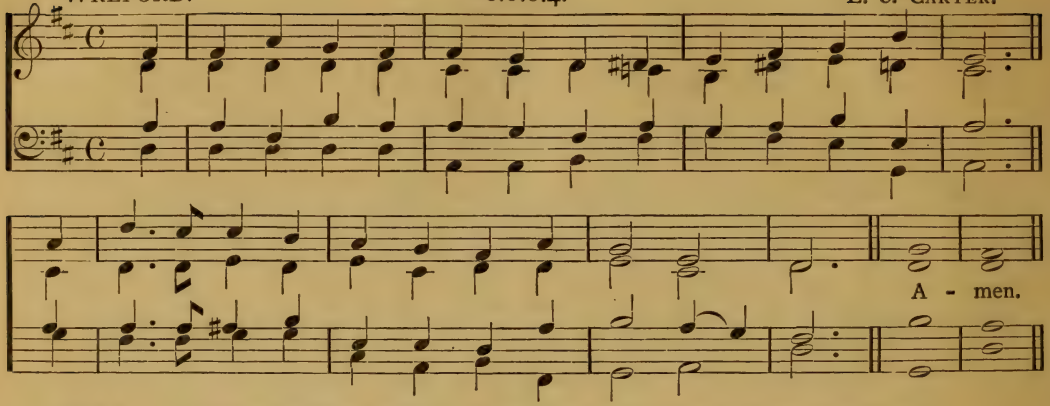
2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee!
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

5 Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
Glory, praise, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c. Amen.

WREFORD. 8.6.8.4. E. S. CARTER.



481

"If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send Him unto you."—St. John xvi. 7.

P 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

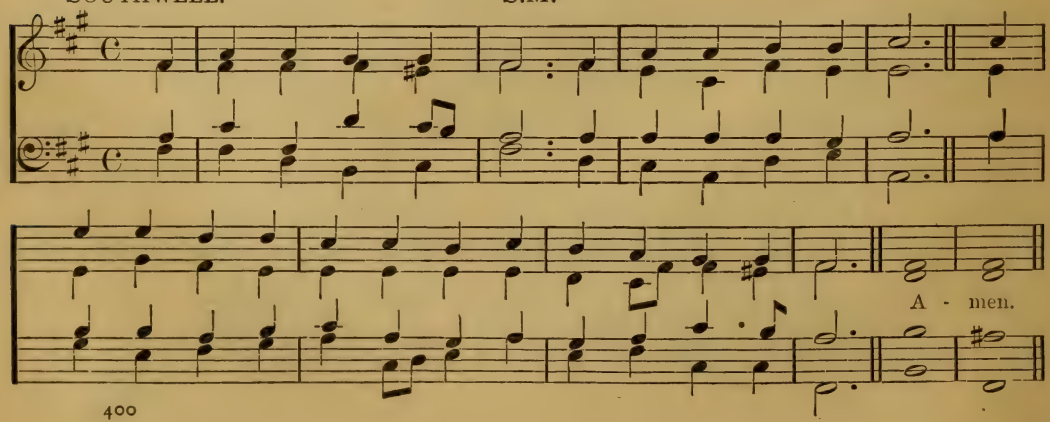
3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee!

F 6 Oh! praise the Father, praise the Son,
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee!
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

SOUTHWELL. S.M.



482

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."—Ps. cxxx. 1.

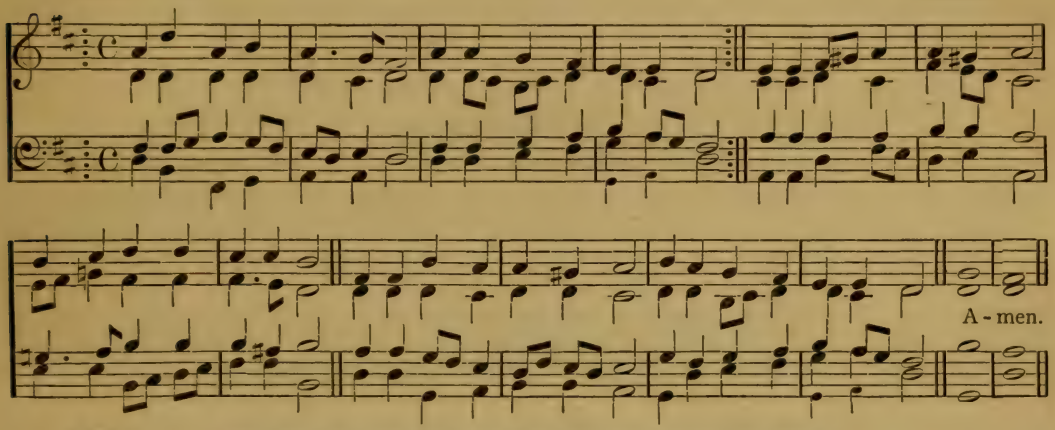
P 1 OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall;
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me. Amen.

SALZBURG. 7·7·7·7. D. GERMAN.



483

"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."—Ps. lxxxiv. 2.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.

Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy Face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!

Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

P 3 Happy souls! Their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

cres. On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
f At Thy feet adoring fall,
f Who hast led them safe through all.

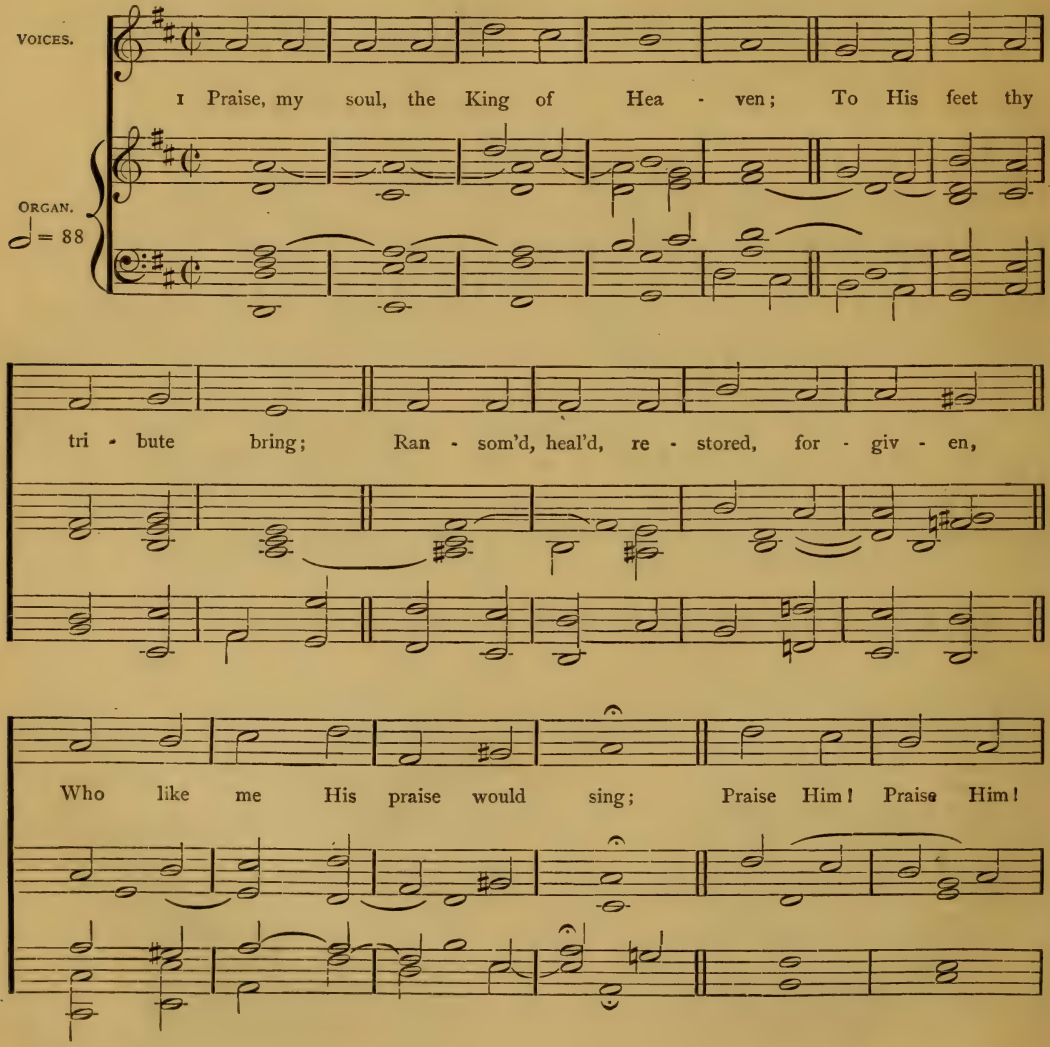
4 Lord! be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.

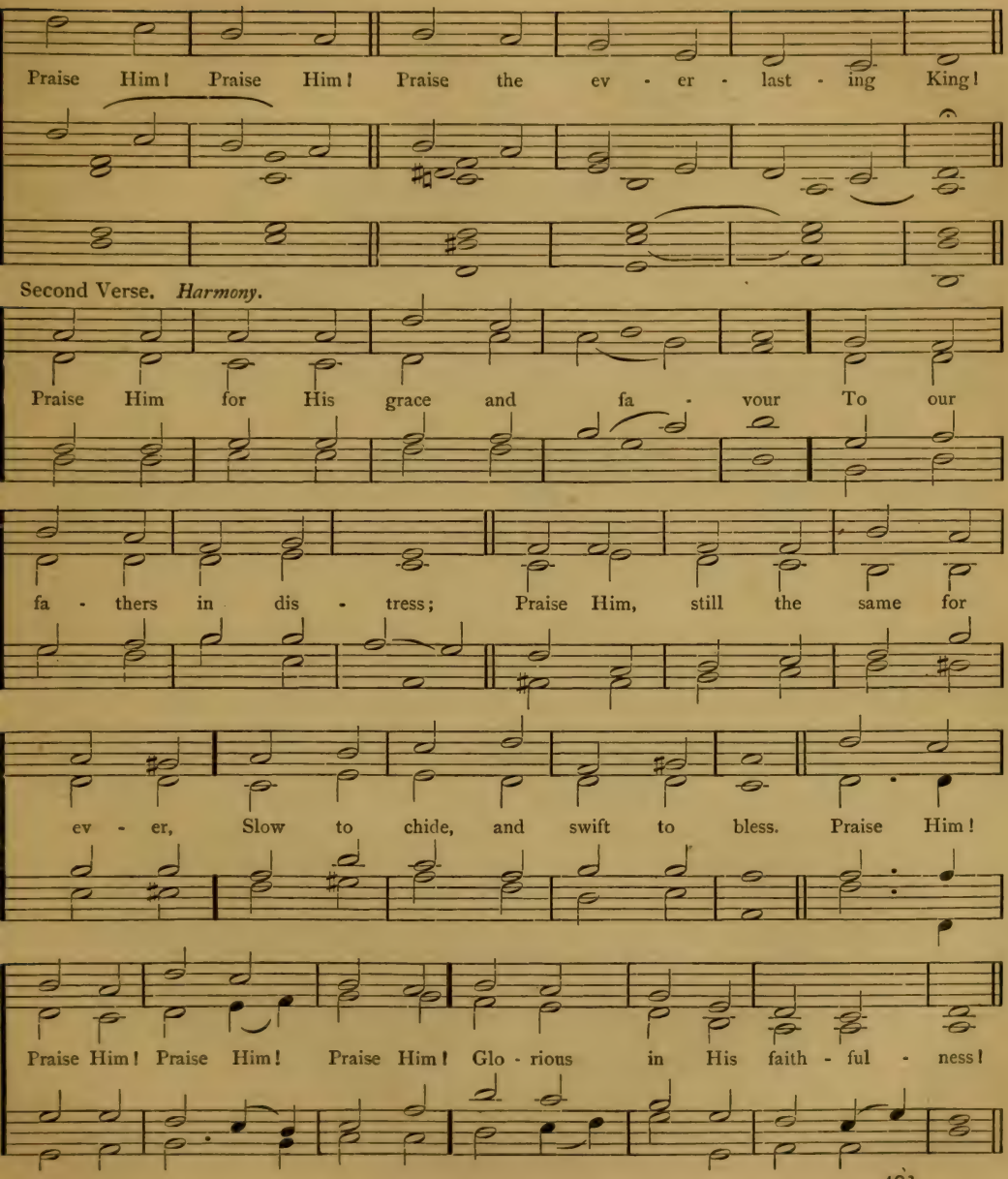
Sun and shield alike Thou art:
Guide and guard my erring heart.
f Grace and glory flow from Thee;
f Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me! Amen.

484

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—Ps. ciii. 2.

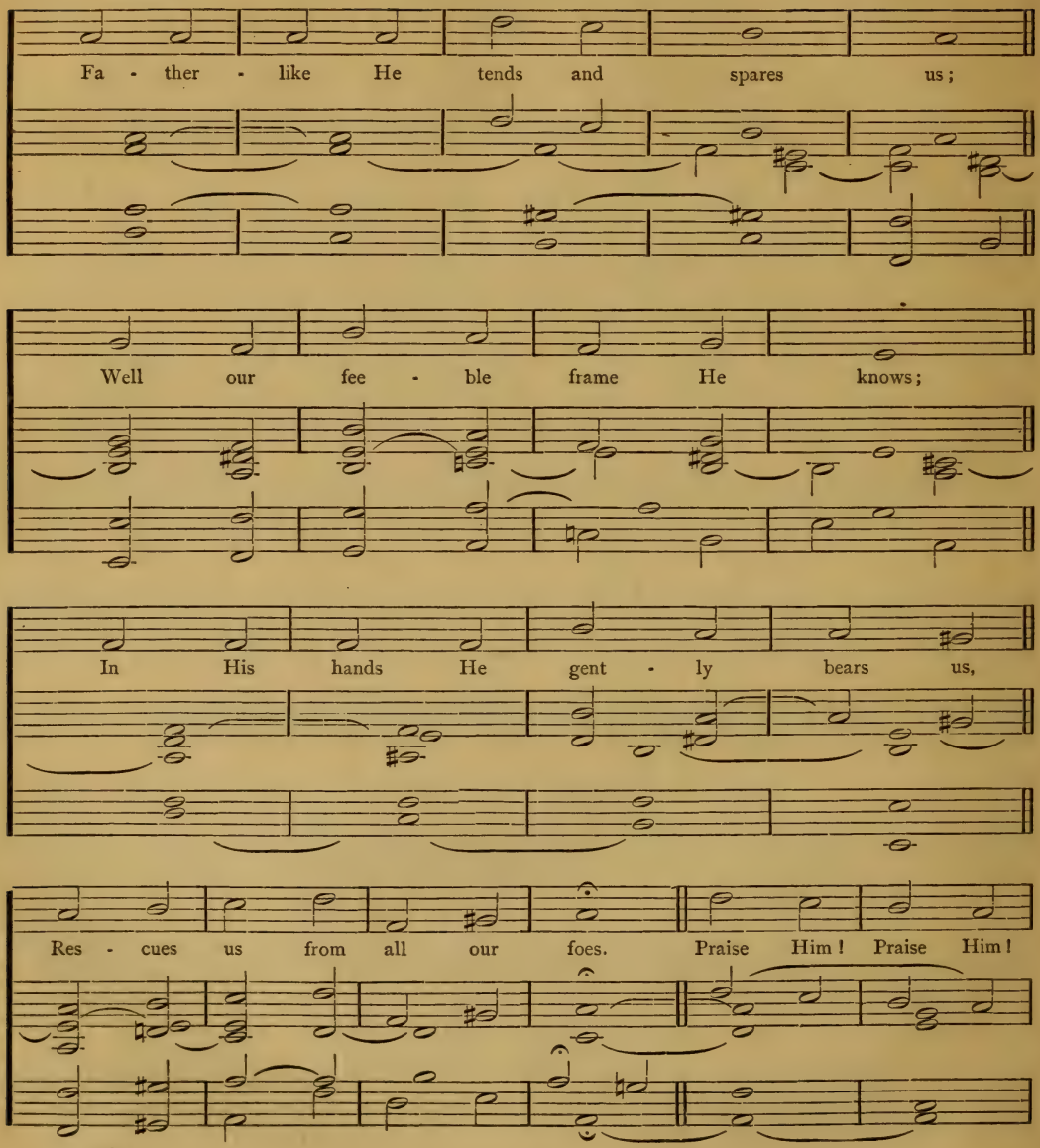
PRAISE, MY SOUL. 8.7.8.7.4.7. JOHN GOSS.

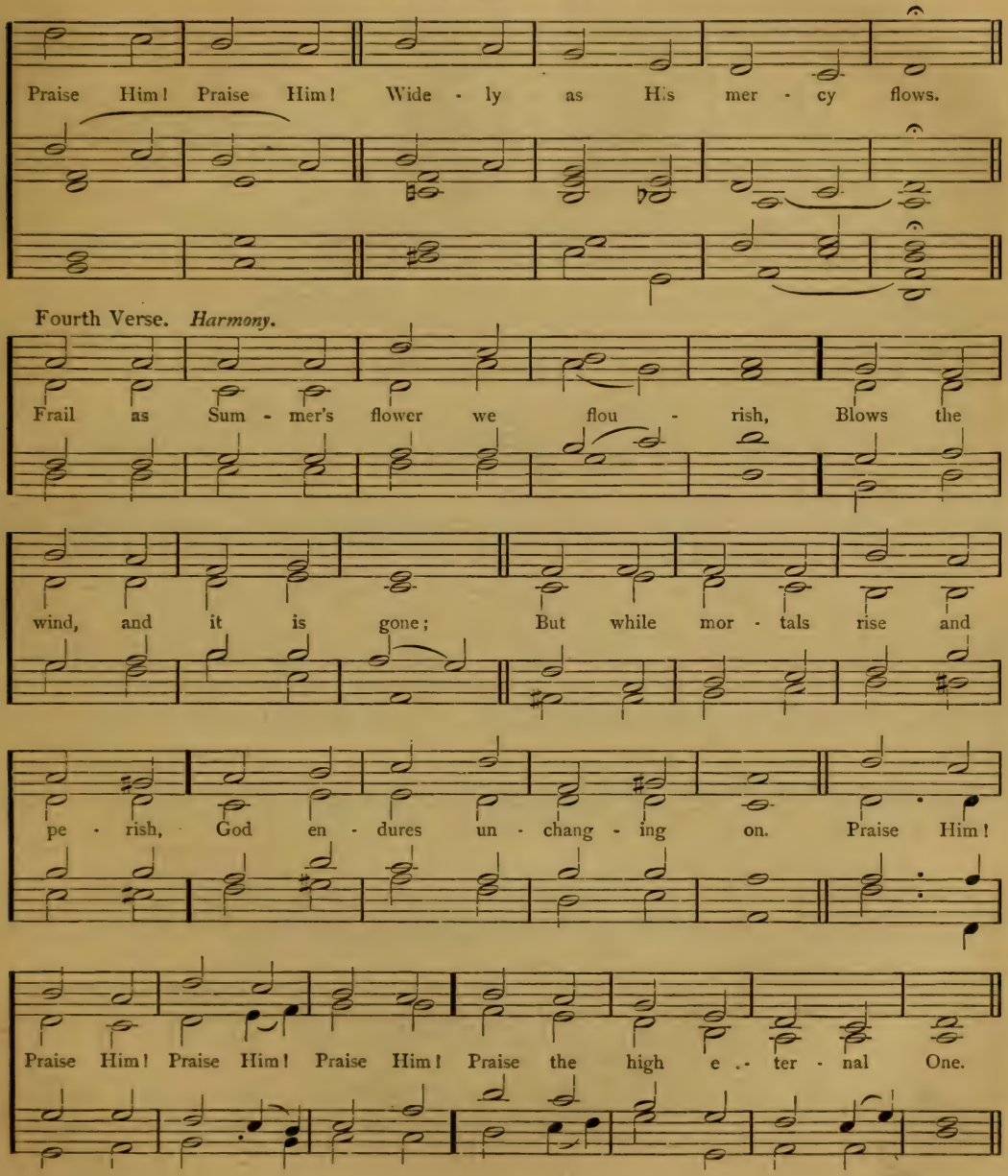

VOICES.
ORGAN.
♩ = 88
1 Praise, my soul, the King of Hea - ven; To His feet thy
tri - bute bring; Ran - som'd, heal'd, re - stored, for - giv - en,
Who like me His praise would sing; Praise Him! Praise Him!

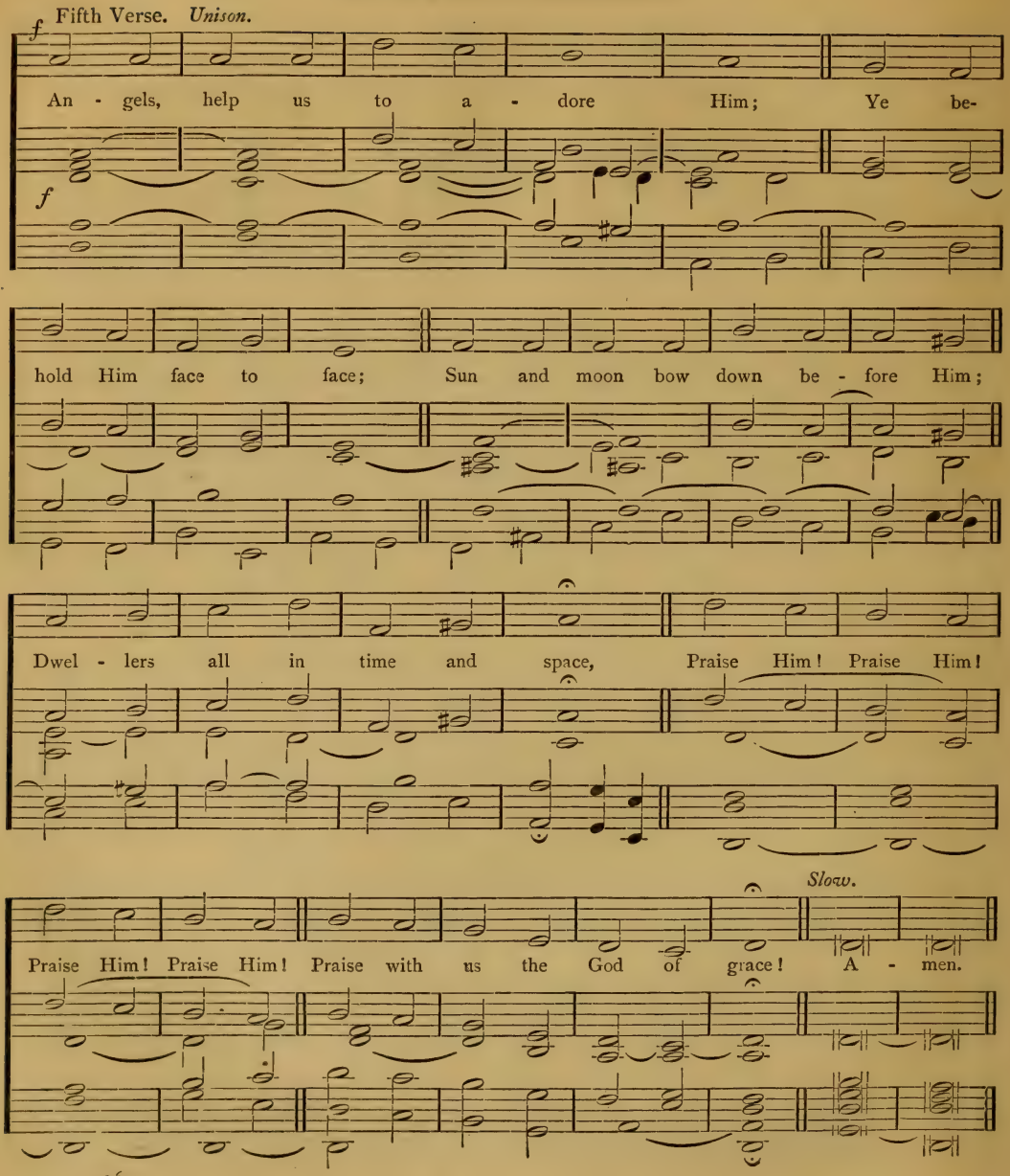

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
Second Verse. *Harmony.*
Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our
fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for
ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness!

Third Verse. *Trebles only.*

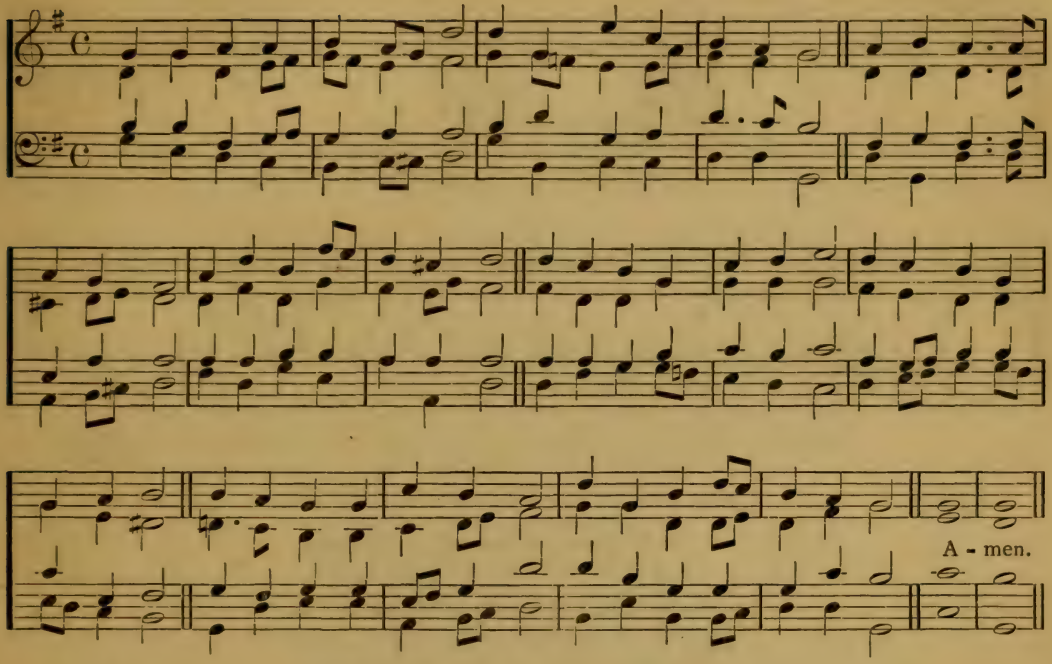
Slower.


Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us;
Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
In His hands He gent - ly bears us,
Res - cues us from all our foes. Praise Him! Praise Him!


Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
Fourth Verse. *Harmony.*
Frail as Sum - mer's flower we flou - rish, Blows the
wind, and it is gone; But while mor - tals rise and
pe - rish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on. Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the high e - ter - nal One.


Fifth Verse. Unison.
f
An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be-
f
hold Him face to face; Sun and moon bow down be - fore Him;
Dwel - lers all in time and space, Praise Him! Praise Him!
Slow.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace! A - men.

COBURG. P.M. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.



485

"Praise our God, all ye His servants."—Rev. xix. 5.

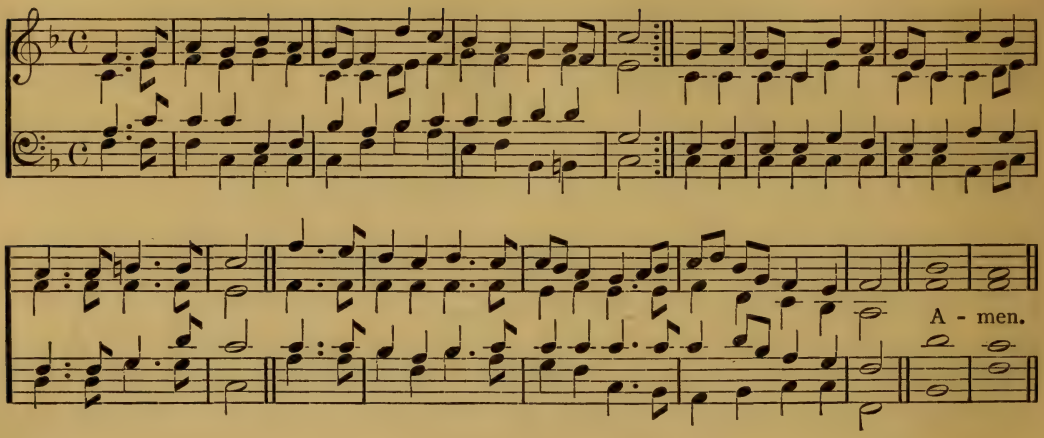
F 1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.

Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son:

Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise Him, Praise Him, evermore! Amen.

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. HAYDN.



486

"*Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.*"—Ps. cxlviii. 1.

F 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

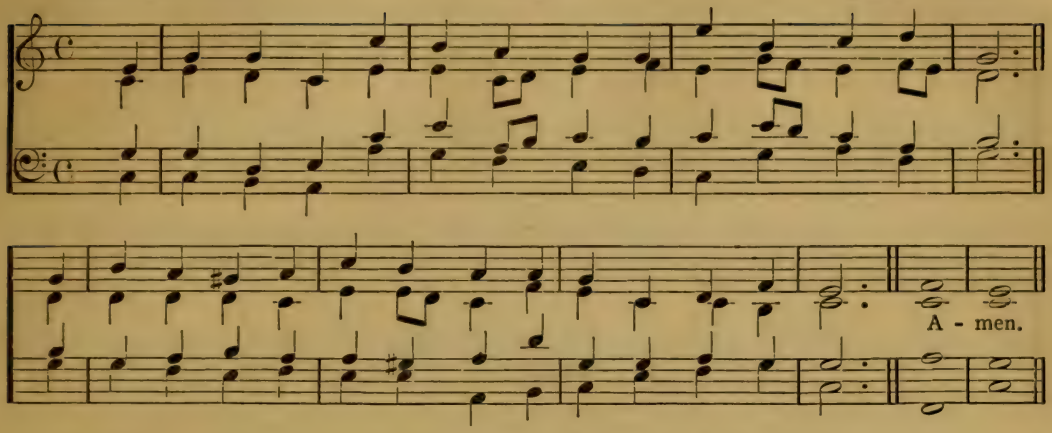
2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His Name!

3 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise confessing,
In glad homage bend the knee.

As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine Angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done! Amen.

WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE.



487

"*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"—St. John xv. 13.

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

2 Oh, loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

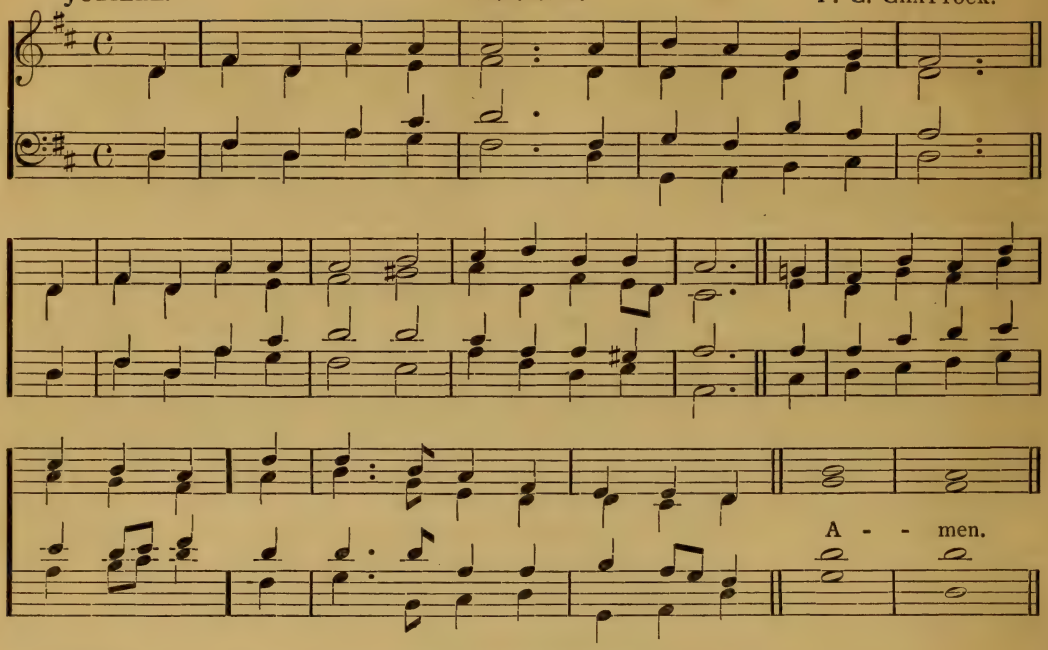
3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail!

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very Self,
And essence all-Divine!

5 Oh, generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die! Amen.

JUBILEE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. F. C. CHATTOCK.



488

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."—Phil. iv. 4.

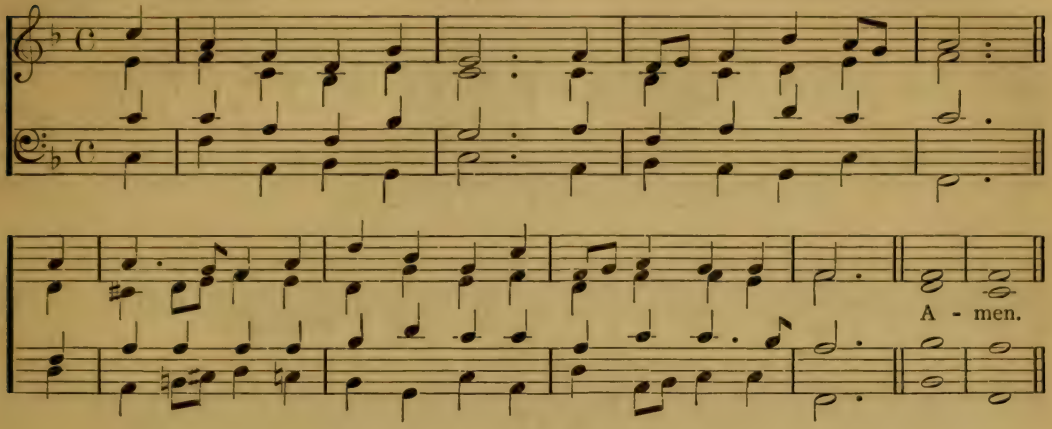
F 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
To Christ, the Lord, are given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice! Amen.

DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. CHARLES STEGGALL.



489

"Hold fast the confidence, and the rejoicing of the hope, firm unto the end."—Heb. iii. 6.

F 1 REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

4 With all the Angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

5 Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud,
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreathes of incense cloud.

6 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

7 Yes, on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

8 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

9 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's House,
Jerusalem the blest.

10 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

11 Praise Him who reigns on high,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

ROCK OF AGES. 7.7.7.7.7.7. RICHARD REDHEAD.

490

"*The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of ages.*"—Isa. xxvi. 4.

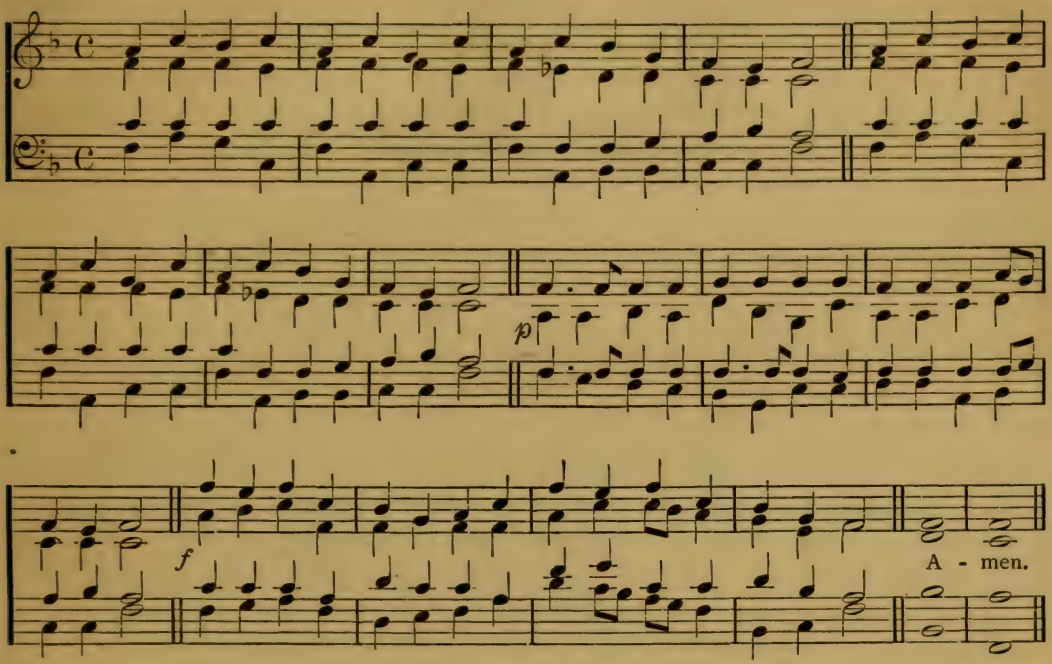
P 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment Throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

VESPER HYMN. 8.7.8.7. D.



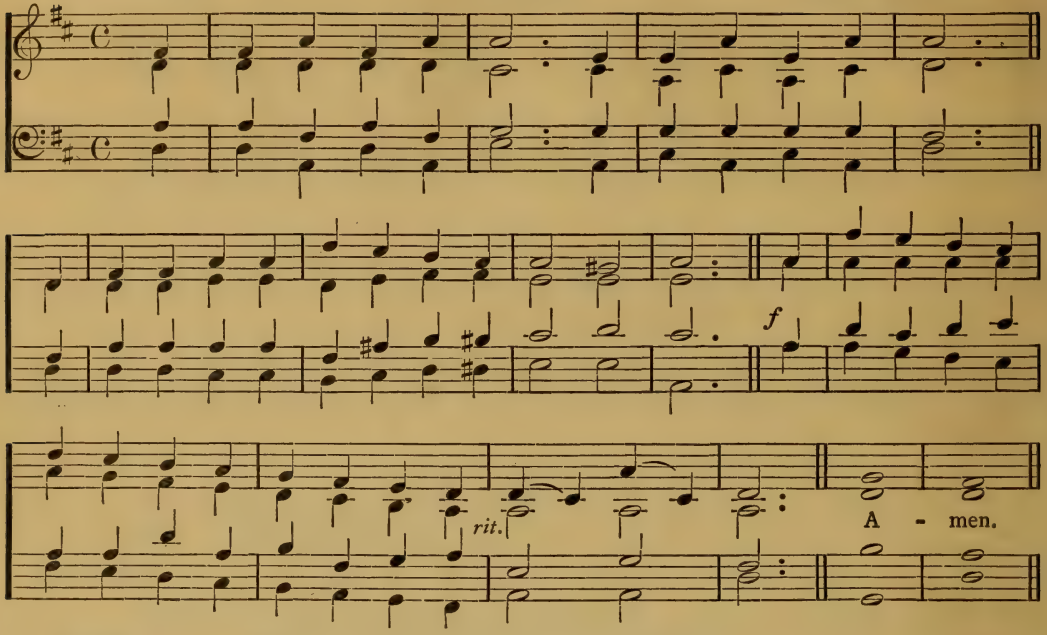
491 *"One cried unto another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."*—Isa. vi. 3.

F 1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

3 With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!" Amen.

SAFE HOME. 6.6.6.6.8.8. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



492

"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Ps. cvii. 30.

1 SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck:—
But oh, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

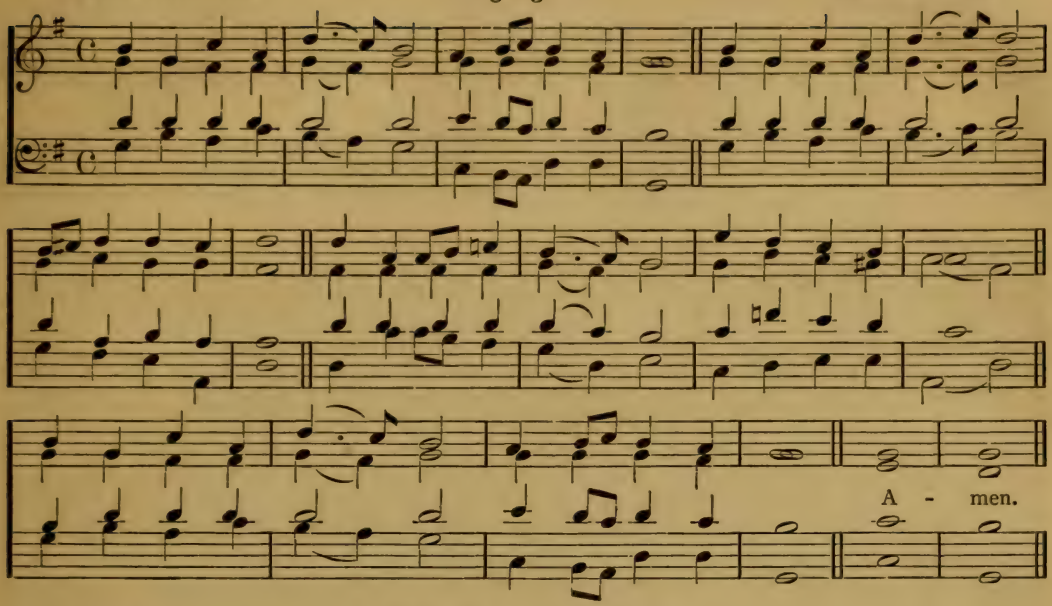
2 The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:—
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

f 3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

P 4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned!
f The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:—
But One came by with wounded side,
dim. And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

F 5 The exile is at home!
Oh nights and days of tears!
Oh longings not to roam!
Oh sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away? Amen.

PRINCETHORPE. 6.5.6.5. D. WILLIAM PITTS.



493

"*I press toward the mark.*"—Phil. iii. 14.

F 1 SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

F 2 Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy
Seeking young and old,
In Thy love recalling
Wanderers to Thy fold.

3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

F 4 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known;
Where the Angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

p 5 Dark, and ever darker,
p Was the wintry past;
f Now a ray of gladness,
f O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

6 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

7 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

8 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

F 9 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. 7.7.7.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

494

"Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, hear me."—Ps. lxxxvi. 1.

PART I.

P 1 SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,

Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,

By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

PART II.

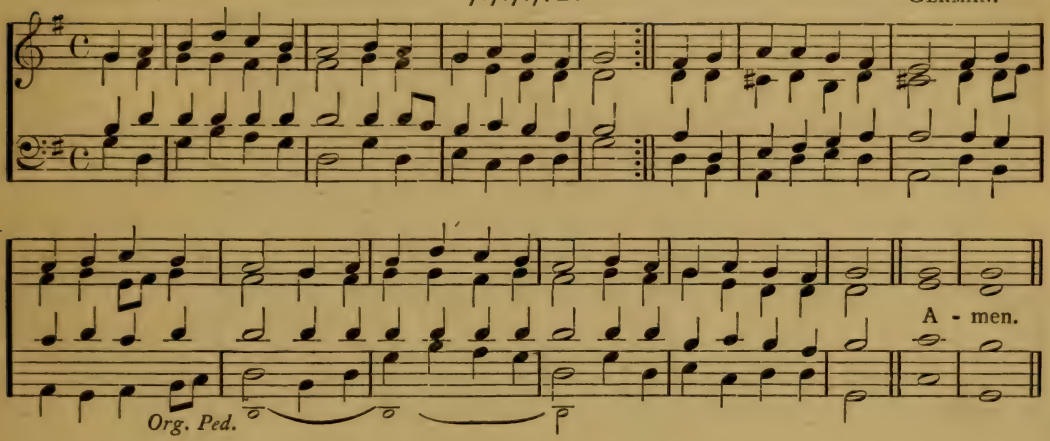
P 4 By Thine hour of whelming fear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;

By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;

Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany! Amen.

CASSEL. 7.7.7.7. D. GERMAN.



495

"*To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*"—Phil. i. 21.

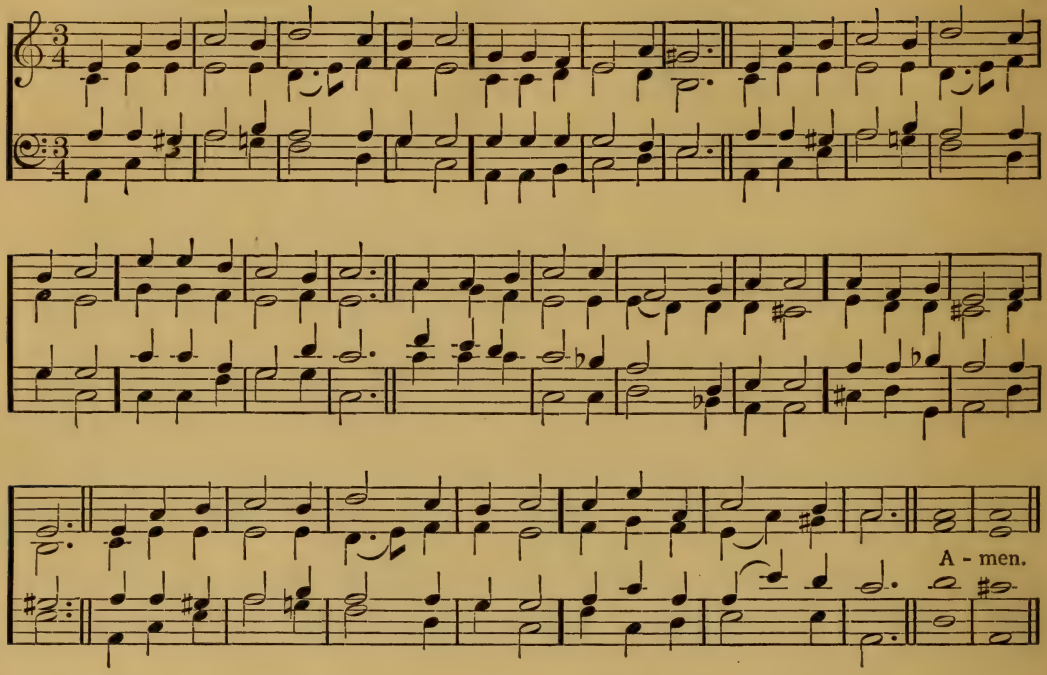
P 1 SAVIOUR, whom I fain would love,
Jesus, crucified for me,
Fix my roving heart above,
Draw me nearer unto Thee.

F Thee to praise and Thee to know
Make the joy of saints below:
Thee to see and Thee to love
Make the bliss of saints above.

p 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
p If Thy presence Thou deny:
f Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
f 'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine. Amen.

CHRISTUS. 9.6.9.6. D. S.



496

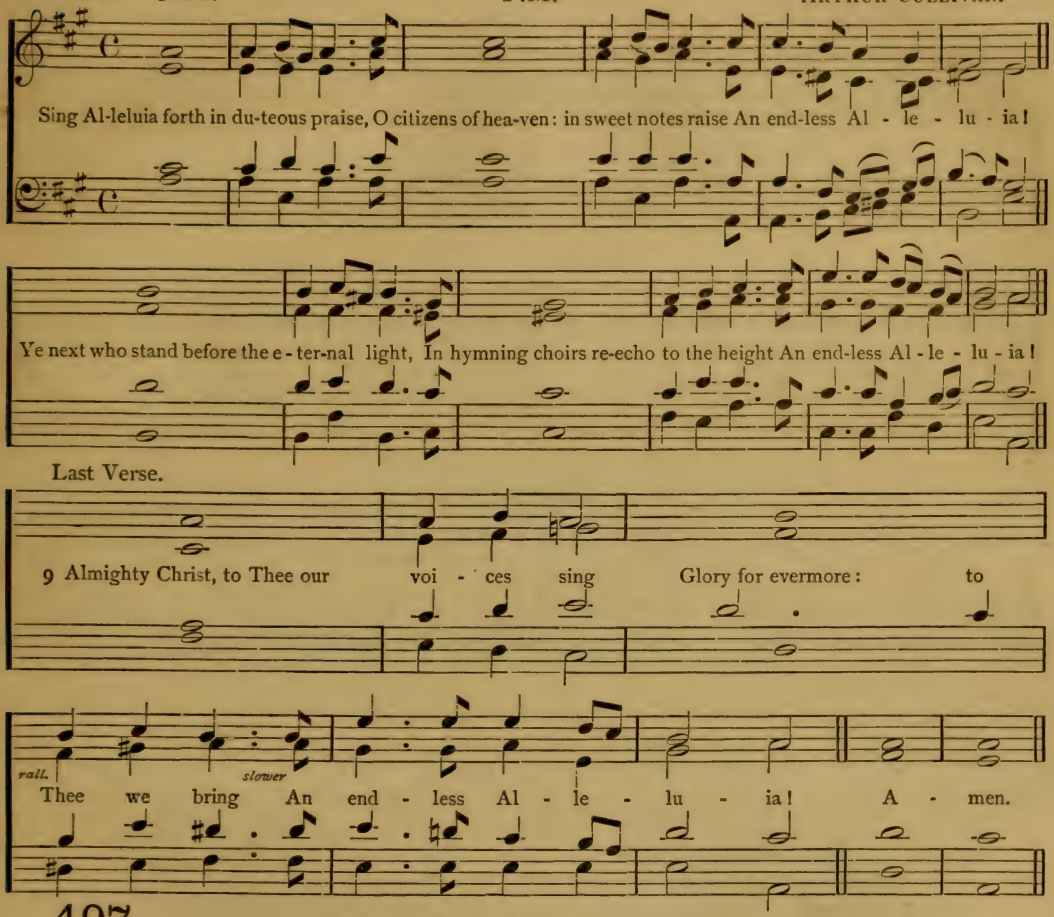
"Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again."—Rom. viii. 34.

1 SHOW me not only Jesus dying,
As on the Cross He bled,
Nor in the tomb a Captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Not only in that form suspended
My Saviour bid me see,
f For, to the highest heavens ascended,
f He reigns in majesty!

2 Though still that shameful Cross is glorious,
Where His dear Blood was spilt,
That Cross of shame, where He victorious
Hath cancelled all our guilt;
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give?
f He lives, our Captain of salvation;
f And therefore we shall live!

F 3 By death He death itself defeated,
And overcame the grave;
He rose, His triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save!
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
Lord Jesu, own us then! Amen.

HOLY CITY. P.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


Sing Al-leluia forth in du-teous praise, O citizens of hea-ven: in sweet notes raise An end-less Al - le - lu - ia!
Ye next who stand before the e - ter-nal light, In hymning choirs re-echo to the height An end-less Al - le - lu - ia!
Last Verse.
9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore: to
rall.
slower
Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

497

"And again they said, Alleluia."—Rev. xix. 3.

1 SING Alleluia forth in | duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven: in | sweet notes raise
An endless Alleluia!

2 Ye next who stand before the e | ternal light,
In hymning choirs re-echo | to the height
An endless Alleluia!

3 The Holy City shall take | up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding | wake again
An endless Alleluia!

4 In blissful answering strains ye | thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with | thankful voice
An endless Alleluia!

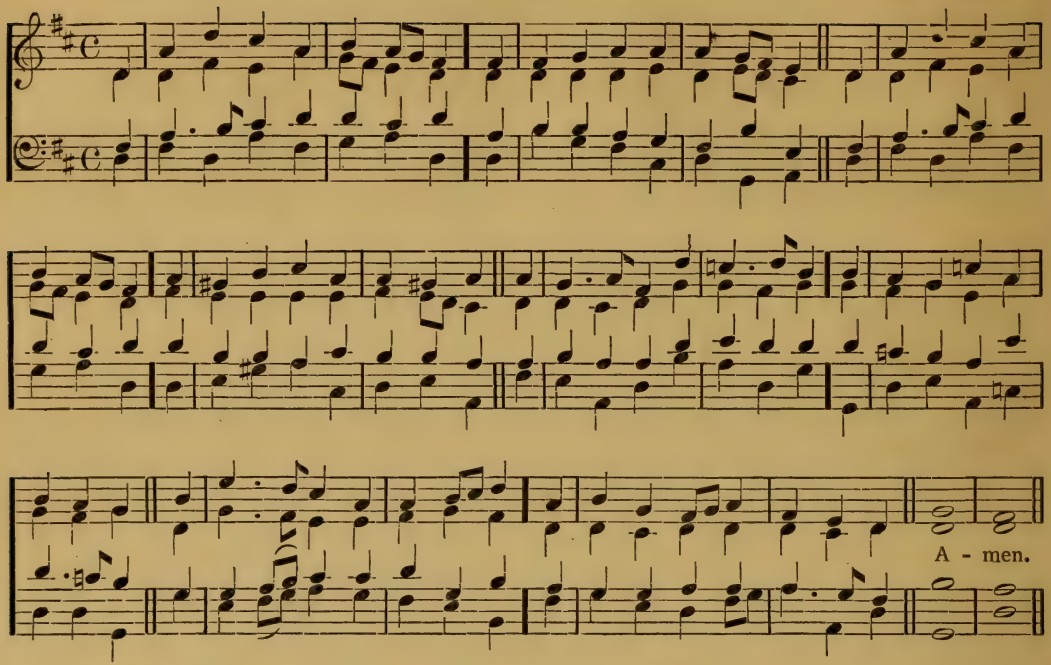
5 Ye who have gained at length your | palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall | still be this—
An endless Alleluia!

6 There, in one grand acclaim for | ever ring
The strains which tell the honour | of your King—
An endless Alleluia!

7 This is the rest for weary | ones brought back!
This is the food and drink which | none shall lack:
An endless Alleluia!

8 While Thee, by whom were all things | made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in | sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia!

ST. BASIL. D.L.M. OLD TUNE.



498 *"Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises."*—Ps. xlvii. 6.

F 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
For He's the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.
For He's the Lord, &c.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.
For He's the Lord, &c.

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.
For He's the Lord, &c.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die:
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore. Amen.

MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. GERMAN.

499

"He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."—1 Cor. xv. 25.

F 1 SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness;
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain;
With the praises of your Saviour
Let His House resound again;
Him let all your music honour,
And your songs exalt His reign.

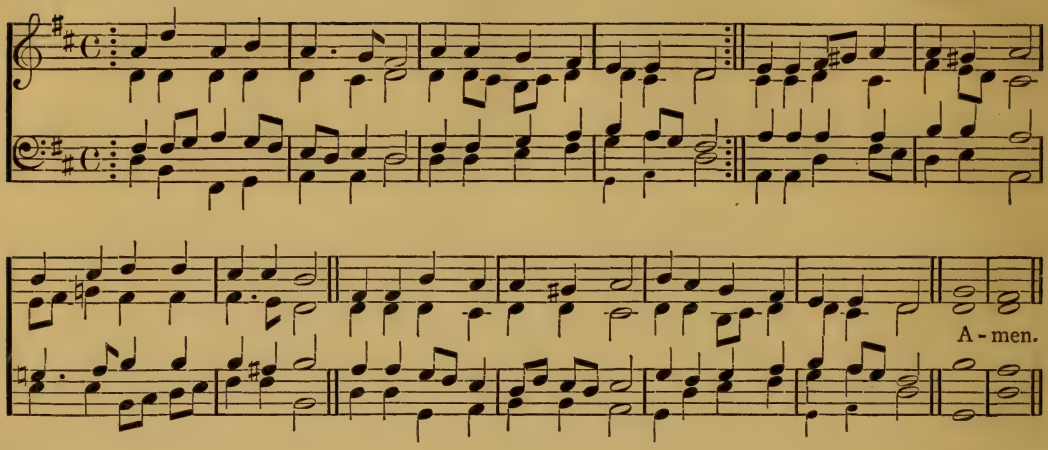
2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the Cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save.

3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of Life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominions
He before the Throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be all in all at last. Amen.

SALZBURG. 7.7.7.7. D. GERMAN.



500

"Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

1 SINNERS, turn! Why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why—
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

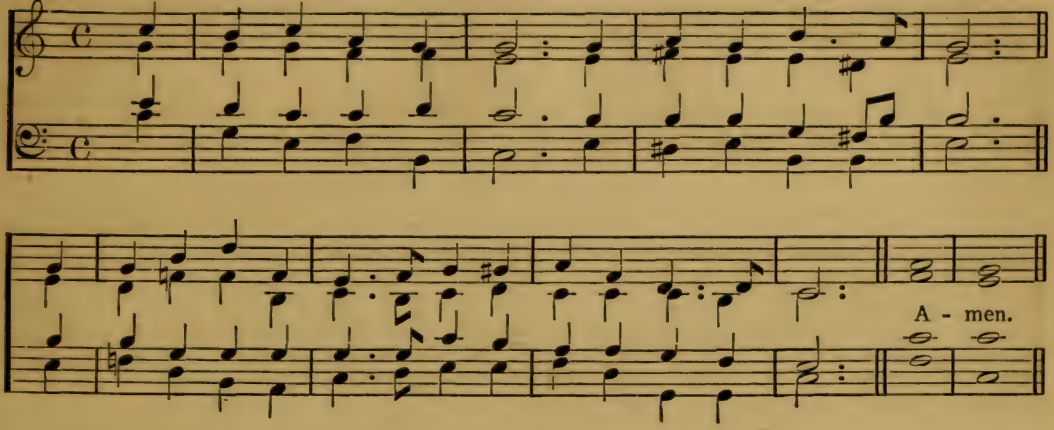
2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why—
God, who did your souls retrieve,
God, who died that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify the Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why—
God, who daily with you strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 What could your Redeemer do
More than He hath done for you?
Could He more than shed His Blood
To procure your peace with God?
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long He spreads His hands,
Crying, "Come to Me! Oh why,
Why will ye resolve to die?"

5 Can ye doubt that God is Love,
Or that prayer His heart will move?
Will ye not His word believe?
Will ye not return, and live?
See, your dying Lord appears!
Jesus weeps—believe His tears!
Mingled with His Blood they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?" Amen.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. S.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



501

"*Put on the whole armour of God.*"—Eph. vi. 11.

F 1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:

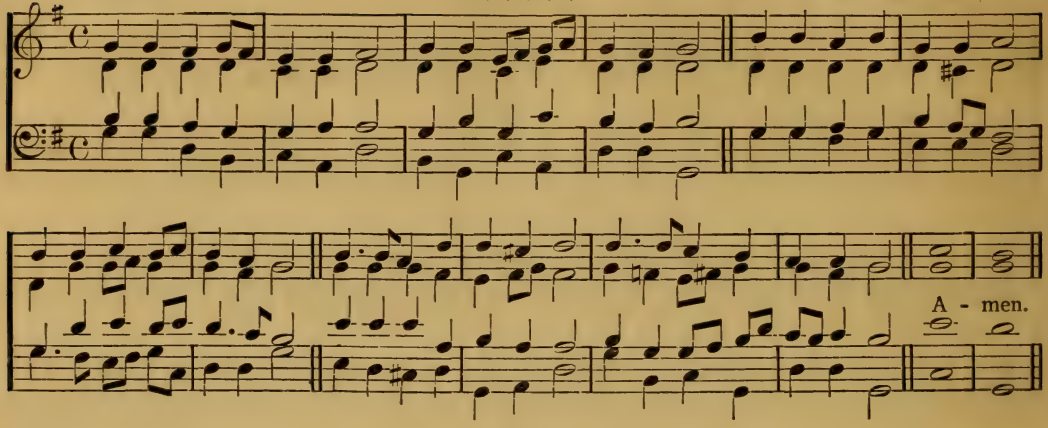
2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror!

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The armour of your God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And perfect stand at last. Amen.

VERONA. 7·7·7·7·7·7. ITALIAN MELODY.



502

"*I beseech Thee, shew me Thy glory.*"—Exod. xxxiii. 18.

1 SON of Man, to Thee I cry;
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

p 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

f 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill:
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
cres. Then Thy presence let me see!
f Manifest Thyself to me! Amen.

GERMAN HYMN. 7·7·7·7. *From* PLEYEL.

503

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."—Ps. civ. 33.

F 1 SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

504

"*Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.*"—Neh. ix. 5.

F 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

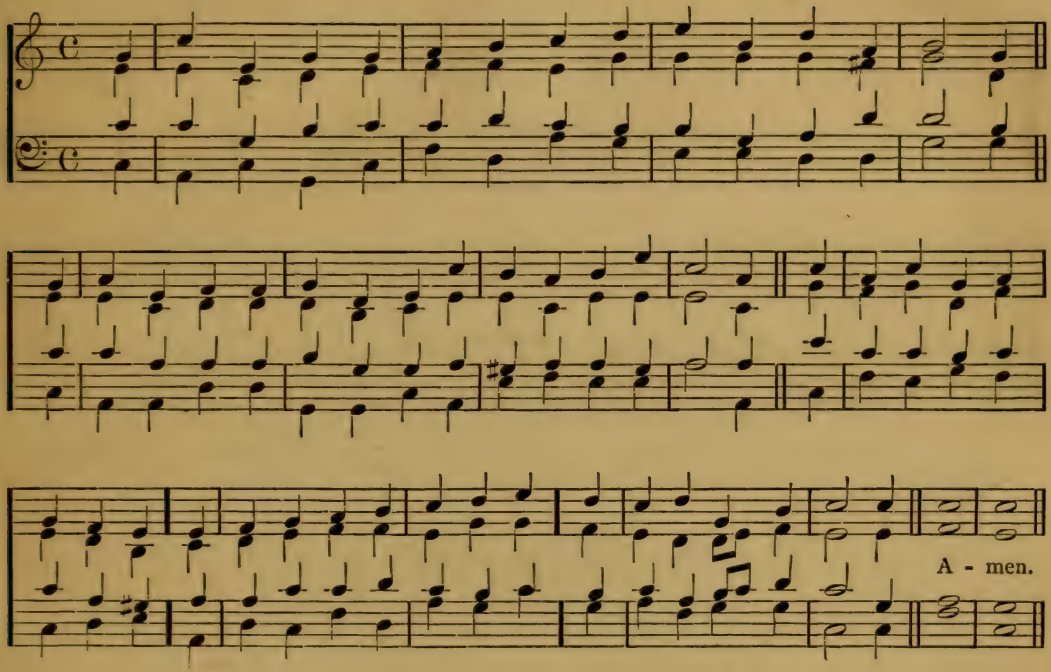
2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing, high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

ZOHELETH. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. W. H. HAVERGAL.



(See also, "LUTHER'S HYMN," Tune No. 375.)

505

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. xiii. 12.

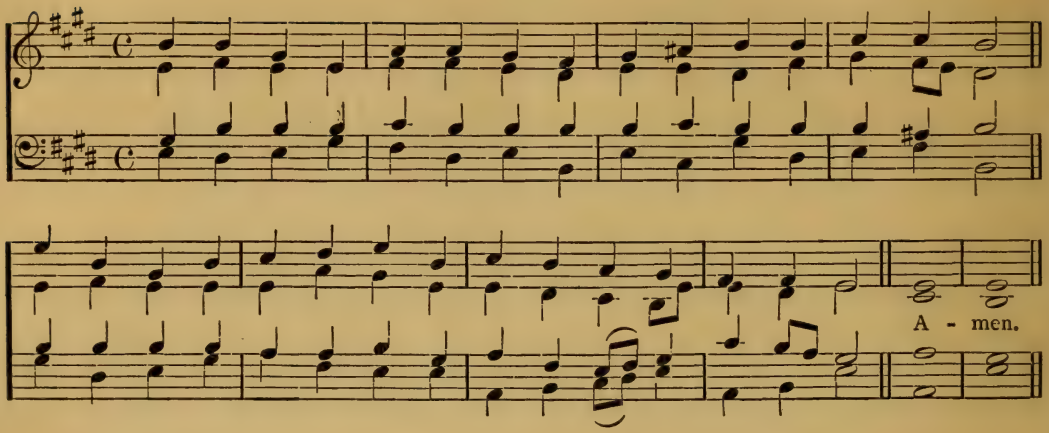
1 STAND we prepared to see and hear
The Lord from heaven descending;
The shout, the Archangel's voice of cheer,
The captive's fetters rending:
While the last trumpet's earliest call
Shall wake the joyous song of all
Who love the Lord's appearing.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
From sweetest sleep awaking;
While living saints, with rapt surprise,
The wondrous change partaking,
Shall hear the Bridegroom's coming feet,
And with their lamps go forth to meet
The Lord for whom they waited.

3 Far spent the night, the morn is nigh,
It is no time for sleeping;
A moment's twinkling of an eye
May end the night of weeping;
Eternity of bliss begun,
For ever with the Bridegroom one,
When time shall be no longer!

4 Grant us, O Christ, this grace to win,
Thy ransomed flock implore Thee;
With oil-fed lamps to enter in,
And stand unblamed before Thee.
f So may we in Thy triumph share,
f Caught up to meet Thee in the air,
f And come with Thee in glory. Amen.

GOTHA. 8.7.8.7. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.



506

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved."—Isa. xlv. 22.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His failing Eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee;
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see. Amen.

BRESLAU. L.M. GERMAN.

507

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—St. Matt. xvi. 24.

P 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

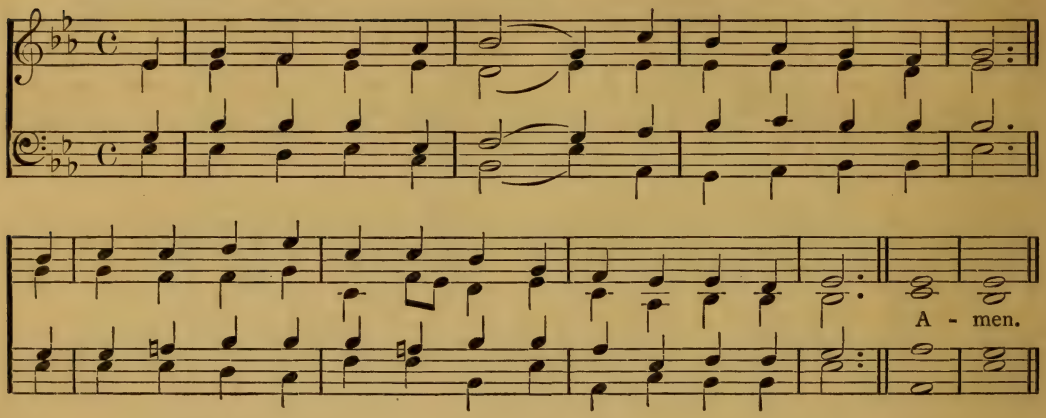
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

F 6 To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
Oh, grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end! Amen.

CARLSRUHE. S.M. GERMAN.



508

"*Return, O Lord, how long?*"—Ps. xc. 13.

P 1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

5 The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.

6 How long, O Lord, our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs, her tears, and blood?

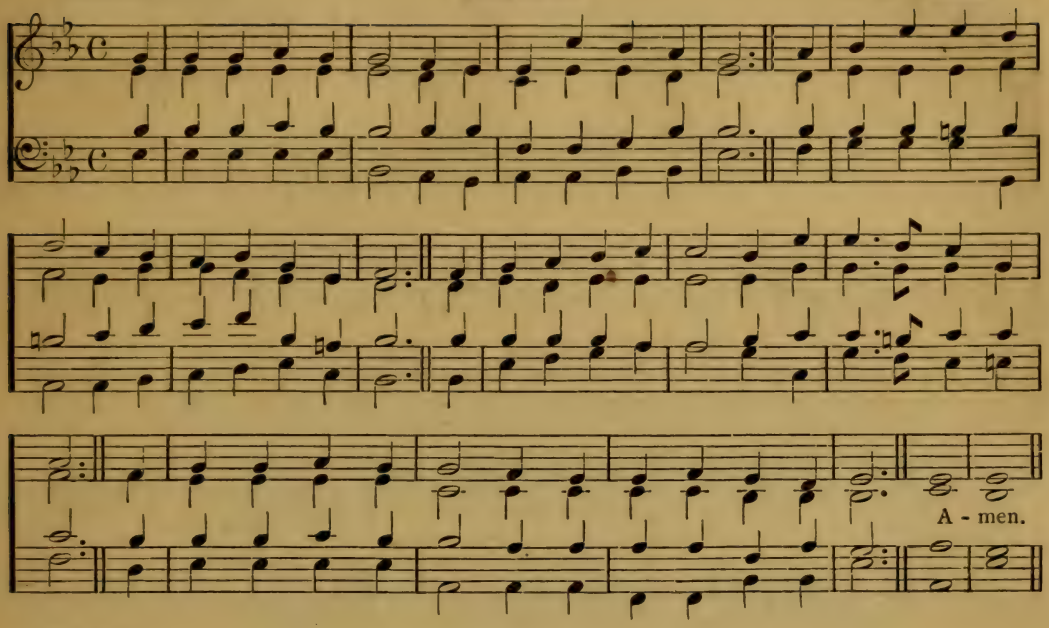
7 We long to hear Thy voice
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory there,
As here we share Thy grace.

8 Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn;
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?

9 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.

10 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again. Amen.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.



509

"*Christ is the Head of the Church.*"—Eph. v. 23.

1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
p With His own Blood He bought her,
p And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

P 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
cres. And soon the night of weeping
f Shall be the morn of song.

P 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
F Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
Oh, happy saints and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
f On high may dwell with Thee! Amen.

MORIAH. 6.6.6.6.8.8. W. H. HAVERGAL.

510

"*The kingdom of God is within you.*"—St. Luke xvii. 21.

1 THE City paved with gold,
Bright with each dazzling gem!
When shall our eyes behold
The new Jerusalem?
Yet lo! e'en now in viewless might
Uprise the walls of living light!

2 The kingdom of the Lord!
It cometh not with show:
Nor throne, nor crown, nor sword,
Proclaim its might below.
Though dimly scanned through mists of sin,
The Lord's true kingdom is within!

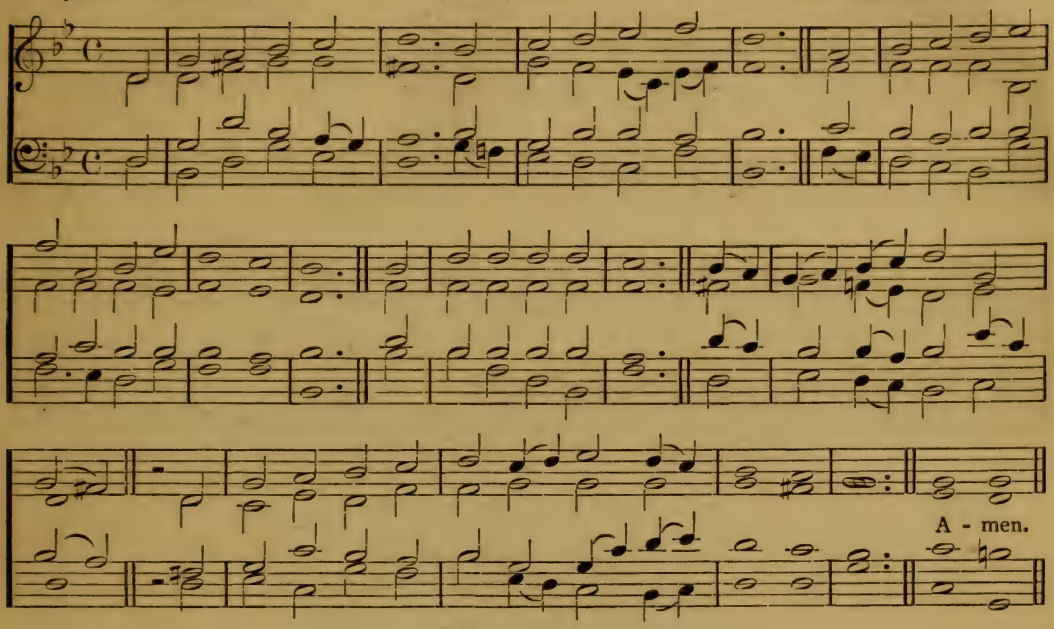
3 The gates of pearl are there
In penitential tears:
Bright as a jewel rare
Each saintly grace appears:
We track the path saints trod of old,
And lo! the pavement is of gold!

4 The living waters flow
That fainting souls may drink:
The mystic fruit-trees grow
Along the river's brink:
We taste e'en now the waters sweet,
And of the Tree of life we eat.

5 Not homeless wanderers here
Our exile songs we sing;
Thou art our home most dear,
Thou city of our King!
Thy future bliss we cannot tell,
Content in thee on earth we dwell.

6 Build, Lord, the mystic walls!
Throw wide the unseen gates!
Fill all the golden halls,
While yet Thy triumph waits!
Make glad Thy Church with light and love,
Till glorified it shines above! Amen.

JERUSALEM. P.M. OLD HEBREW TUNE.



511

"I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father."—Gen. xxviii. 13.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
The God who reigns on high
The great Archangels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!"

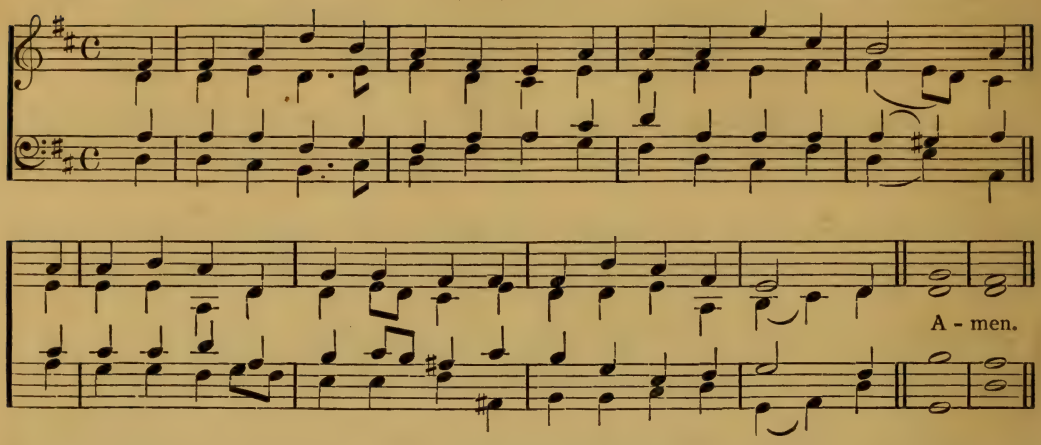
2 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall lead me on, through all my days,
To see His face:
The goodly land to see,
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
And earth and heaven their praises bring,
His Name to bless;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

4 Before the Rainbow Throne
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land.
The listening choirs attend,
And swell the great acclaim,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise! Amen.

ABERDEEN. 8.7.8.7. IAMBIC. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



512

"*The Lord is my Shepherd.*"—Ps. xxiii. 1.

1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

p 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy Unction grace bestoweth,
cres. And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
f Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
f Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. CRASSELIUS.

513 *"God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding."*—Ps. xlvii. 7.

F 1 THE Lord is King! Lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! Who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains!
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

5 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!" Amen.

CASTLE RISING. D.C.M. F. HERVEY.

514

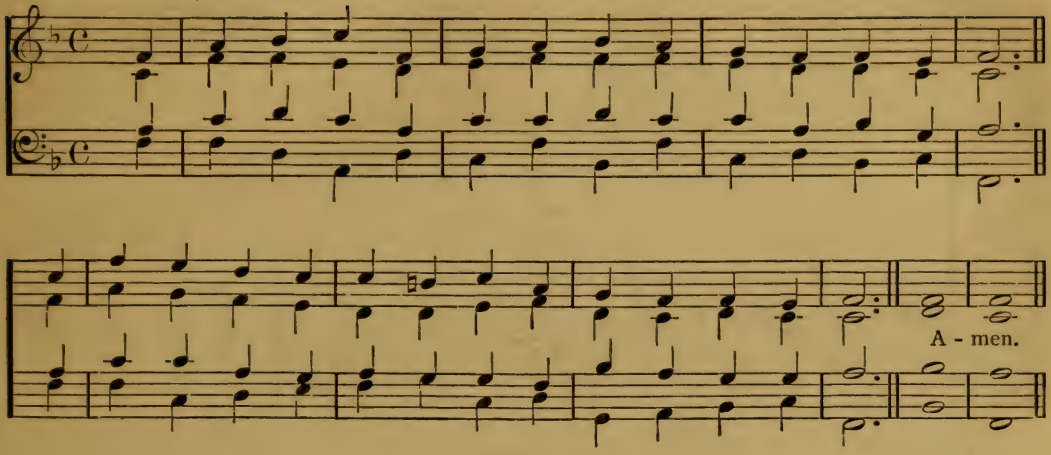
"There shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi. 25.

P 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
F Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh! for the golden floor,
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

P 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
F Oh! for a heart that never sins,
Oh! for a soul washed white,
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

P 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
F But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
P Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord;
Oh! by Thy life laid down;
F Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

DUNDEE. C.M.



515 *"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."*—Eph. iii. 15.

1 THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

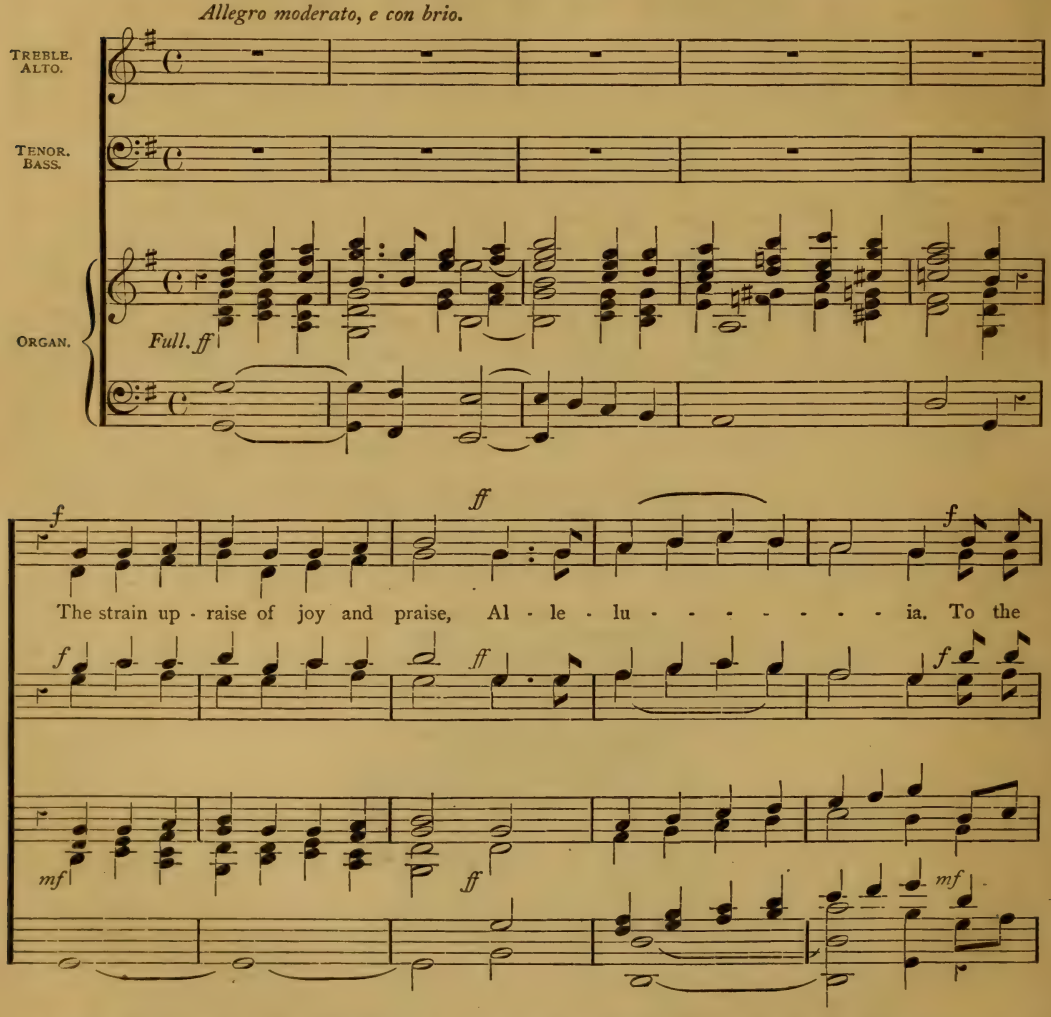
4 Lo, thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesu, be our constant Guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

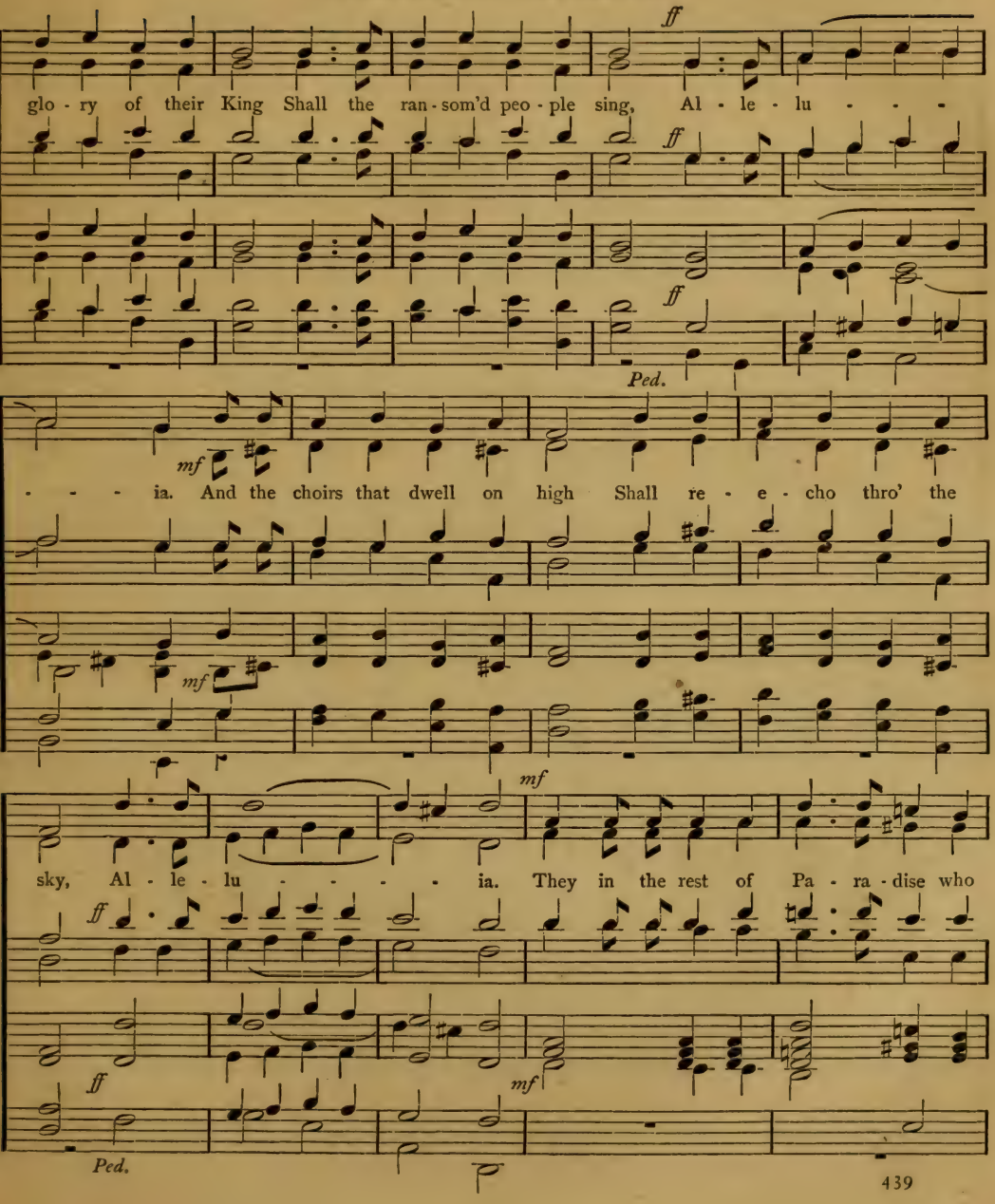
516 *"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."*—Ps. cxlv. 10.

THE STRAIN UPRAISE OF JOY AND PRAISE.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.*



* *Originally composed for the "Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book," edited by the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick.*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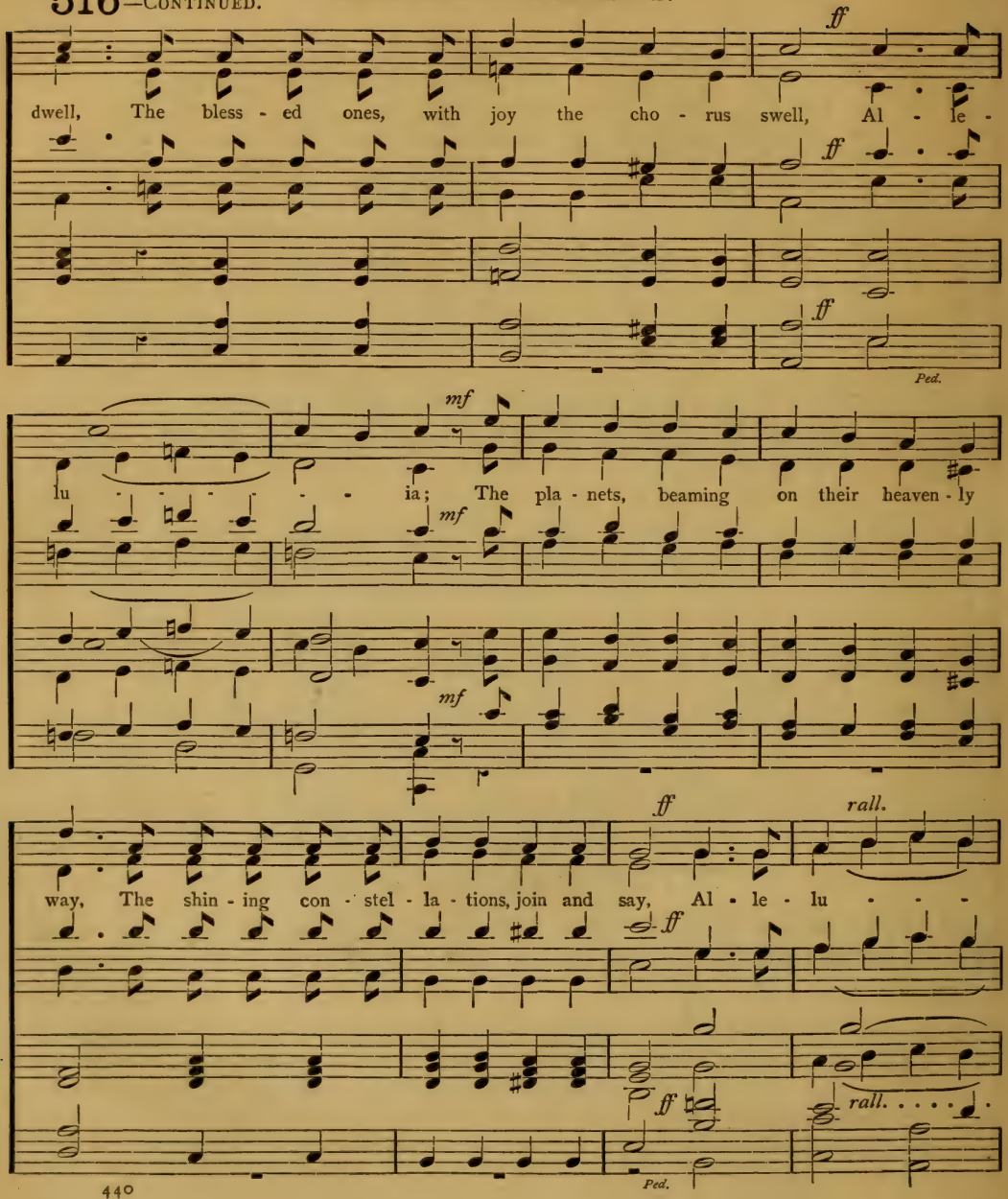
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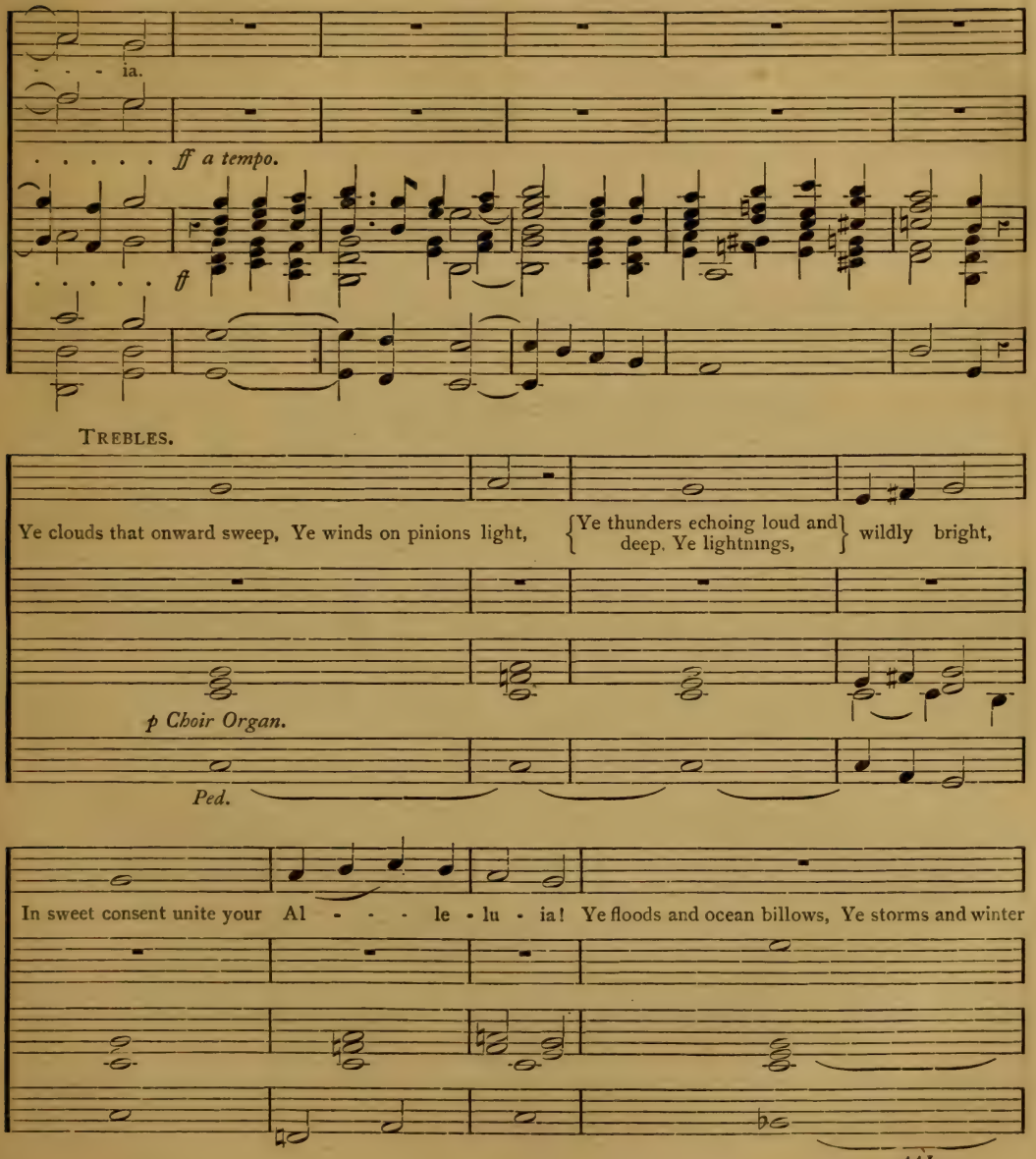
516—CONTINUED.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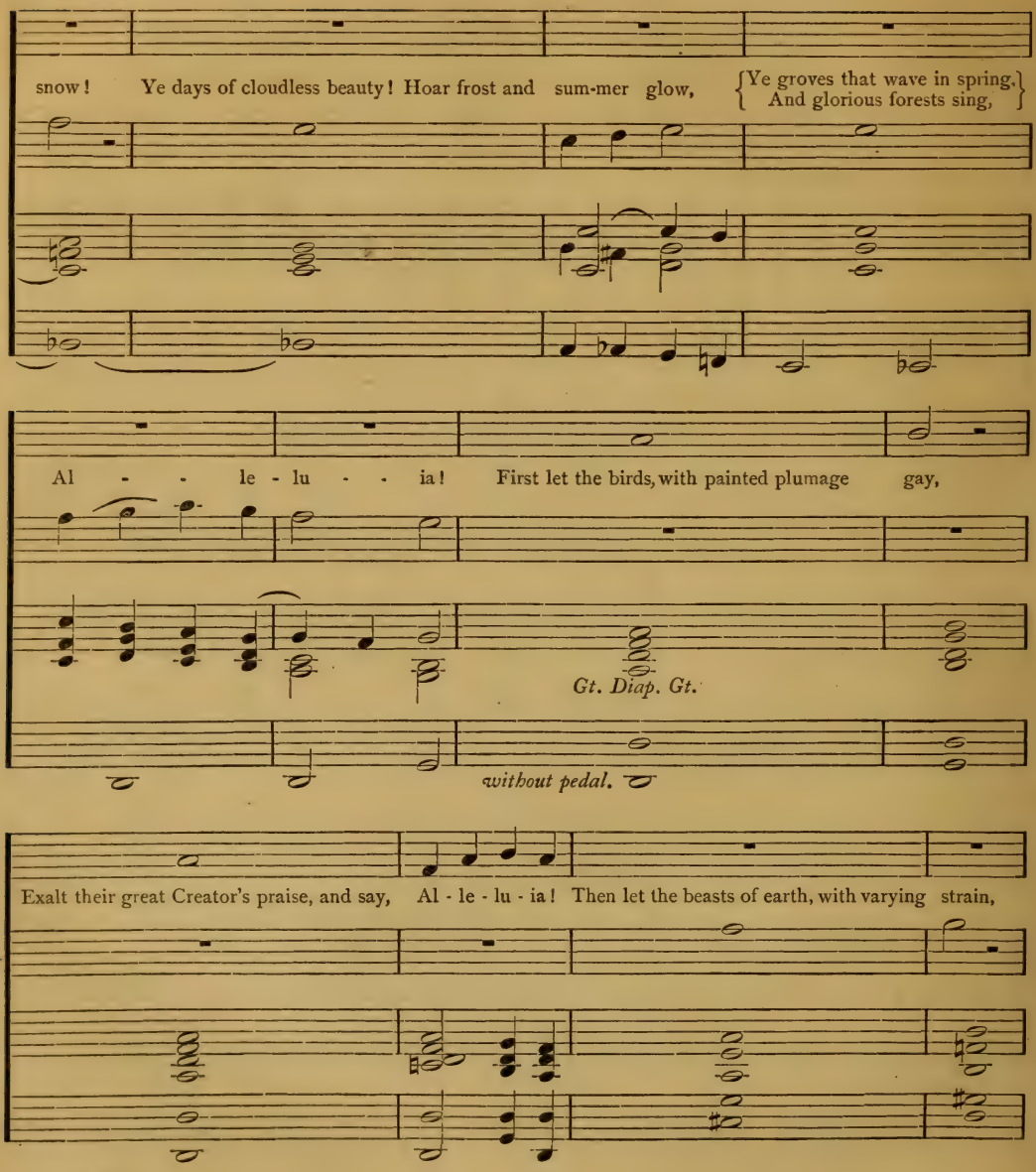
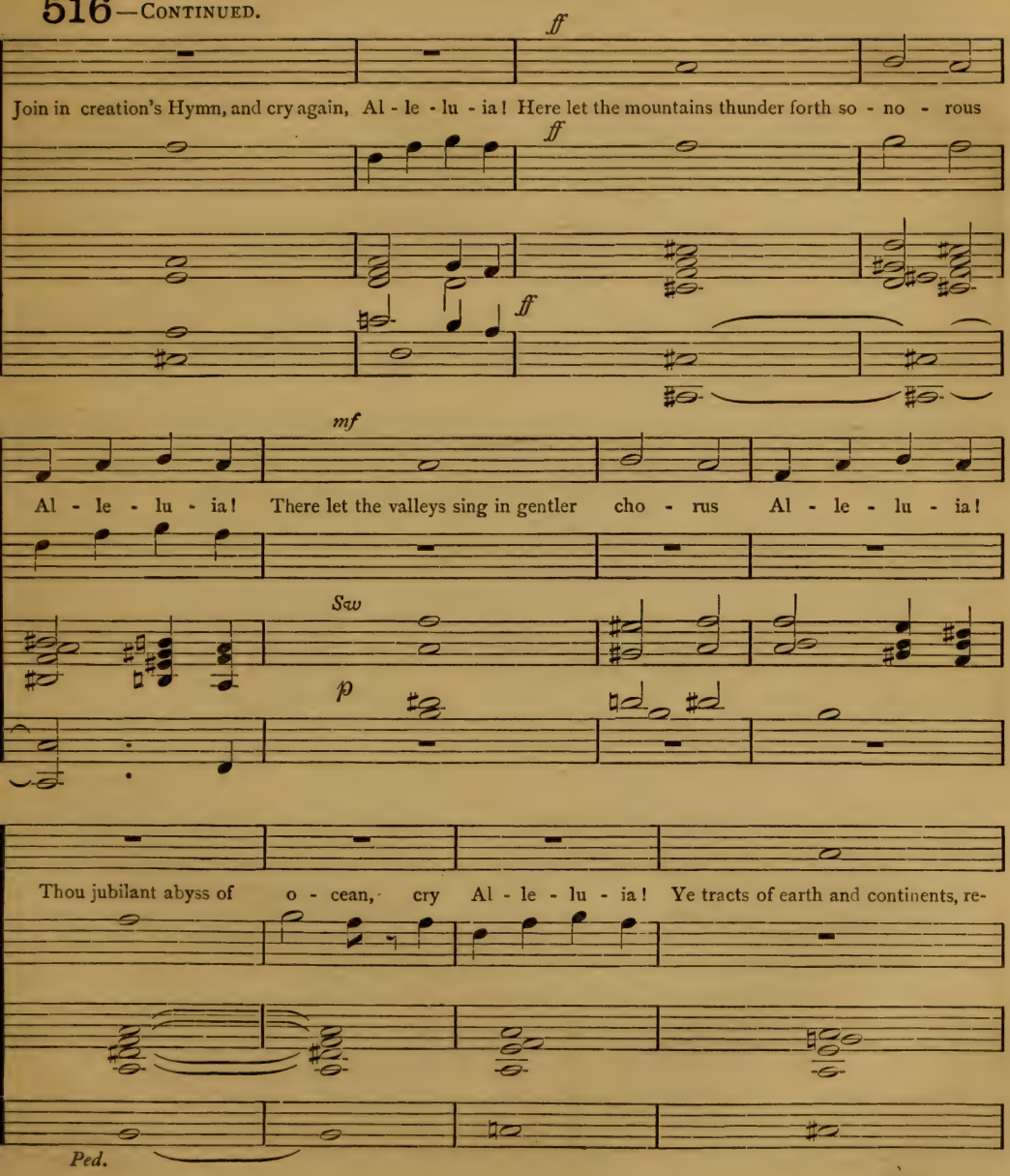
ff
TREBLES.
Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on pinions light, {Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings,} wildly bright,
p Choir Organ.
Ped.
In sweet consent unite your Al - - - le - lu - ia! Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and winter

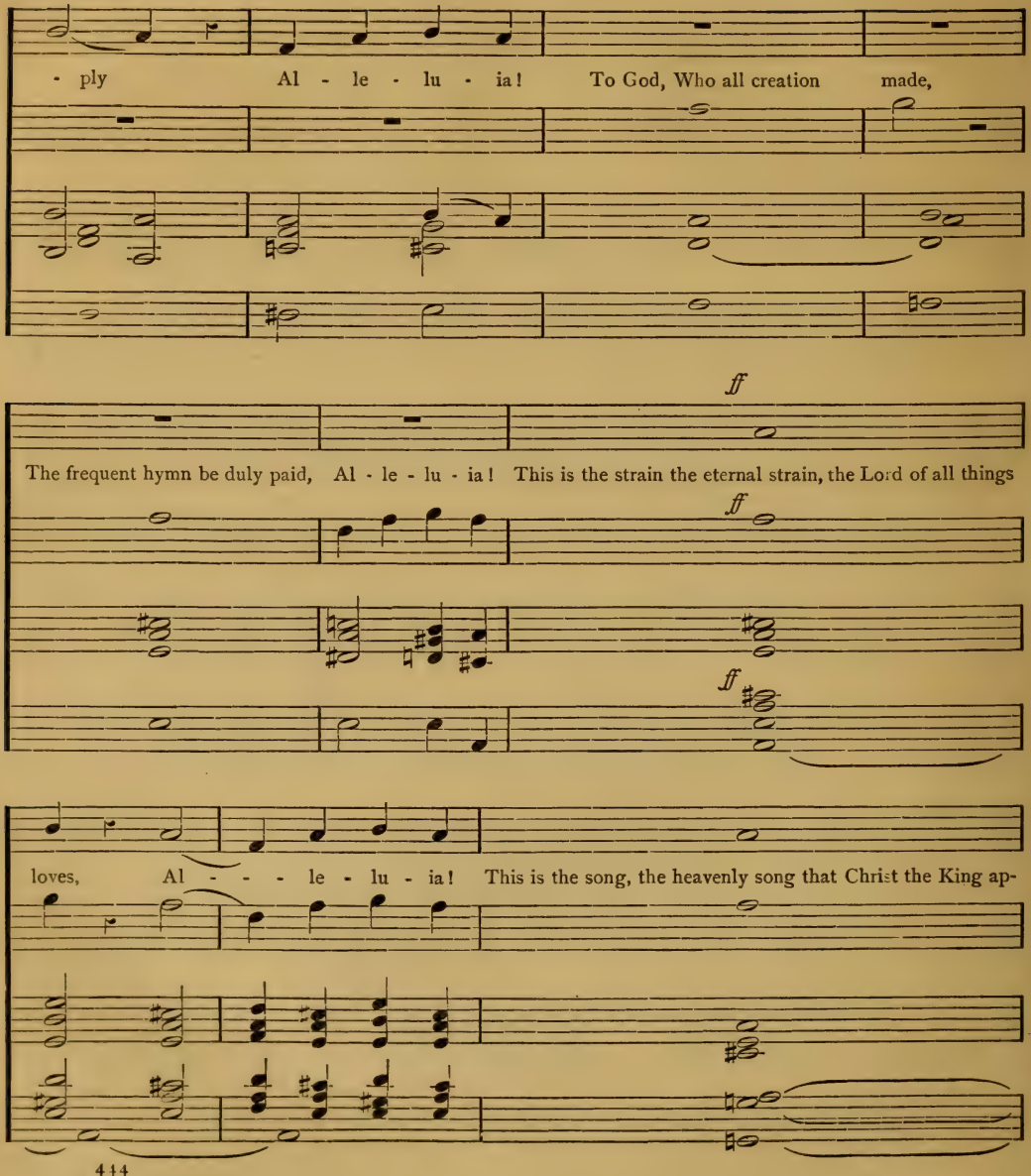
516—Continued.


snow! Ye days of cloudless beauty! Hoar frost and sum-mer glow, {Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious forests sing,}
Al - - le - lu - - ia! First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Gt. Diap. Gt.
without pedal.
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say, Al - le - lu - ia! Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,

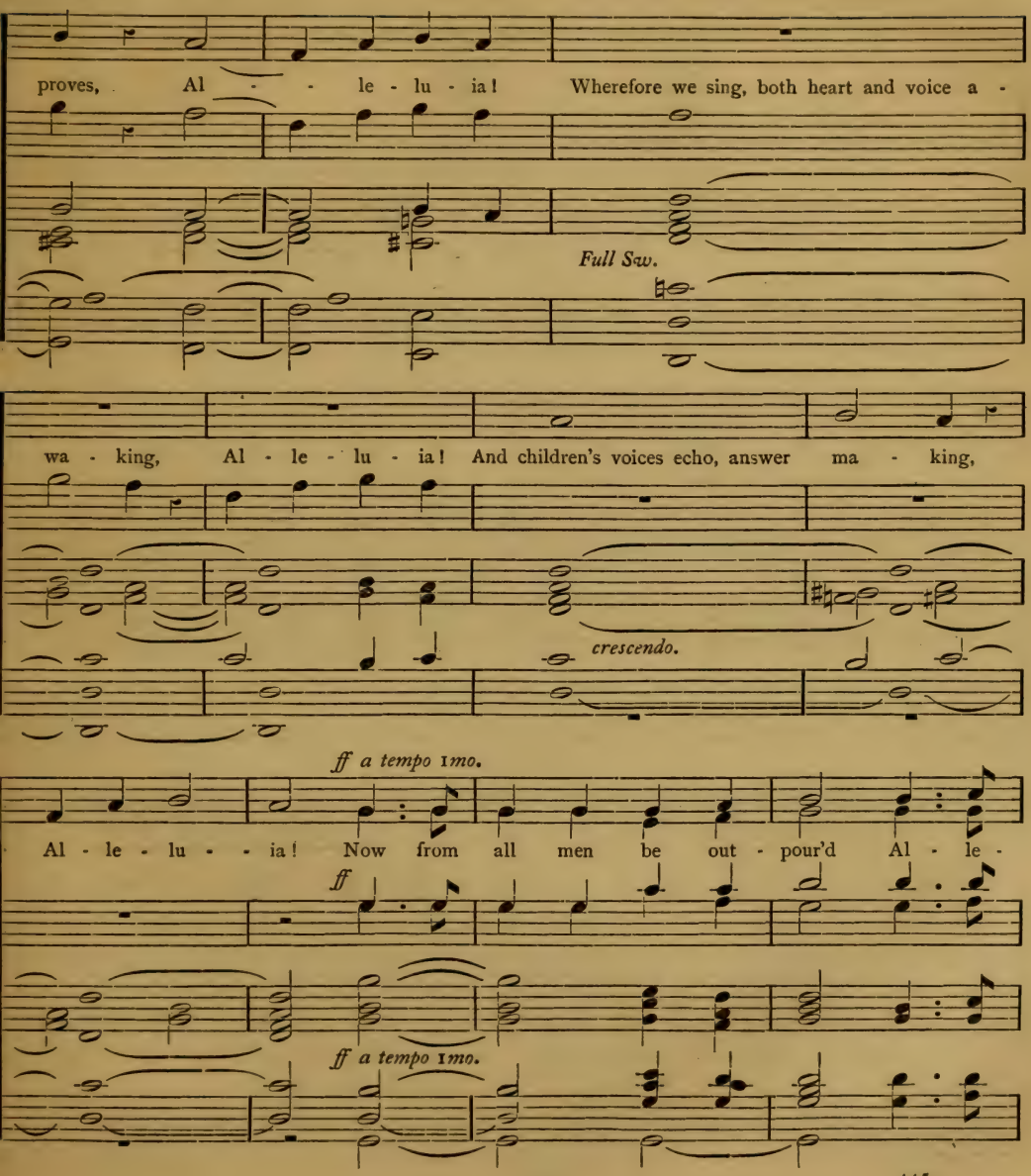
516—Continued.

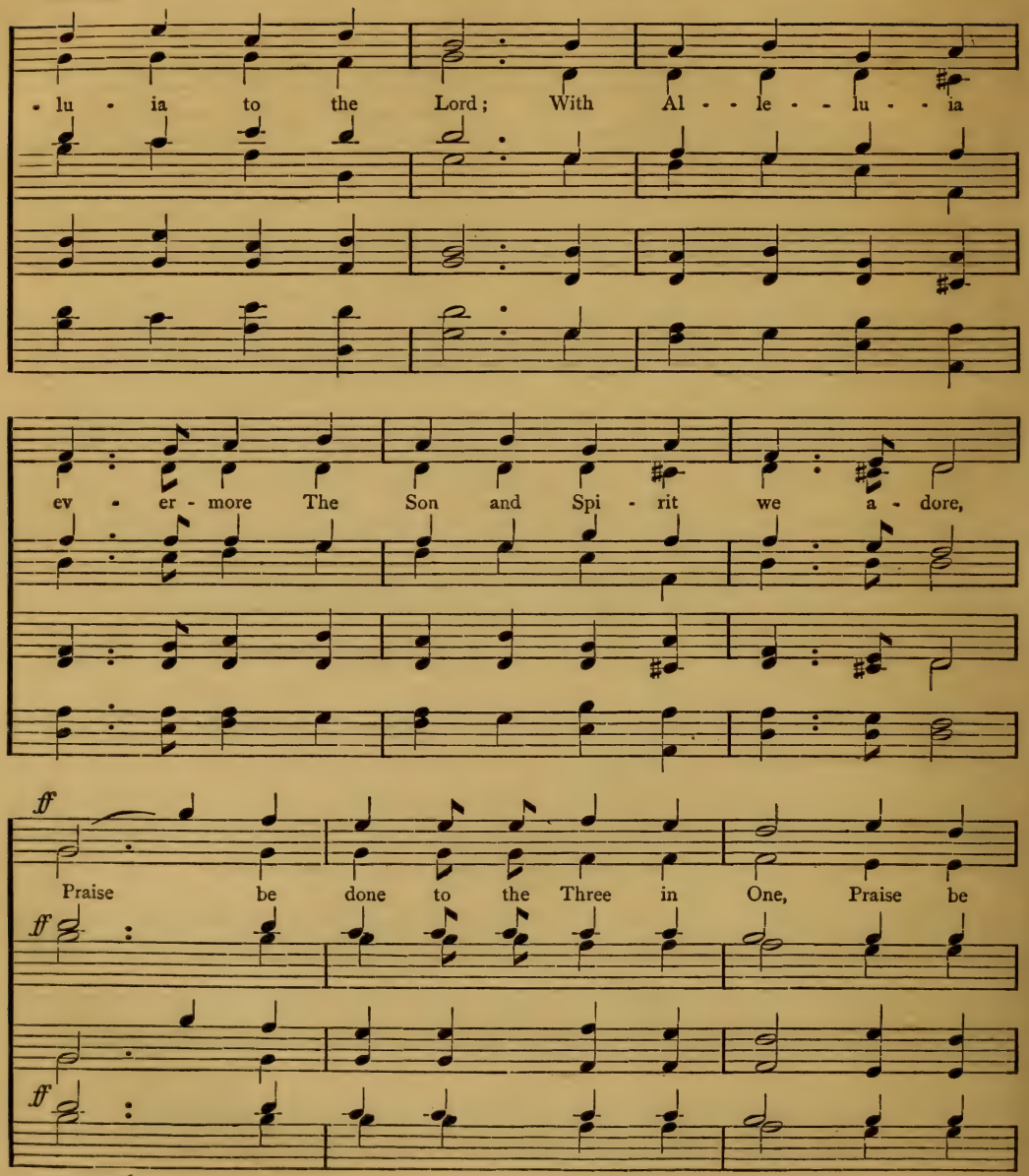

ff
Join in creation's Hymn, and cry again, Al - le - lu - ia! Here let the mountains thunder forth so - no - rous
ff
ff
mf
Al - le - lu - ia! There let the valleys sing in gentler cho - rus Al - le - lu - ia!
Sw
p
Thou jubilant abyss of o - cean, cry Al - le - lu - ia! Ye tracts of earth and continents, re-
Ped.

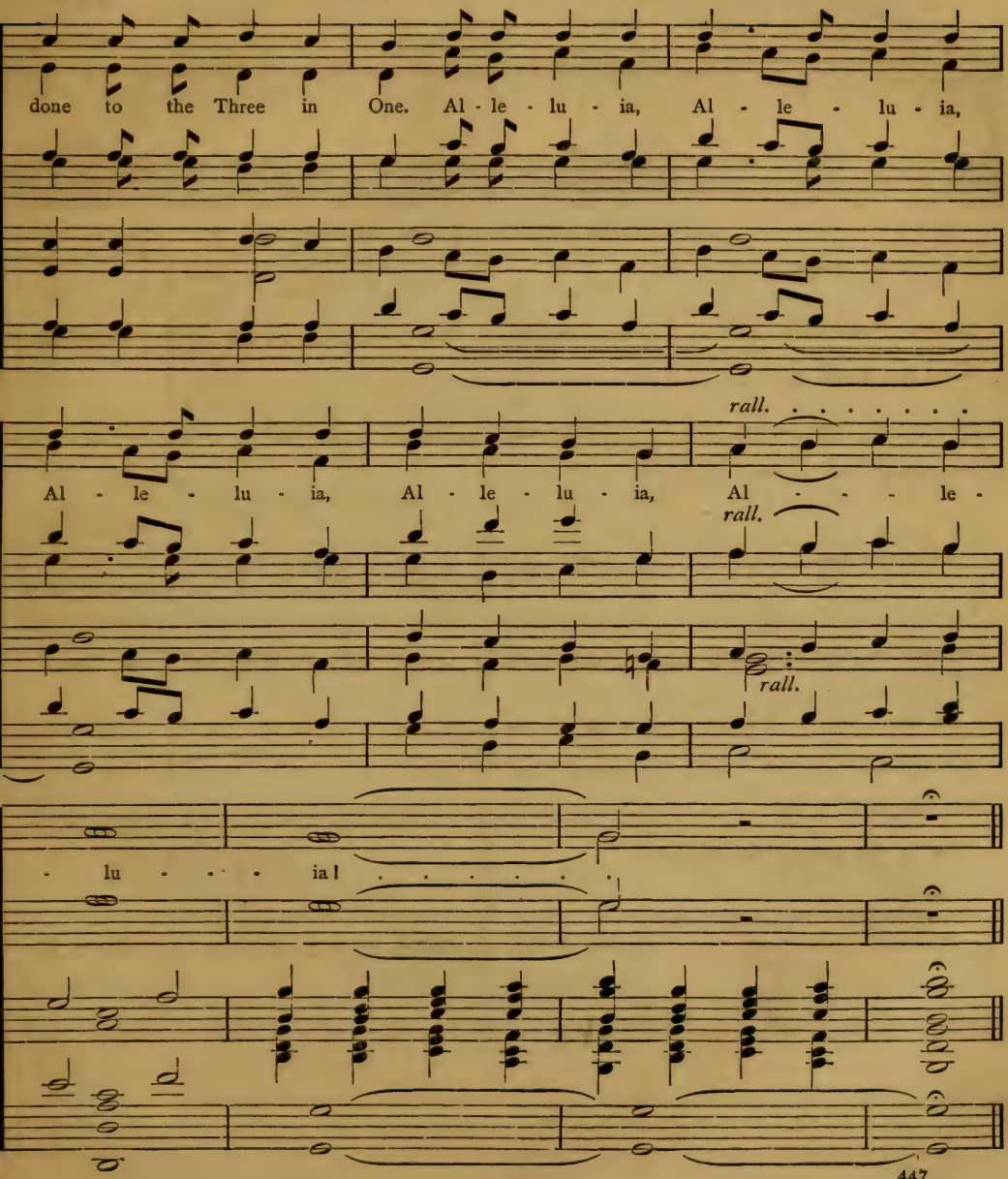
516—Continued.


- ply Al - le - lu - ia! To God, Who all creation made,
ff
The frequent hymn be duly paid, Al - le - lu - ia! This is the strain the eternal strain, the Lord of all things
ff
ff
loves, Al - - - le - lu - ia! This is the song, the heavenly song that Christ the King ap-

516—Continued.

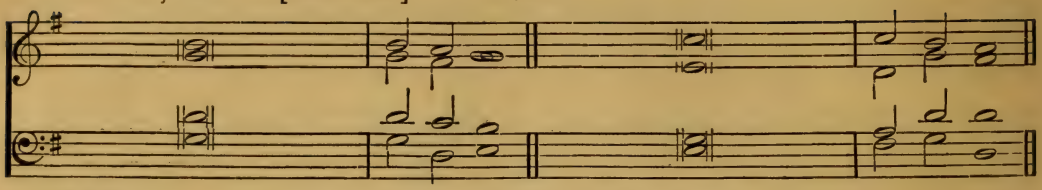

proves, Al - - le - lu - ia! Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a -
Full Sw.
wa - king, Al - le - lu - ia! And children's voices echo, answer ma - king,
crescendo.
ff a tempo 1mo.
Al - le - lu - - ia! Now from all men be out - pour'd Al - le -
ff
ff a tempo 1mo.


- lu - ia to the Lord; With Al - - le - - lu - - ia
ev - er - more The Son and Spi - rit we a - dore,
ff
Praise be done to the Three in One, Praise be
ff
ff


done to the Three in One. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,
rall.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - - - le -
rall.
rall.
- lu - - - ia!

GENERAL HYMNS.

TROYTE, No. 2. [*Second Tune.*] P.M.



516 *"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."*—Ps. cxlv. 10.

F The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

And the choirs that . . . . . dwell on high,

They in the rest of . . . . . Paradise who dwell,

The planets, beaming on their . . heavenly way,

p Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on . . . . . pinions light,

Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and . . . . . winter snow,

First let the birds, with painted . plumage gay,

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,

(*Men only.*)
Here let the mountains thunder forth so - - - - - - - - no - rous

Thou jubilant abyss of . . . . . ocean, cry

To God, who all cre - - - - - ation made,

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al - - - - - mighty loves,

(*Men only.*)
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a - - - - - - - wak - ing,

(*Unison.*)
Now from all men . . . . . be out-poured,

ff Praise be done to the . . . . . Three in One,

To the glory of their King, Shall the ransomed . . . . people sing,

Shall re-echo . . . . . through the sky,

The blessèd ones, with joy the chorus swell,

The shining constellations . . join and say,

f Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings. . wildly bright,

Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar-frost, and . . . . . summer glow,

Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say

Join in creation's hymn, and cry again

Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia;

Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

The frequent hymn be . . . . duly paid,

Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

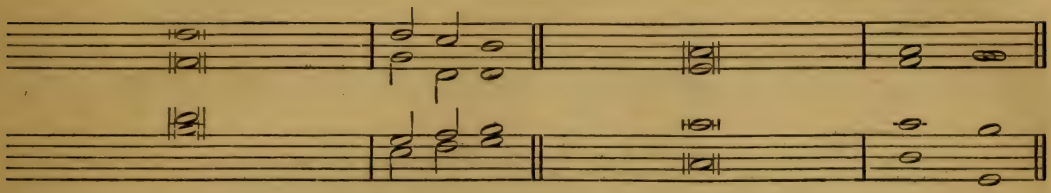
Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Alleluia . . . . . to the Lord.

Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

GENERAL HYMNS.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

In sweet con - - - - - - - - sent unite | your Alle - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious . . . . . forests, sing | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

(*Trebles only.*)
There let the valleys sing in gentler cho - rus, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

Ye tracts of earth and conti - - - nents reply | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

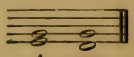
Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

This is the song, the heavenly
song, that Christ the . . . . . King approves, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

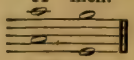
(*Trebles only.*)
And children's voices echo, answer mak - ing, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.

With Alleluia . . . . . e-ver-more, | The Son and Spirit . . . . . we adore.

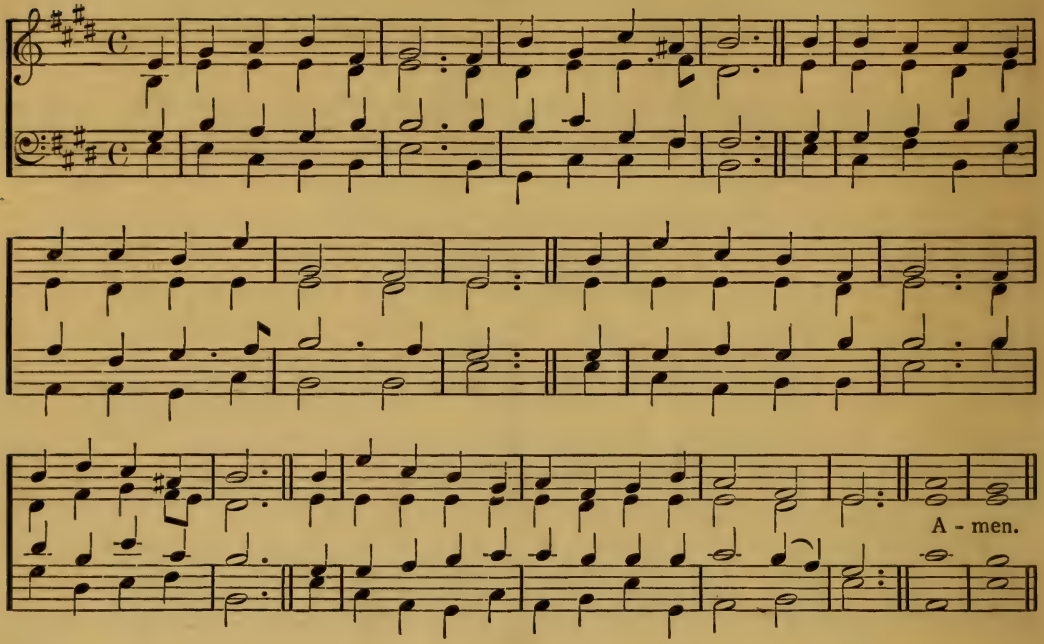
Alle - - - - - - - - - - - lu - ia, | Alle - - - - - - - - - lu - ia.



A - men.



SHEBA. 6.6.6.6. D. W. H. HAVERGAL.



517

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

1 THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good Angels know it well,
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;

Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

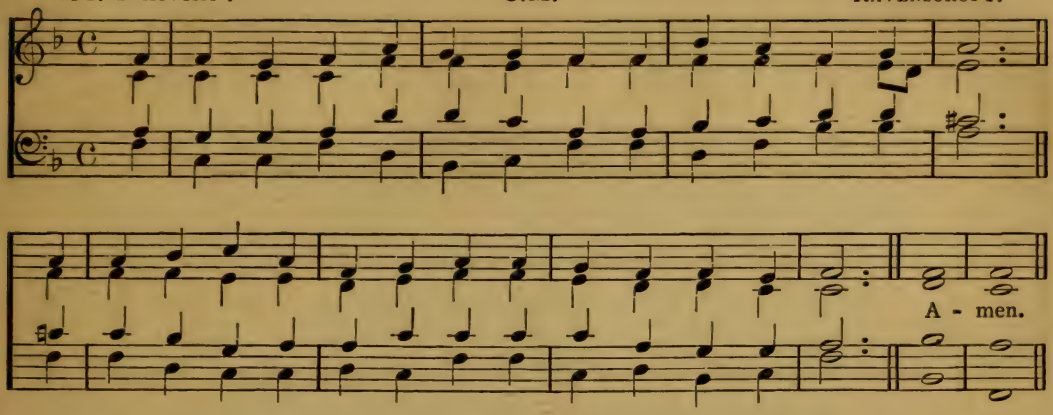
3 O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;

To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:

Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. RAVENSCROFT.



518 *"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."*—Rom. i. 20.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

5 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

BYZANTIUM. C.M.

519

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

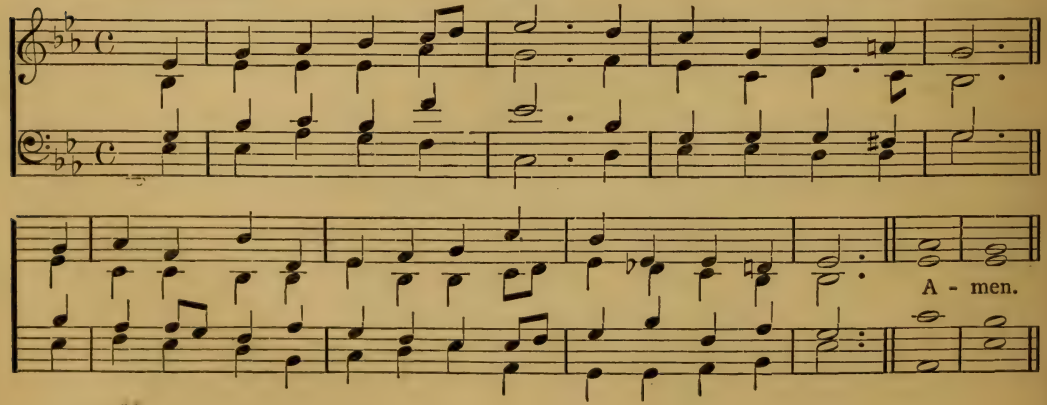
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
f Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
f Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

BEN RHYDDING. S.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



520

"By the Lord Jesus Christ, we rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."—Rom. v. 1, 2.

1 THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng—
All holy is their spotless robe!
All holy is their song!

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesu, be our Guide;
Oh, lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won! Amen.

ANGELS' SONG. L.M. GIBBONS.

521

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. i. 14.

1 THEY come, God's Messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

2 They come to watch around us here,
They soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
They come to speed us on our way;
God willeth them with us to stay.

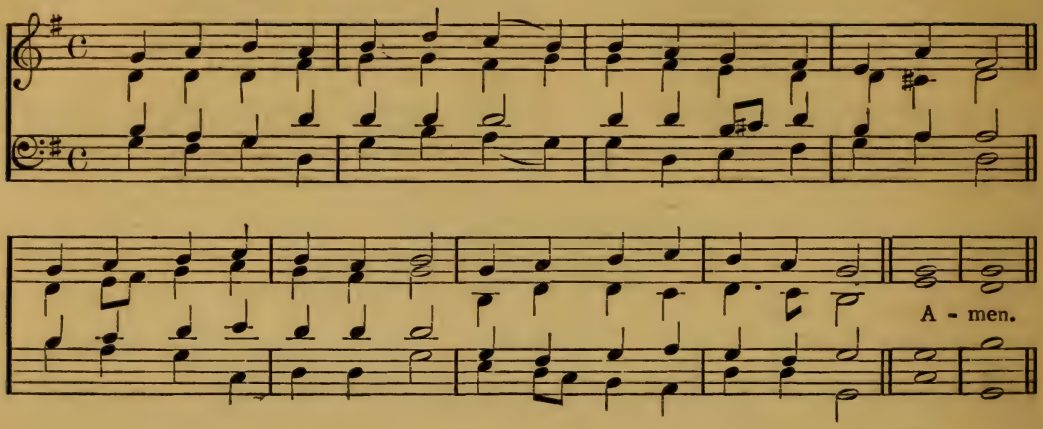
3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis theirs the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

4 Blest Jesus, Thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn Thine Angels' aid.

5 To us the zeal of Angels give
With love to serve Thee, while we live;
To us an Angel guard supply
When on the bed of death we lie.

6 So when the toils of earth are past
We may attain to bliss at last,
f And with the choirs of Angels sing
f Glory to the eternal King. Amen.

LICHFIELD. 7·7·7·7.



522

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."—Heb. xii. 1.

1 THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

2 We, by enemies distressed,—
They, in Paradise at rest;
We the captives,—they the freed,—
We and they are one indeed:

3 One in all we seek or shun;
One, because our Lord is one;
One in heart, and one in love;
We below, and they above.

4 Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?

5 Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak:

6 Yet in sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch, and fast, and litany.

7 With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt, and fear;
That hereafter they may be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with Thee.

F 8 So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise;
Rendering worship, thanks and love,
To the Trinity above! Amen.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7·7·7·7· H. J. GAUNTLETT.

523 *"Now these are Thy servants, and Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power, and by Thy strong hand."*—Neh. i. 10.

1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

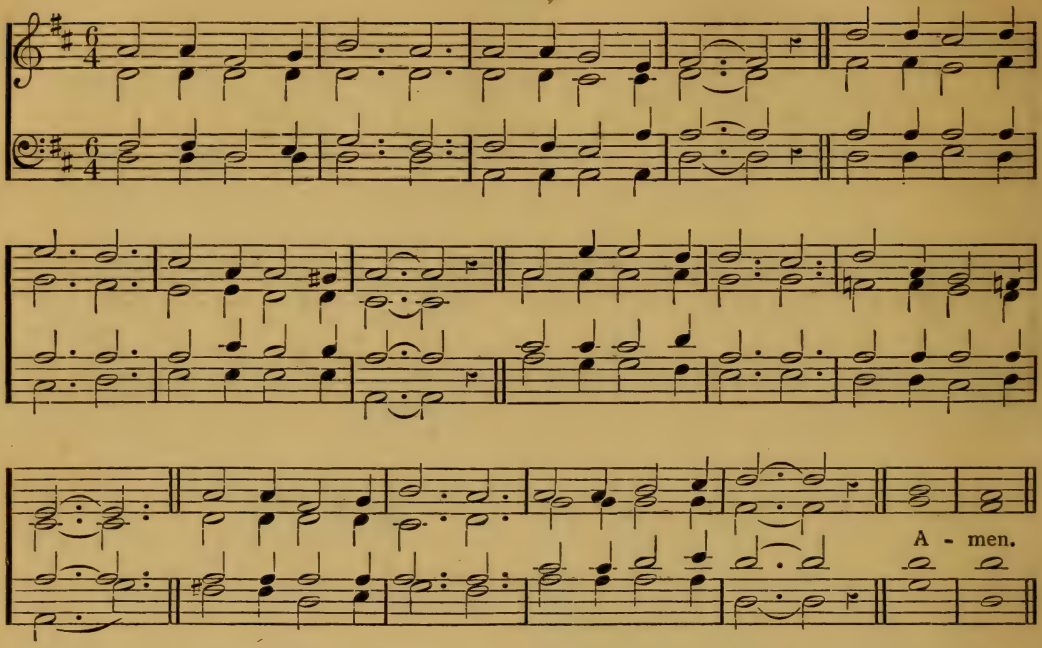
2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife.
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. 6.5.6.5. D. E. BARKER.



524 *"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."*—Rom. viii. 18.

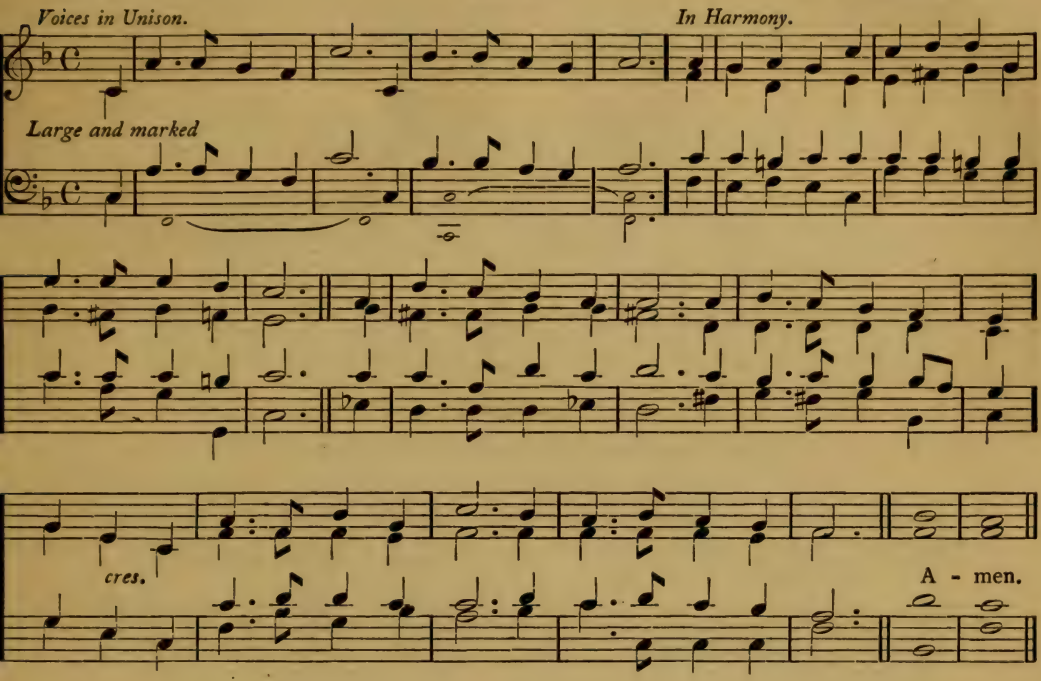
1 THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

P 2 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
f Says, "I will be crowned":
P He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
cres. When He bids you labour—
When He tells you, "Fight!"

P 4 While we do our duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side!
What though sad the story
Of this life's distress:
f Oh, the future glory!
f Oh, the loveliness! Amen.

ASCENSION. D.S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



525 *"When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."*—Eph. iv. 8.

F 1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

P But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

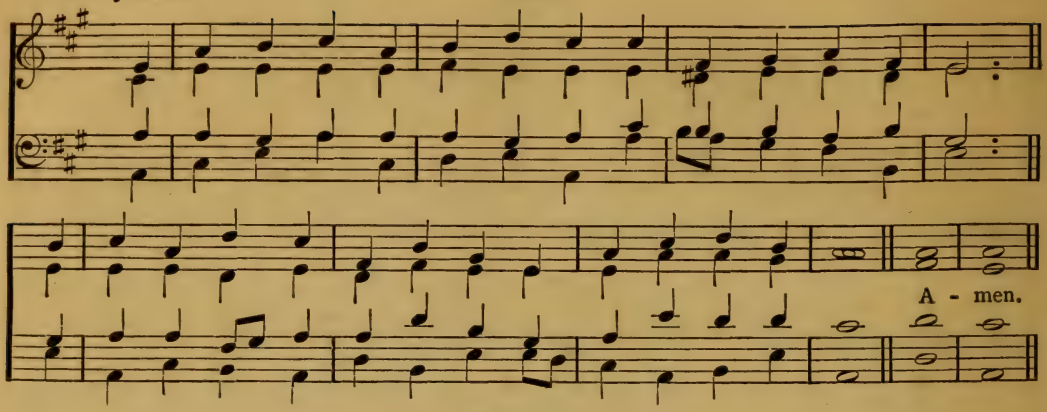
f 2 Thou art gone up on high;
P But Thou didst first come down
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
cres. Lead us at last to Thee!

f 3 Thou art gone up on high;
M But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

ST. JAMES. C.M.



(EVENING.)

526

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."—St. John xiv. 6.

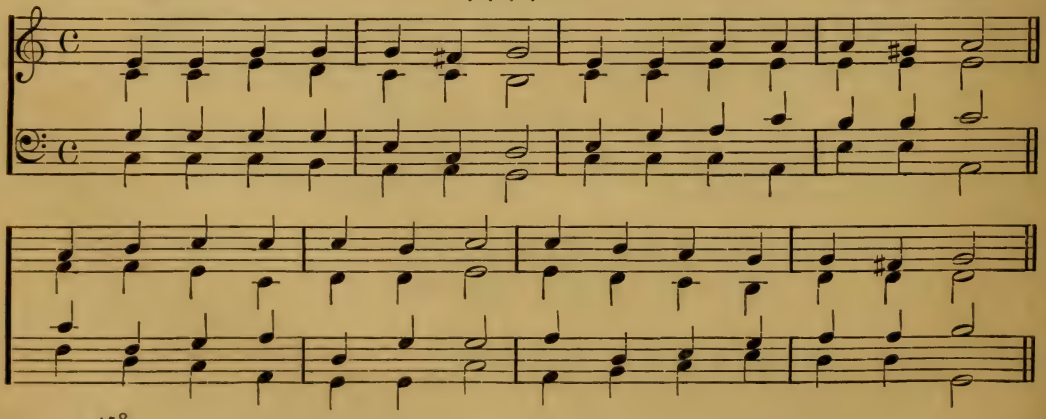
1 THOU art the Way:—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

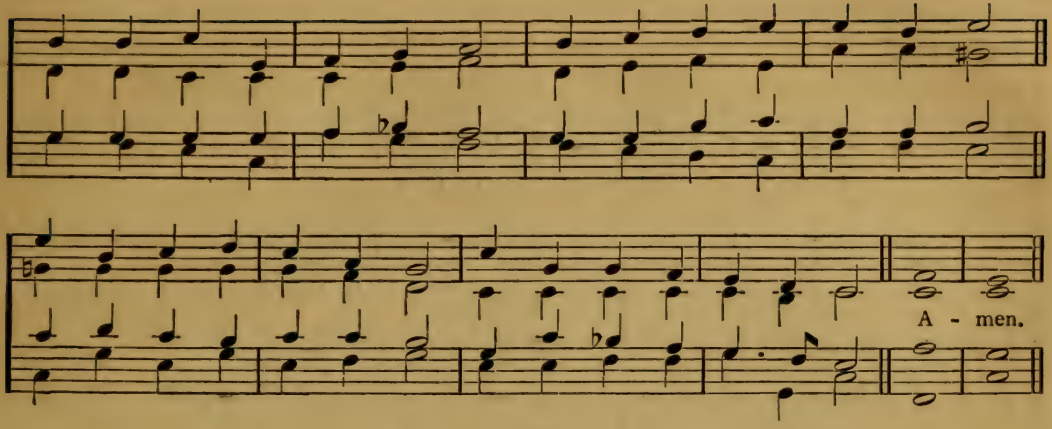
2 Thou art the Truth:—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life:—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

DELIVERANCE. 7·7·7·7. D. L. G. HAYNE.





527 *"He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bonds in sunder."*—Ps. cvii. 14.

1 THOU, who breakest every chain,
Thou, who still art ever near,
Thou, with whom disgrace and pain
Turn to joy and heaven e'en here;

Look upon our bonds and see
How doth all creation groan
'Neath the yoke of vanity;
Make Thy full redemption known!

2 Still we wrestle, cry, and pray,
Held in bitter bondage fast,
Fain our souls would break away
Into higher things at last;

Still our spirit clings to Thee,
Will not, dare not, let Thee go,
Till Thy power have set us free
From the bonds that cause our woe.

3 Ours the fault it is, we own:
We are slaves to sin and sloth;
Yet, oh, leave us not alone
In the living death we loathe!

Crushed beneath our burden's weight,
Crying at Thy feet we fall,
Show the path, though steep and strait,
Thou didst open once for all!

4 By Thy dying we were bought,
Ransomed from the world and sin;
By the work that Thou hast wrought,
Jesu, make us pure within.

Courage! long the time may seem;
cres. Yet the day is coming fast;
f We shall be like them that dream
f When our freedom dawns at last! Amen.

STOBEL. 6.6.4.6.6.4. GERMAN.

528

"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."—Gen. i. 3.

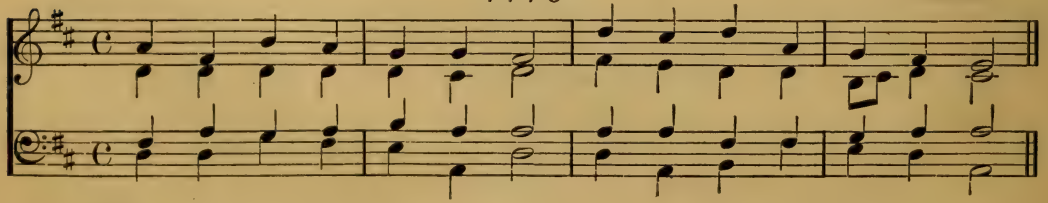
1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
f Let there be light!

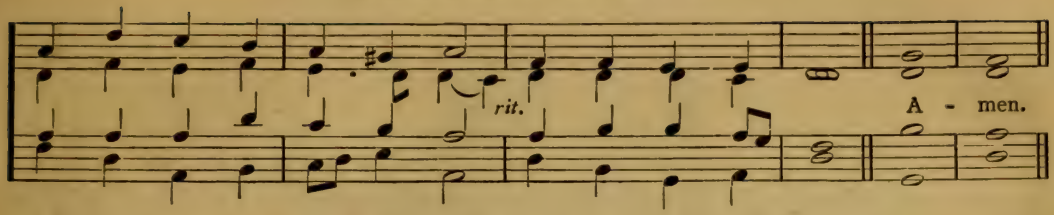
2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
f Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
f Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the earth, far and wide,
ff Let there be light! Amen.

CAPETOWN. 7·7·7·5· GERMAN.





529

"From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised."—Ps. cxiii. 3.

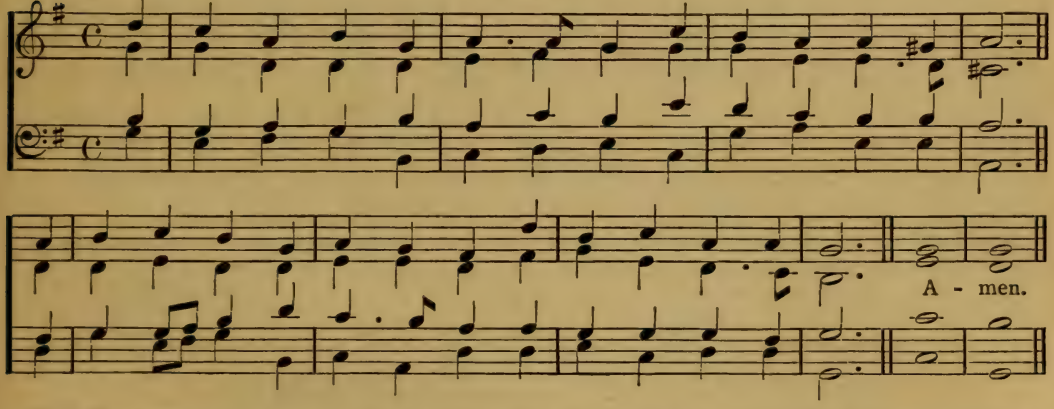
1 THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of Light! with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
p Breathe on us her balm.

P 3 Light of Light! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
pp Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
f With the saints hereafter we
f Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

BRISTOL. C.M.



530

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

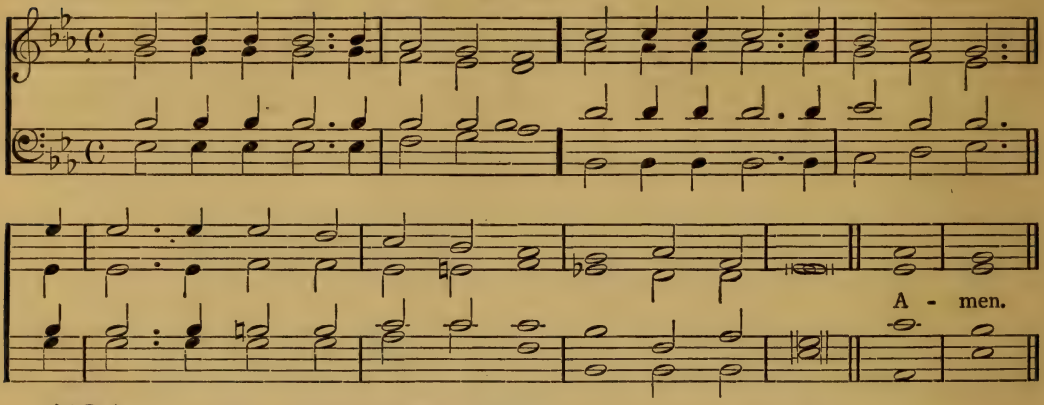
2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who in His succour trust.

4 Oh! make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on His truth depend;
To them and their posterity
His blessings shall descend. Amen.

HANFORD. 8.8.8.4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



531

"Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."—St. Matt. viii. 19.

1 THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word,—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—
We follow Thee.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange wanderings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

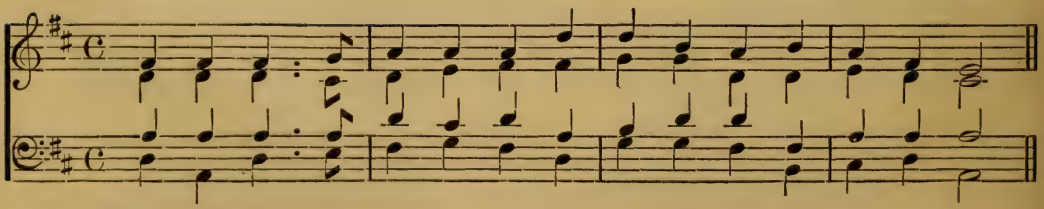
4 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

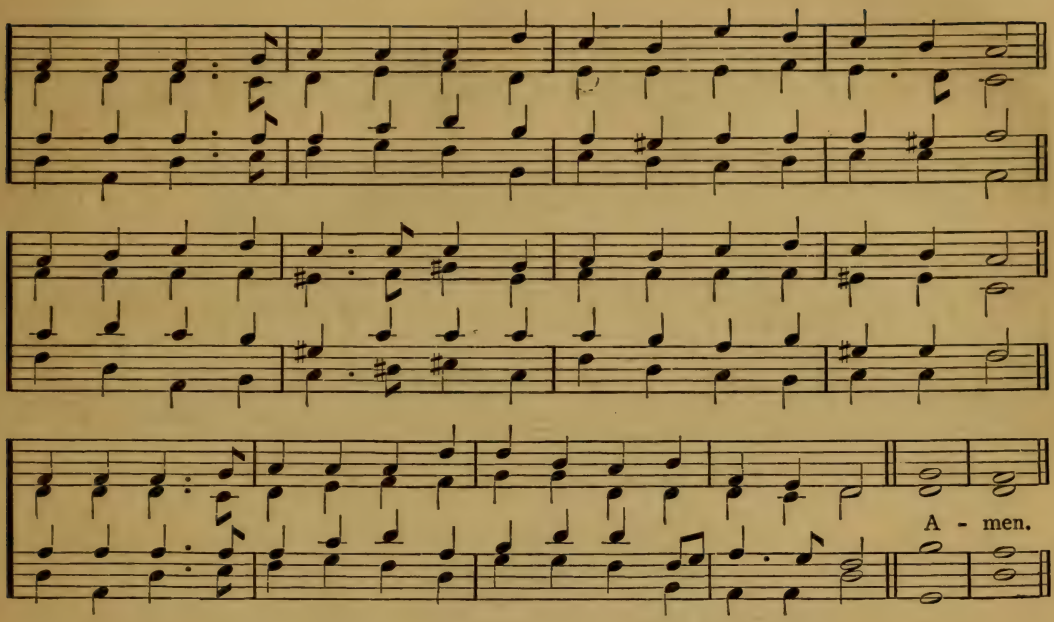
5 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to Day
We follow Thee.

6 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

7 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee! Amen.

ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE.





532

"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light."—Exod. xiii. 21.

F 1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the Light of God's own Presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the Faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the Hope our God inspires.

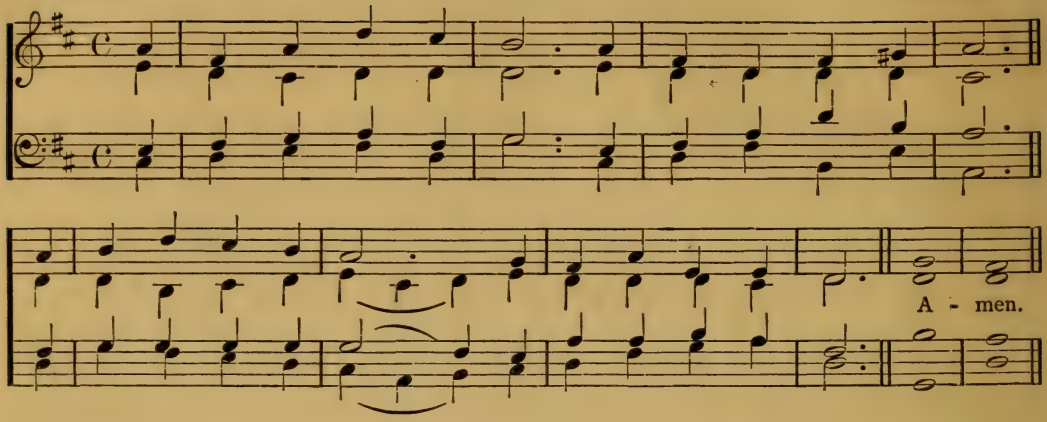
3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!

Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom! Amen.

EDEN. 6.6.6.6. FEILDEN.



533

"Make Thy way straight before my face."—Ps. v. 8.

P 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy Rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

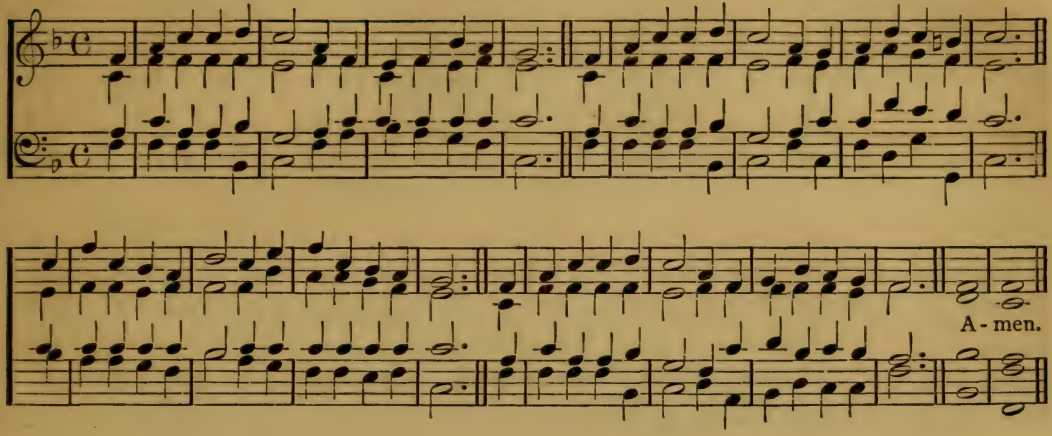
4 The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
f Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
f My Wisdom, and my all. Amen.

MISSIONARY. 7.6.7.6. D. DR. LOWELL MASON.



534

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."—Ps. xcv. 7.

P 1 To-day Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been;

However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious Blood can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.

The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

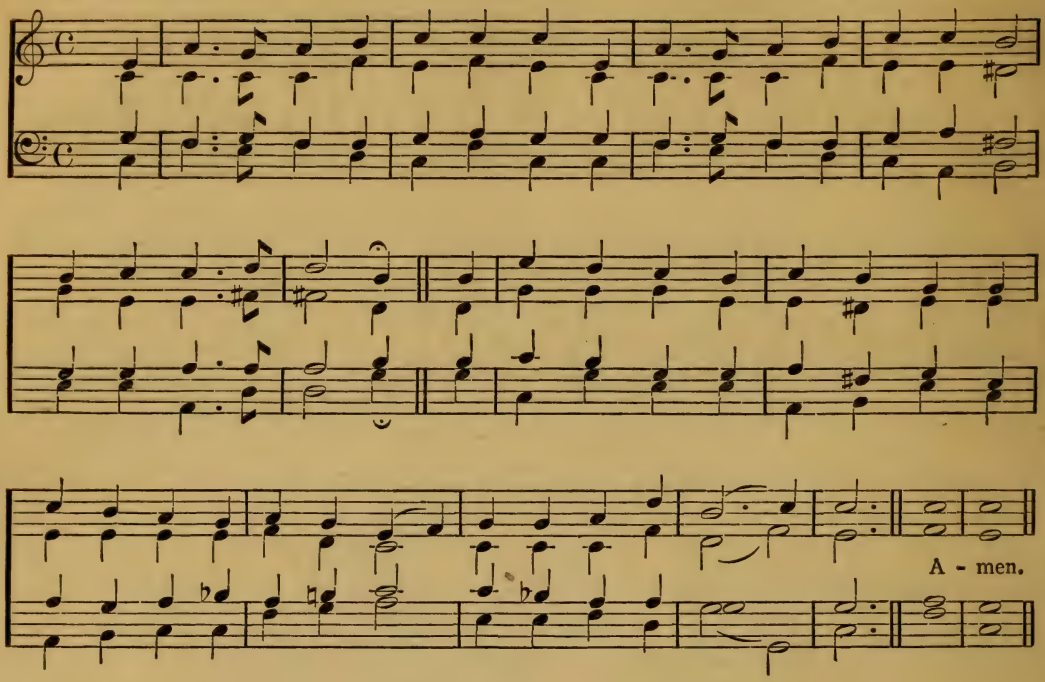
3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessèd Angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:

No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's Home!

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy!
Oh, ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?

When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One Ear will hear our prayer! Amen.

ALLELUIA. P.M. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.



535 *"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."*—Rev. v. 12.

F 1 To Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him, the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave His Soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who rose that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!
Sing we Alleluia!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most High, our joy and boast,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen.

ST. LAWRENCE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. CHARLES STEGGALL.

536

"God hath given Him a Name which is above every name."—Phil. ii. 9.

1 To the Name that speaks salvation
Praise and honour let us pay,
Which before the world's creation
In the Father's Bosom lay,
But to every tongue and nation
By the Church is known to-day.

2 Name belovèd, Name of Jesus!
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name that comforts, Name that pleases
Every heart which knows it well;
Name that man from guilt releases,
Name that breaks the bonds of hell!

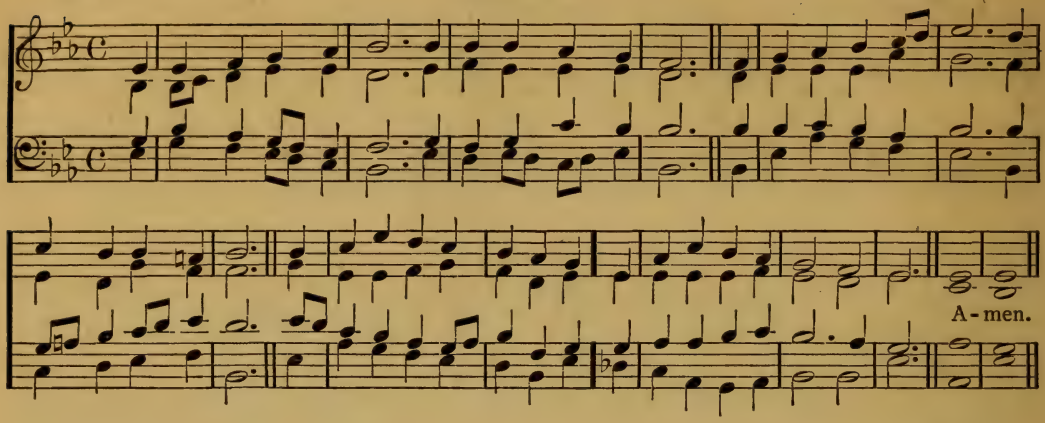
3 Name for lowly adoration,
Name for high triumphant lays;
Name for constant meditation
Through the world's perplexing ways;
Name which yonder ransomed nation
Worthily alone can praise!

4 Name of which the true proclaiming
To the ear like music cleaves;
Name of which the very naming
On the lips its sweetness leaves;
Name on which her musings framing
Light and joy the soul receives.

5 Name in worthiest honour planted
Over every name on high;
Name whereby our foe is daunted,
Satan's hosts in terror fly;
Name to man in mercy granted,
Timely succour to supply.

6 Thus with reverent awe we greet Thee,
Name most blessèd to our sight!
Holy JESU, we entreat Thee
In our hearts Thy Name to write,
f Till that face to face we meet Thee,
f Gathered to Thy saints in light! Amen.

BEVAN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. JOHN GOSS.



537

"Lord, Thou hast been favourable unto Thy land."—Ps. lxxxv. 1.

1 To Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
Oh! hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

7 Oh! let us love Thy house,
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows,
And loyal homage pay.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

8 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh! let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

9 Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland. Amen.

SLEEPERS, WAKE. P.M. GERMAN.

538

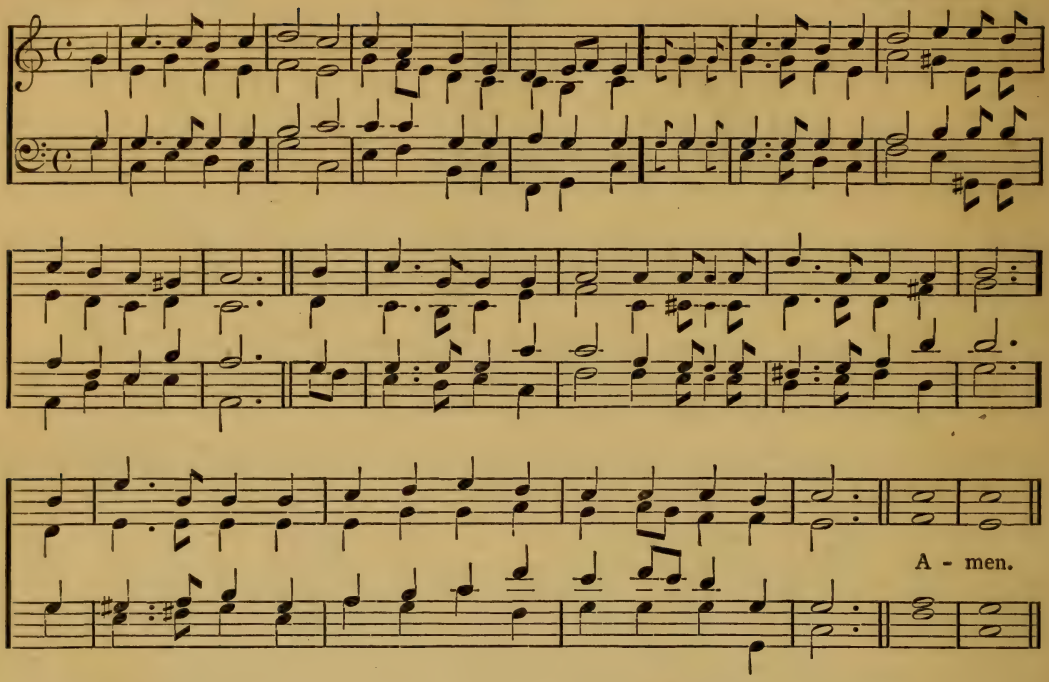
"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."—St. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 WAKE, awake, for night is flying;
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
Awake, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
His chariot wheels are nearer rolling;
He comes; prepare, ye virgins wise:
Rise up! with willing feet
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet.
Alleluia!
Bear through the night your well-trimmed light,
Speed forth to join the marriage rite!

2 Sion hears the watchmen singing;
Her heart with deep delight is springing;
At once she wakes, she hastes away.
Forth her Bridegroom hastens glorious,
F In grace arrayed, by truth victorious:
Her grief is joy, her night is day!
Hail, worthy Champion!
Christ, God Almighty's Son!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng!

F 3 Hear Thy praise, O Lord, ascending
From tongues of men and Angels blending
With harp and lute and psaltery.
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder
In bursts of choral melody!
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy!
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along! Amen.

ST. CHARLES. P.M. WILLIAM PITTS.



539

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."—Heb. vii. 25.

P 1 WE come to Thee, dear Saviour,
Just because we need Thee so;
None need Thee more than we do;
None are half so vile and low.

2 We come to Thee, dear Saviour,
With our broken faith again:
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

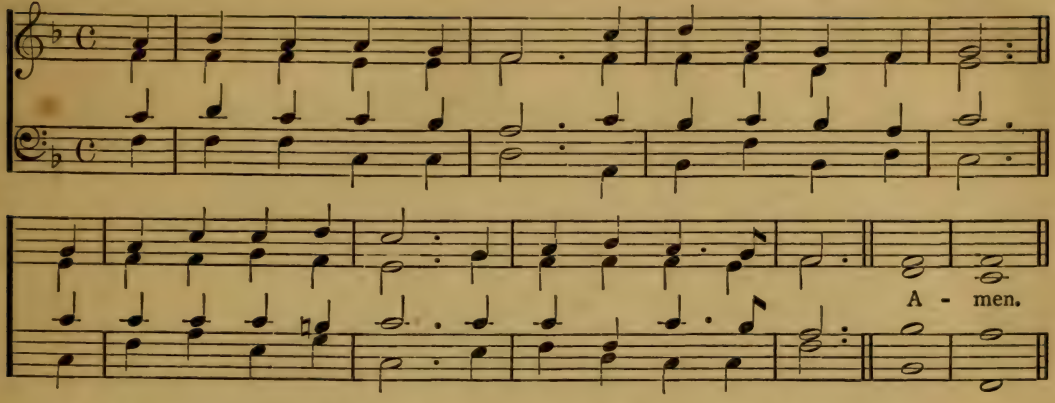
3 We come to Thee, dear Saviour!
It is love that makes us come;
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.

4 We come to Thee, dear Saviour!
Fear brings us in our need;
For Thy hand never breaketh
E'en the frailest bruisèd reed.

5 We come to Thee, dear Saviour!
For to whom, Lord, can we go?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow.

6 We come to Thee, dear Saviour!
And Thou wilt not ask us why;
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die! Amen.

QUAM DILECTA. 6.6.6.6. H. L. JENNER.



540

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house."—Ps. xxvi. 8.

1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the sacred Font;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

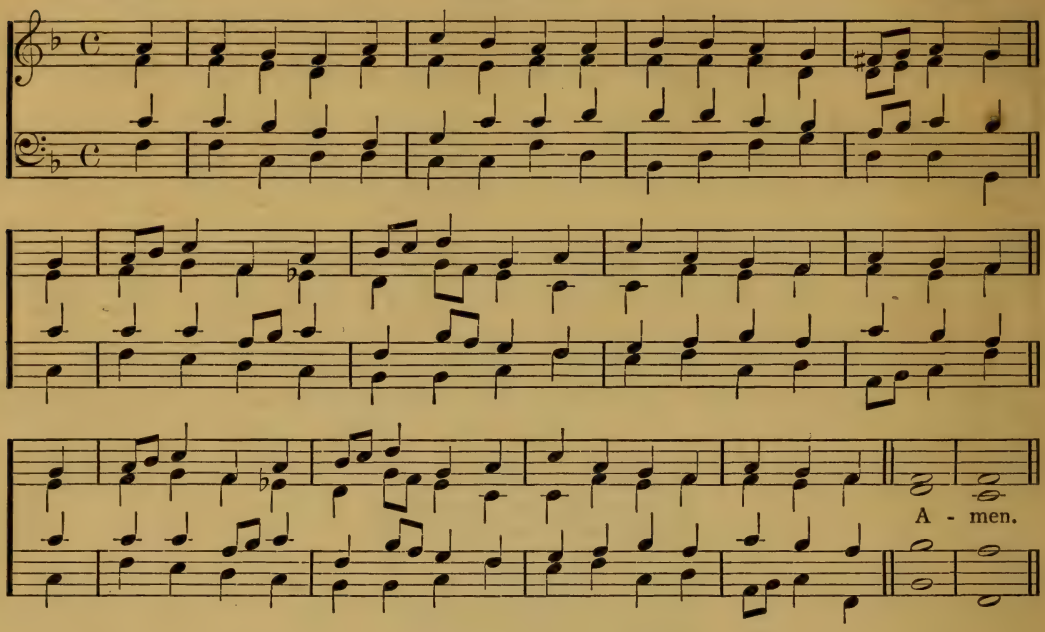
4 We love Thine Altar, Lord;
Oh, what on earth so dear?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

5 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

6 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
cres. But oh! we long to know
f The triumph-song of heaven.

7 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
f In heaven to see Thy Face,
f And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

BENISON. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ANON.



541

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—St. John xx. 29.

1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth,
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead
And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

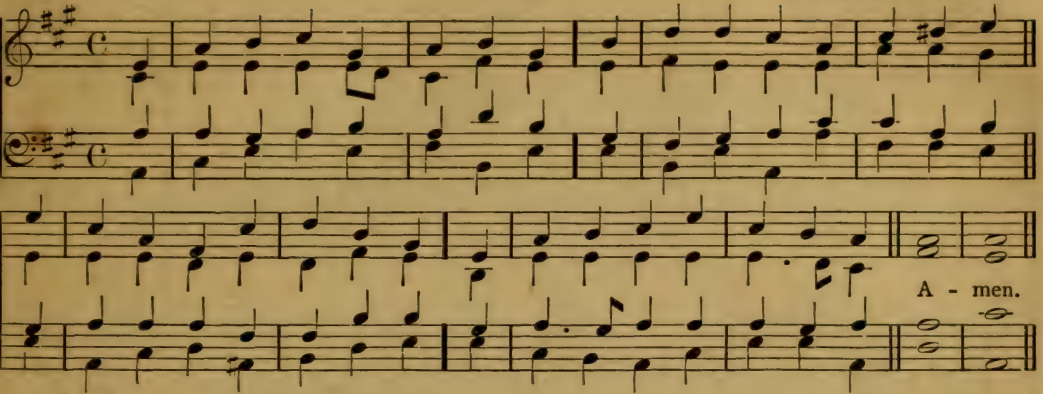
2 We saw Thee not upon the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

3 We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter Cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for those that slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy Side:
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

4 We did not see those faithful few
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And still, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer. Amen.

BROCKHAM. L.M. JEREMIAH CLARK.



542

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own Body on the Tree."—1 Pet. ii. 24.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, GOD IS LOVE;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.

MAINZER. L.M. DR. MAINZER.

543

"Lord, what is man that Thou takest knowledge of him!"—Ps. cxliv. 3.

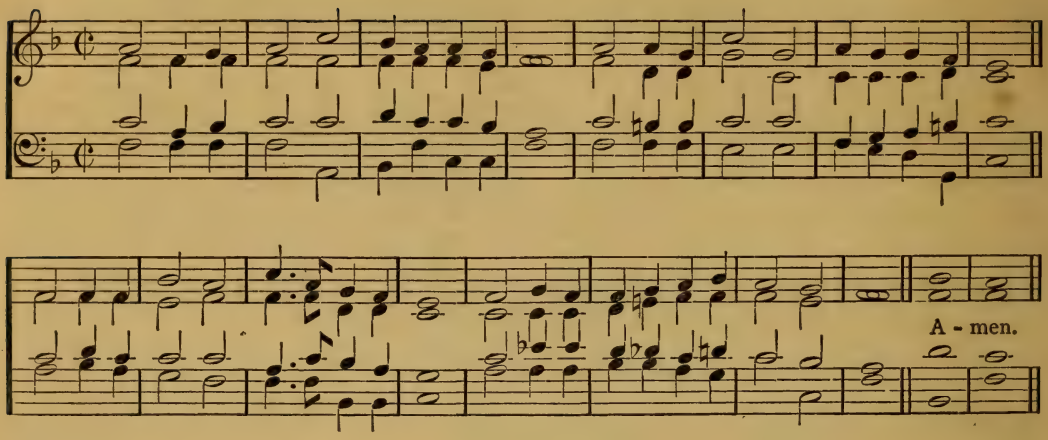
1 WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven. Amen.

ST. AGNES. 10.10.10.10. JAMES LANGRAN.



544 *"In whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins."*—Eph. i. 7.

P 1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

P 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

P 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

M 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

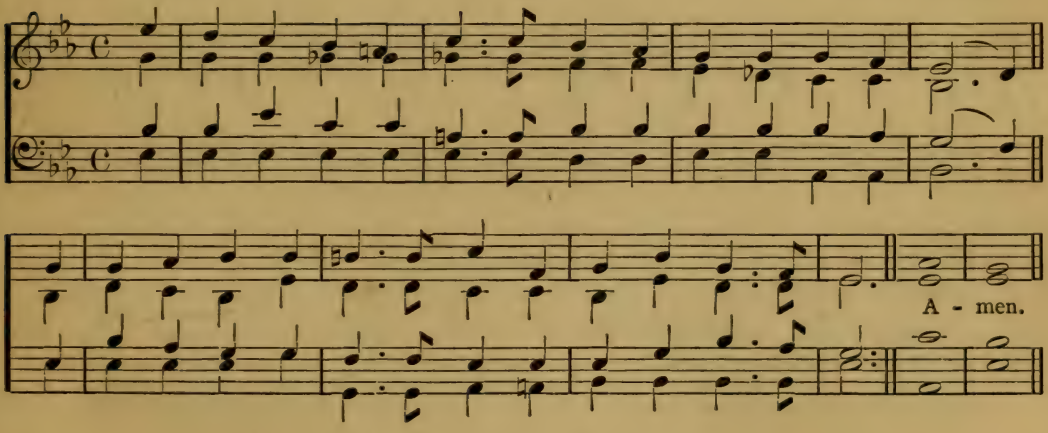
M 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

P 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

M 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down!

M 8 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. JOSEPH BARNBY.



545

"*Lord, teach us to pray.*"—St. Luke xi. 1.

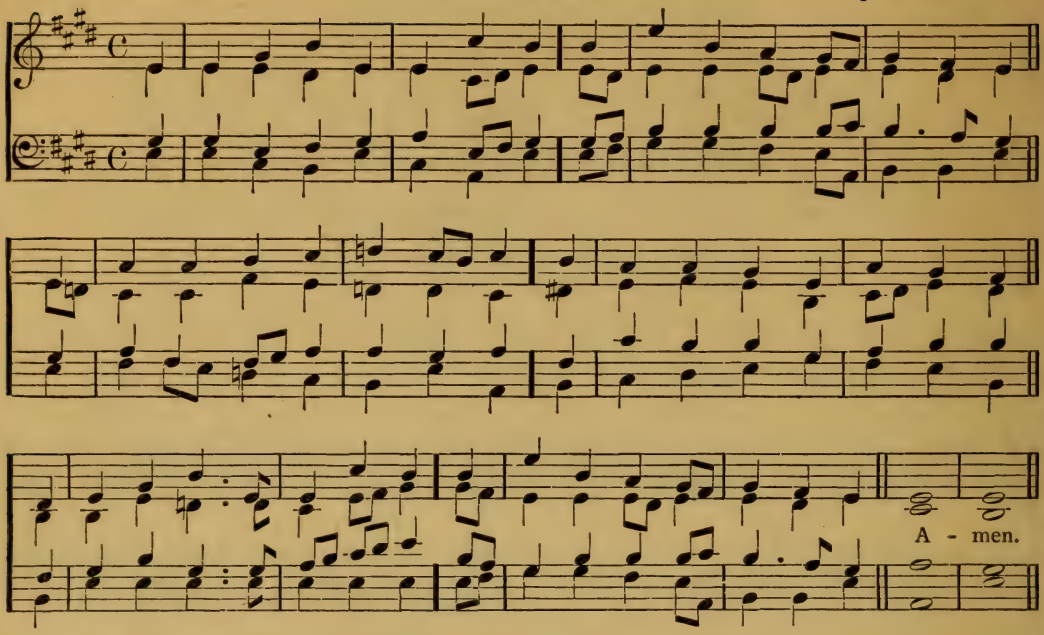
P 1 WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy Throne,
Too poor to turn away;
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay;
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray! Amen.

ST. WERBURG. 8.8.8.8; 8.8. J. B. DYKES.



546

"This is my comfort in my affliction, for Thy word hath quickened me."—Ps. cxix. 50.

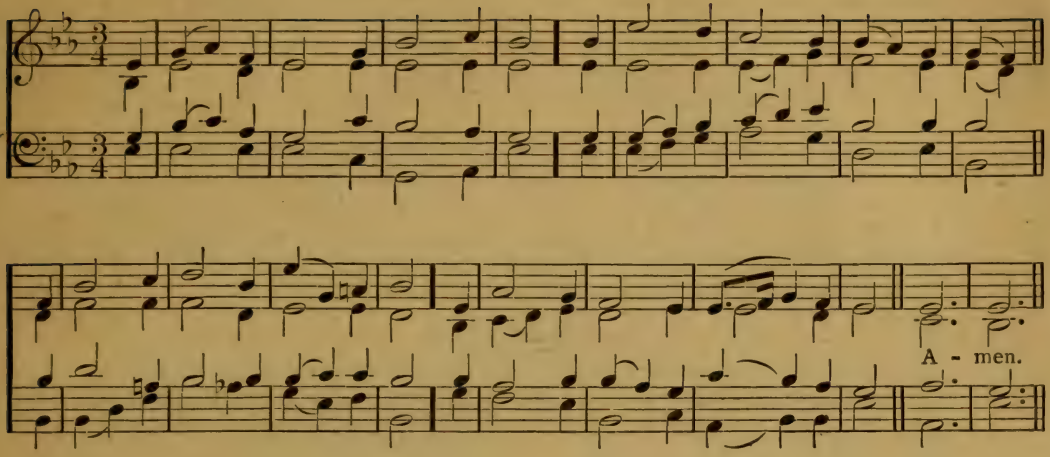
P 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The awful anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 And oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died;
f Then point to realms of cloudless day,
f And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



547 *"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."*—Phil. iii. 8.

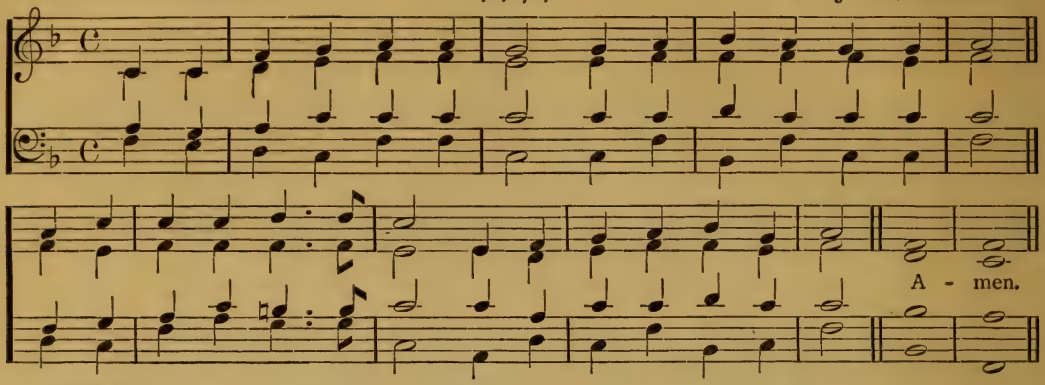
1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

P 3 See! from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

F 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 7.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



548

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—Isa. liii. 4.

P 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

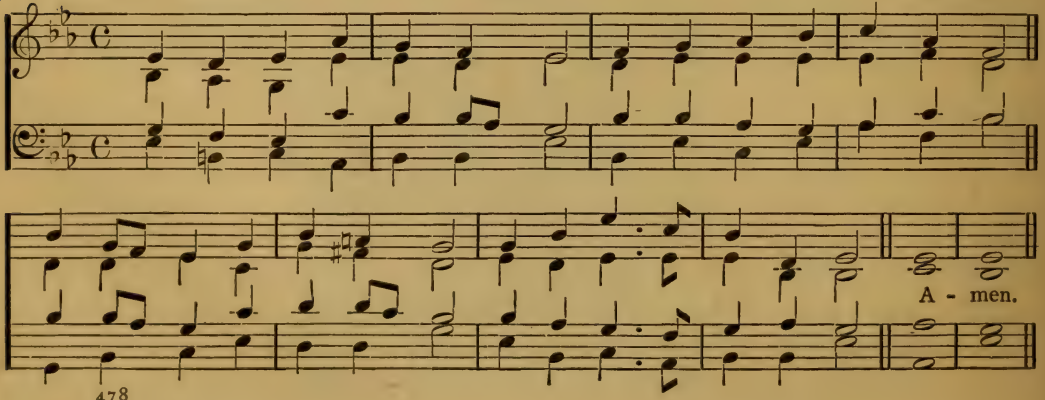
2 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When the final doom is near
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

BE NOT AFRAID. 7.7.7.7. S. S. WESLEY.



549

"*It is I; be not afraid.*"—St. John vi. 20.

P 1 When the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,—
f "It is I; be not afraid."

2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—
f "It is I; be not afraid."

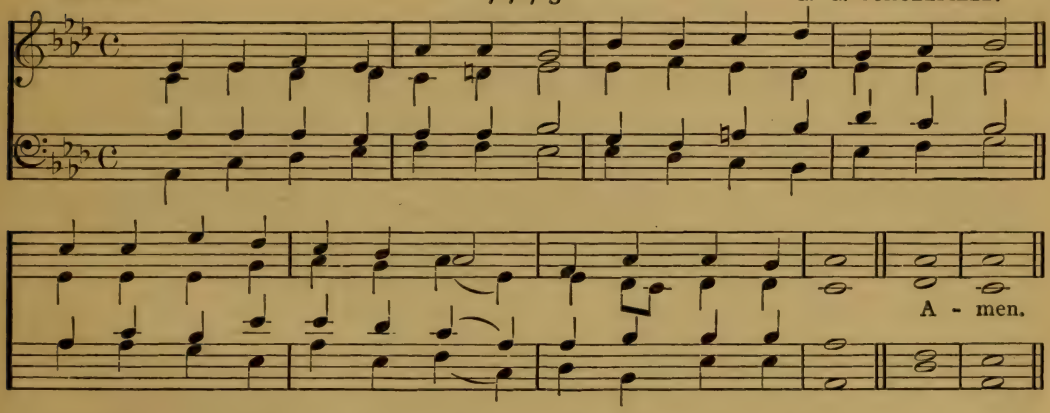
3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,—
f "It is I; be not afraid."

4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh! may then the mourner hear,—
pp "It is I; be not afraid."

5 When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain—
pp "It is I; be not afraid."

6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cres. May the voice be strong and clear,—
f "It is I; be not afraid." Amen.

IRENE. 7·7·7·5. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



550

"*The Angel sware that there should be time no longer.*"—Rev. x. 6.

P 1 When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore!

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore!

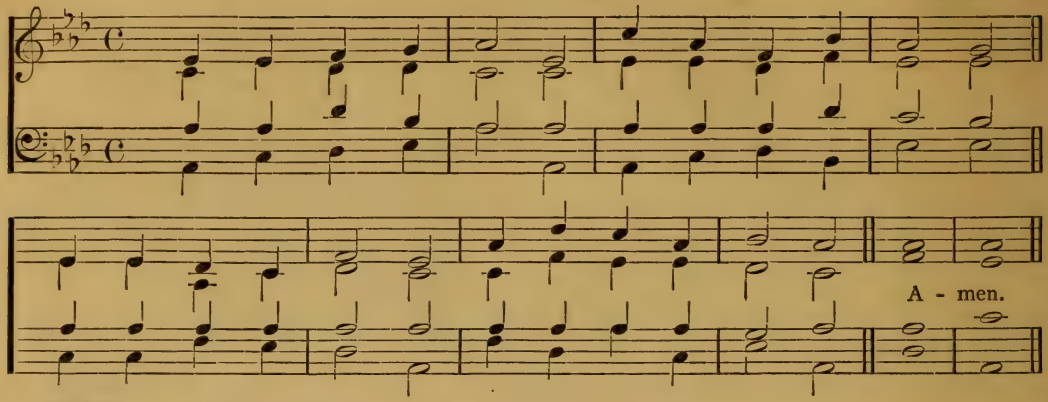
F 3 When the darkness melts away,
At the breaking of Thy Day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray:—
Light for evermore!

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
f Lord of Life! be ours Thy crown—
f Life for evermore! Amen.

ST. CYPRIAN. 6.6.6.6. R. R. CHOPE.



551

"*Thou art near, O Lord.*"—Ps. cxix. 151.

P 1 When the world is brightest,
And our hearts are lightest,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy hand be near us!

2 When life's scene is shaded,
All its bright hopes faded,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

3 When with blessings sated
Or by praise elated,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy Cross be near us!

4 When the night of sorrow
Makes us dread to-morrow,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us.

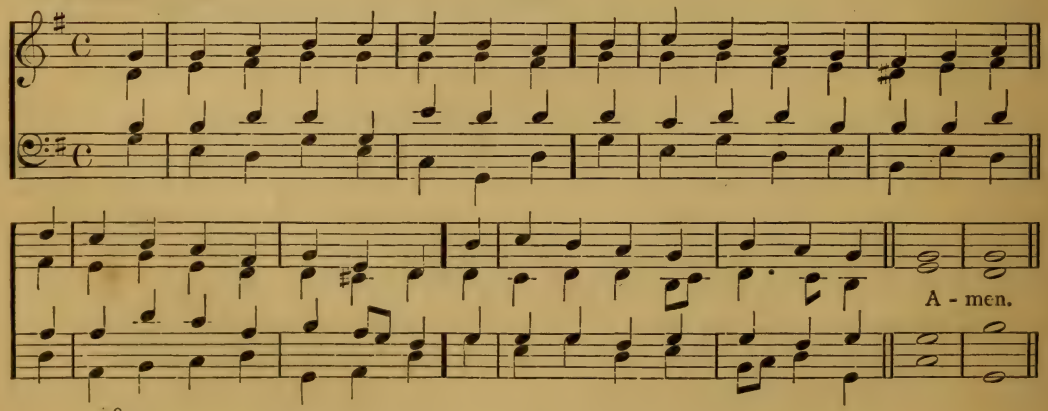
5 When our foes surround us,
When our sins have bound us,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us.

6 When our hearts are grieving,
O'er the grave bereaving,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

7 When in sickness lying,
Dark with fear of dying,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!

8 When life, slowly waning,
cres. Shows but Heaven remaining,
dim. Blessèd Jesu, hear us
Light of all, be near us! Amen.

COMMANDMENTS. L.M.



552

"Seeing then that we have a great High-priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."—Heb. iv. 14.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the weakness of our frame.

4 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at His throne,
Come, let us make our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

ST. LUKE. L.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.

553

"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."—St. Luke ix. 57.

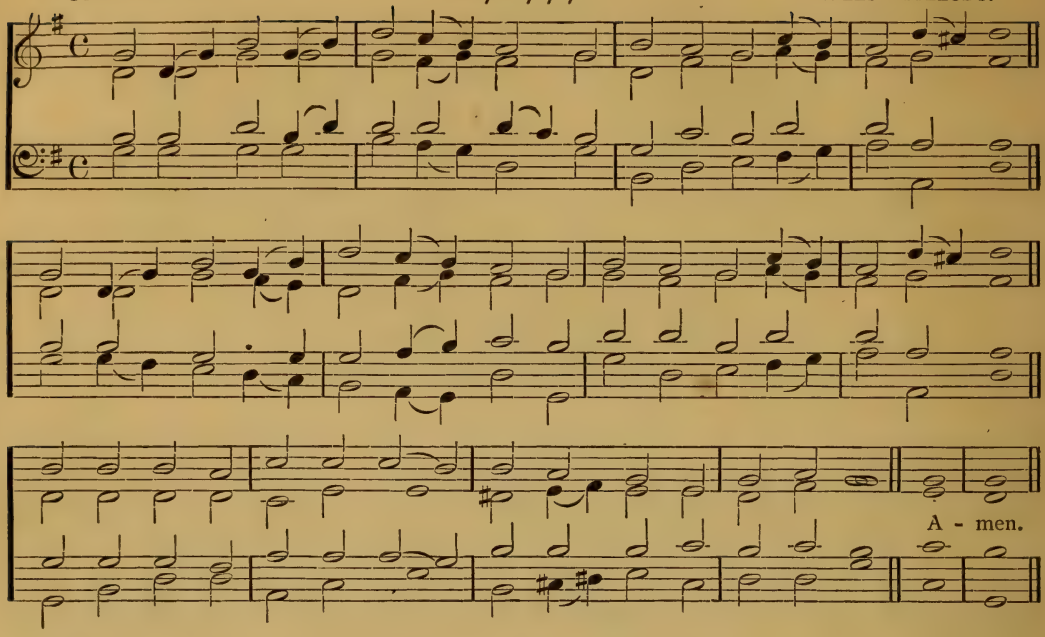
1 WHERE'ER have trod Thy sacred Feet,
Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,
Where men in busy concourse meet,
Or in the lonely wilderness.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Where'er Thou art may we remain;
Where'er Thou goest may we go:
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4 Oh! may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be. Amen.

CAERSALEM. 8.7.8.7.7.7. WELSH MELODY.



554 "*What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?*"—Rev. vii. 13.

1 WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing—
Who are all this glorious band?
f Alleluia! hark they sing,
f Praising loud their heavenly King!

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

P 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
cres. These, who well the fight sustained,
f Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

P 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cres. Now, their painful conflict o'er,
f God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated
Day and night to serve Him still:
f Now in God's most holy place
f Blest they stand before His Face. Amen.

CROSS AND CROWN. . 8.7.8.7. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.

555

"*The Word was God.*"—St. John i. 1.

P 1 WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?

F 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod,
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

P 2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

F 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

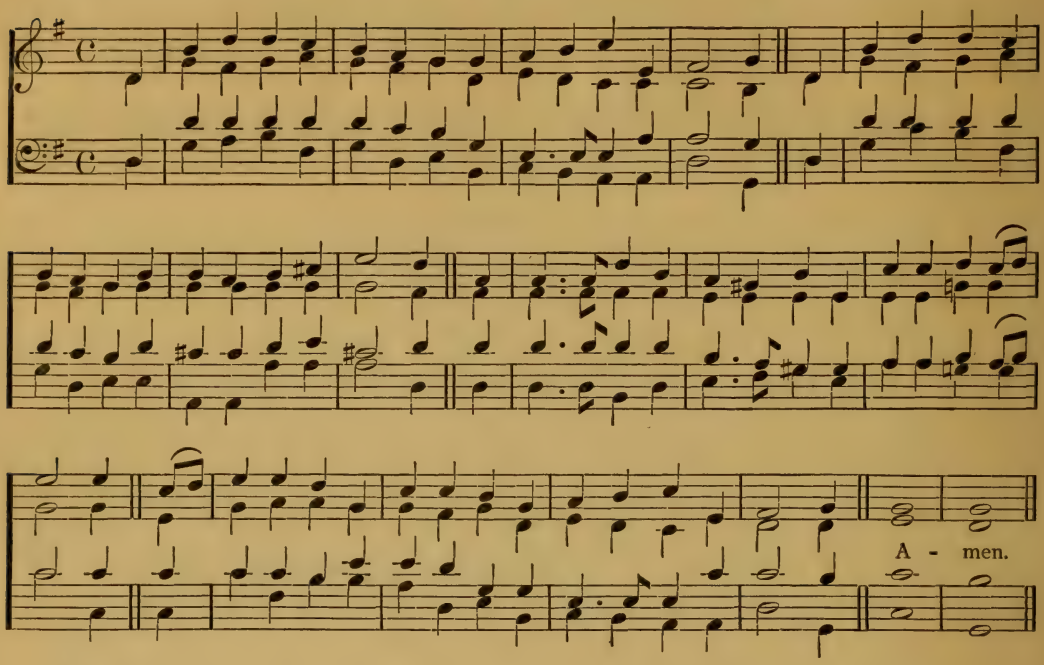
P 3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

F 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

P 4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?

'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly! Amen.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



556

"My God, my strength, in whom I will trust."—Ps. xviii. 2.

1 WHO trusts in God, a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.

In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation!

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us.

Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.

O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
cres. Until we stand at Thy right hand,
f Through Jesu's saving merit. Amen.

TRYPHENA. 8.8.8. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

557

"*The Lord is my high tower.*"—Ps. xviii. 2.

P 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

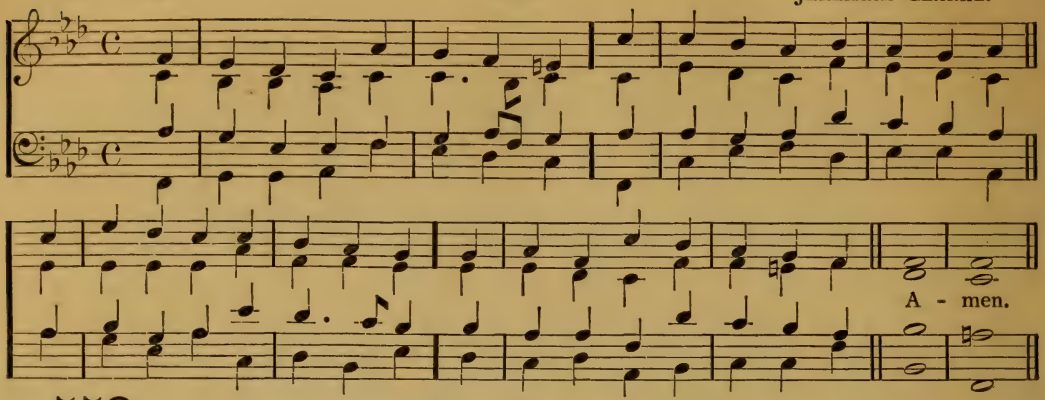
2 When earthly comforts fade and die,
Though others weep, yet why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

3 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

4 Though sin would fill me with distress
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

5 Against me earth and hell combine;
cres. But on my side is power divine:
f Jesus is all, and He is mine. Amen.

ST. LUKE. L.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.



558

"*God be merciful to me a sinner.*"—St. Luke xviii. 13.

P 1 WITH broken heart, and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me!

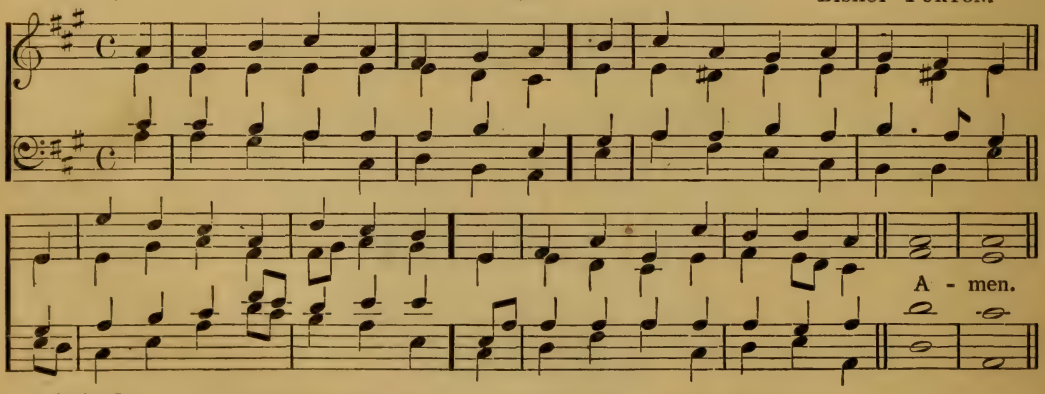
2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

F 5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me. Amen.

ELY. L.M. BISHOP TURTON.



559

"*The Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty.*"—Ps. xciii. 1.

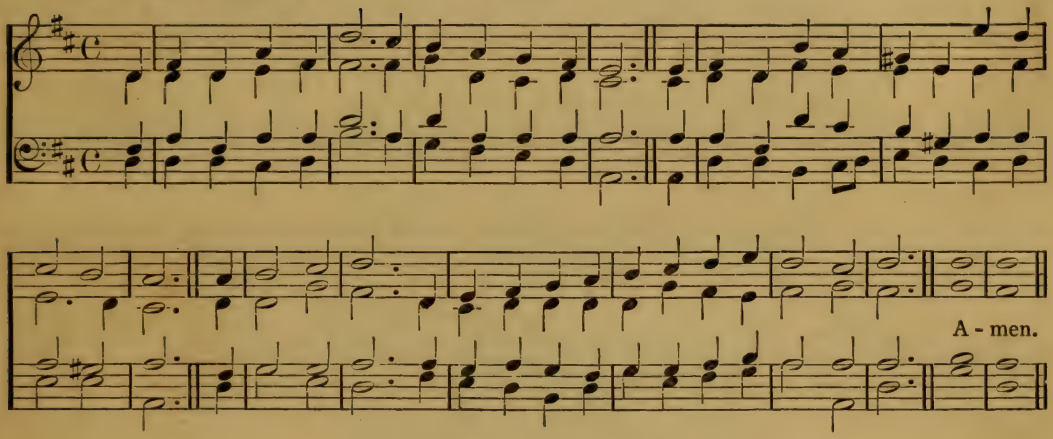
F 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel. Amen.

DARWALL'S 148TH. P.M.



560

"Praise the Lord from the heavens. Praise the Lord from the earth."—Ps. cxlviii. 1, 7.

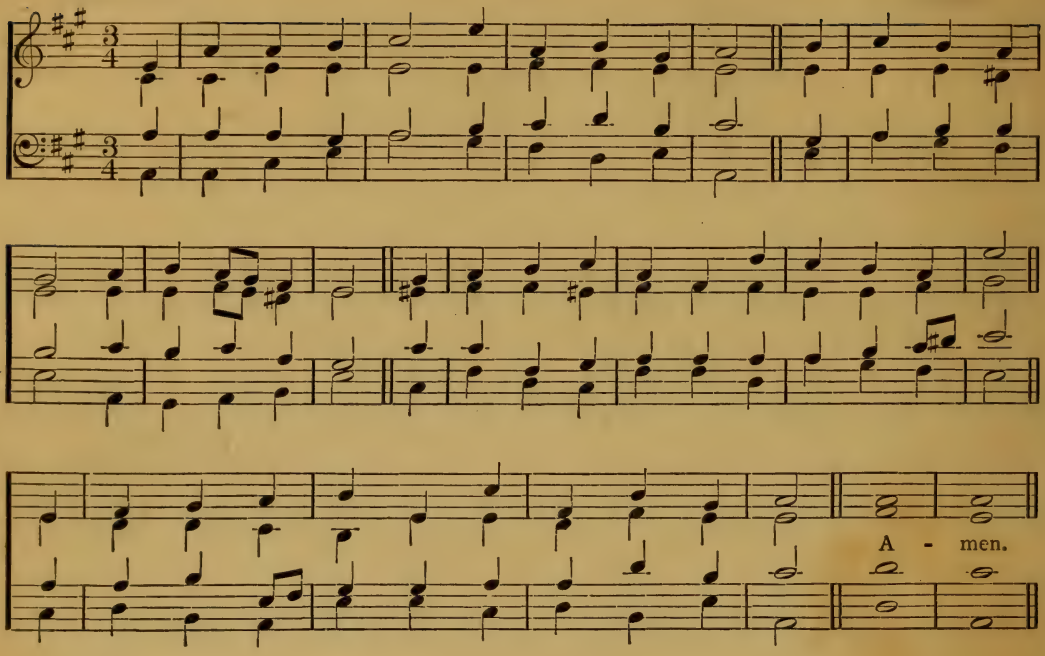
1 YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command.
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Father's Face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still
Through good and ill
Who ever lives!

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise! Amen.

HANOVER. P.M. HANDEL.



561

"Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord."—Ps. cxxxiv. 1.

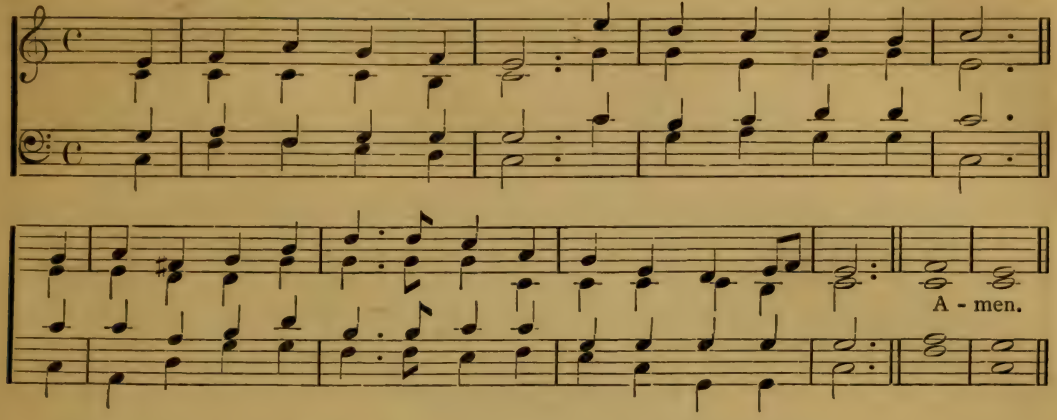
F 1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus
All Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore
And give Him His right,
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With Angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love. Amen.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



562

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."—St. Luke xii. 37.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

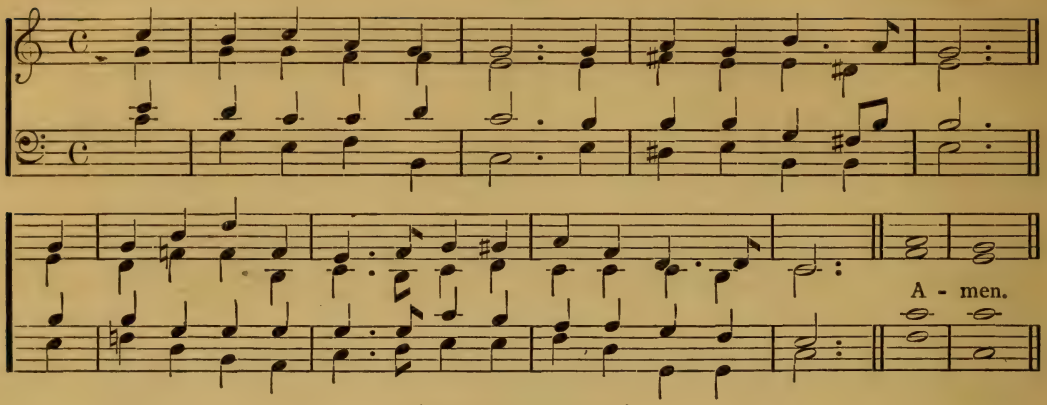
3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal Hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

F 6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blessed,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. S.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



(SCHOOL FESTIVALS.)

563 *"And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them."*—St. Matt. xviii. 2.

1 LORD JESUS, God and Man,
For love of men a Child,
The Very God, yet born on earth
Of Mary undefiled;

2 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
In this our festal day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

3 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As Angels do above.

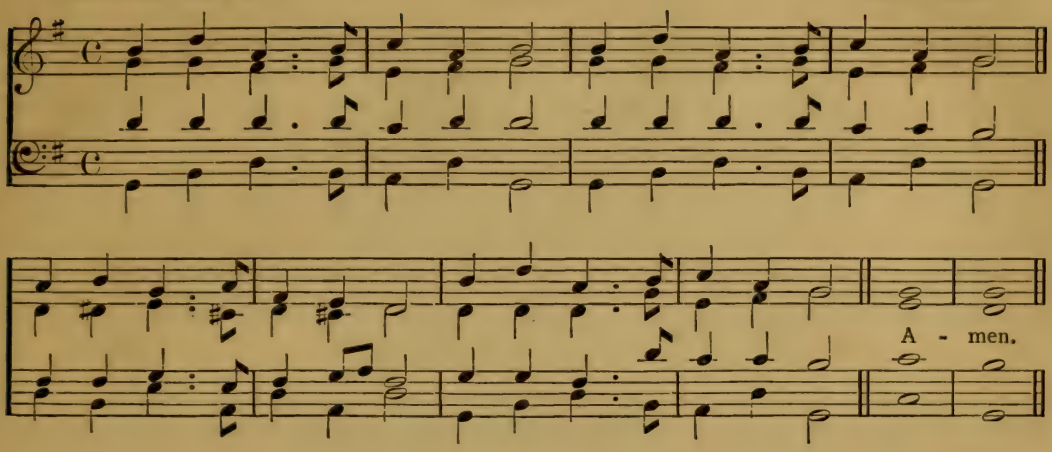
4 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessèd saints.

5 On friends around us here,
Oh, let Thy blessing fall!
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

F 6 Oh, joy to live for Thee!
Oh, joy in Thee to die!
Oh, very joy of joys, to see
Thy Face eternally!

F 7 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

GERMAN HYMN. 7·7·7·7. *From* PLEYEL.



(SCHOOL FESTIVALS.)

564

"*Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child.*"—1 Sam. ii. 18.

1 LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet:
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

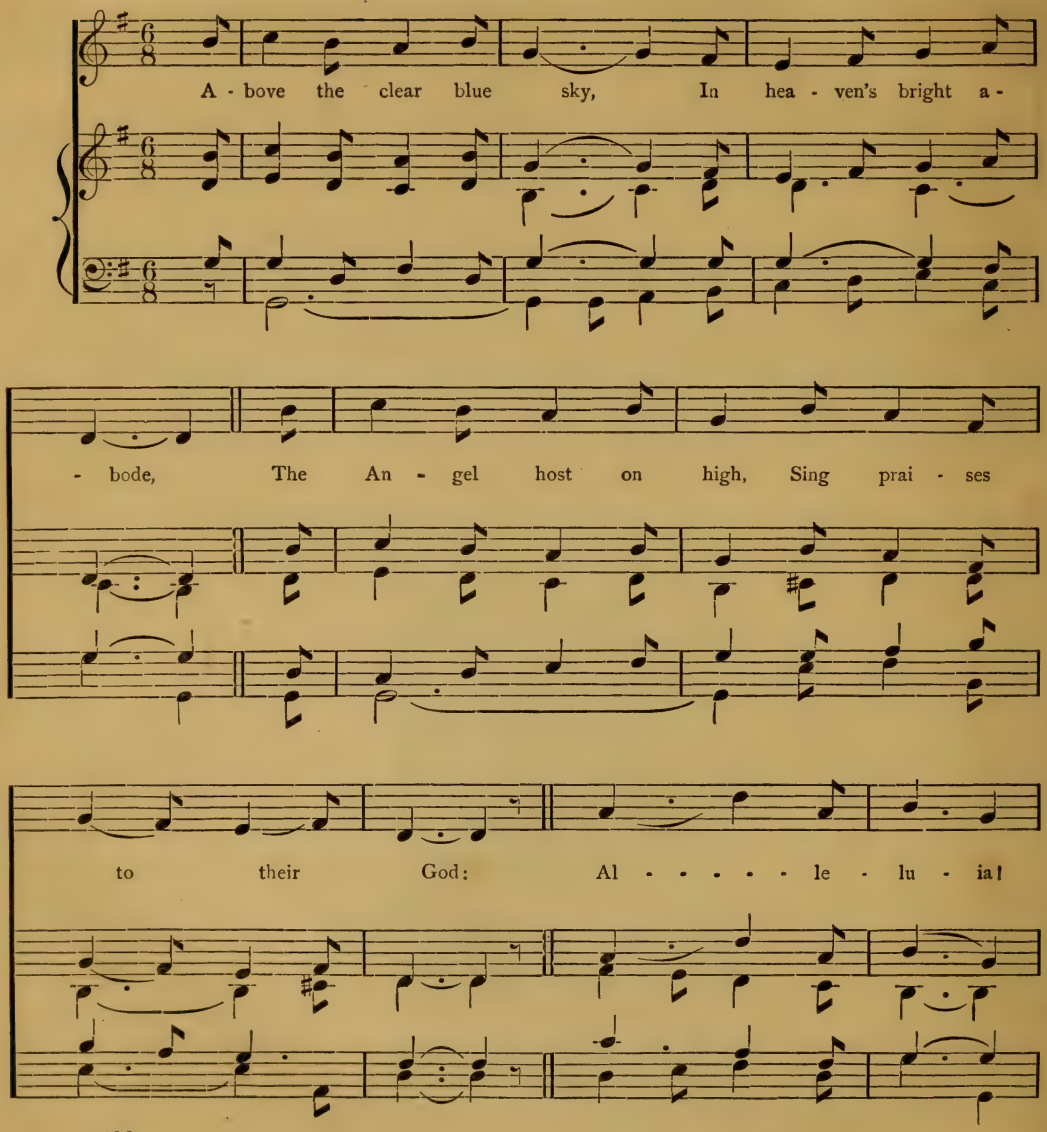
2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

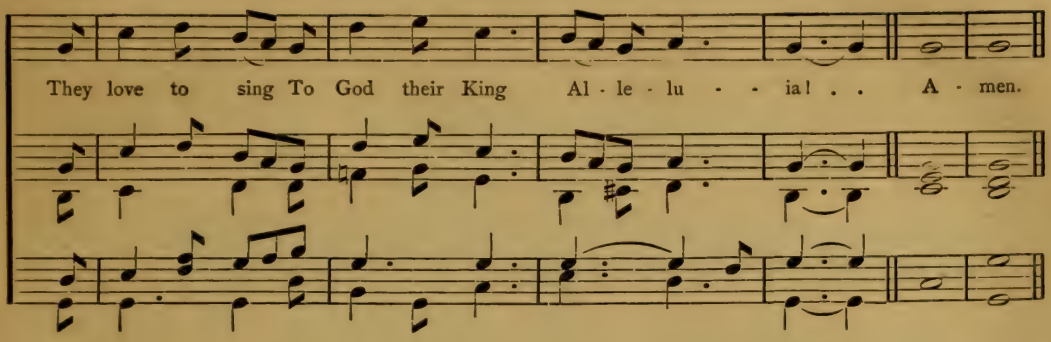
3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
f Then through all eternity
f We shall live in heaven with Thee. Amen.

CHILDREN'S VOICES. P.M. E. J. HOPKINS.





565

"*Praise our God, all ye that fear Him, both small and great.*"—Rev. xix. 5.

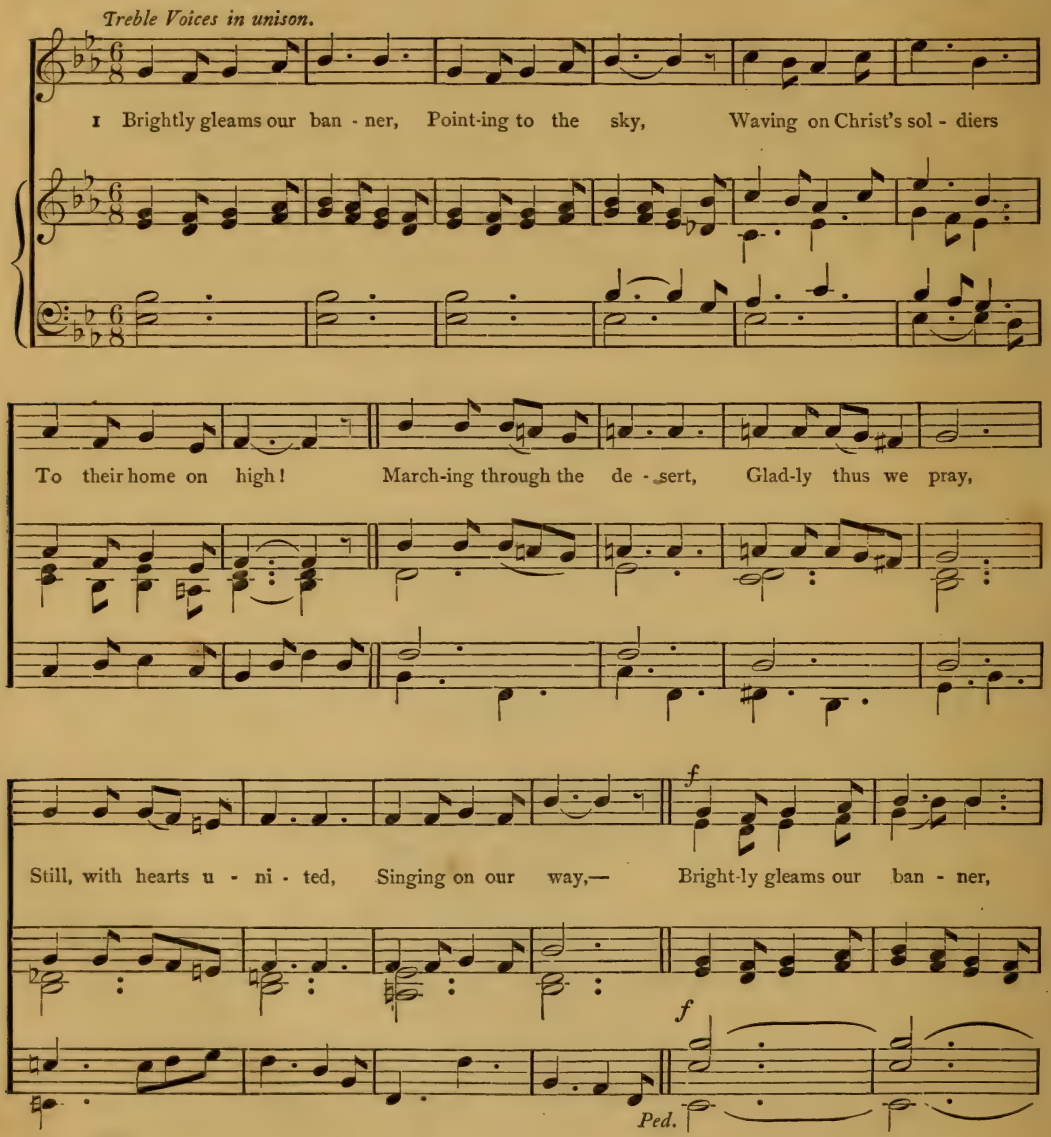
1 ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The Angel host on high,
Sing praises to their God:
Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

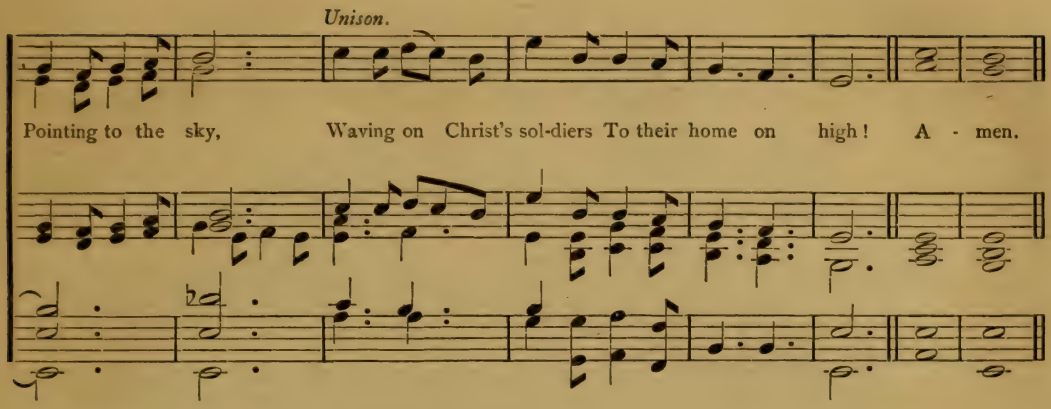
2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

4 Oh! may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around:
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia! Amen.

ST. THERESA. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


Treble Voices in unison.
1 Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's sol - diers
To their home on high! March-ing through the de - sert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts u - ni - ted, Singing on our way,— Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner,
f
f
Ped.



566

"*Lead me into the land of uprightness.*"—Ps. cxliii. 10.

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way,—
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams, &c.

4 All our days direct us,
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine Angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

5 Then with saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
Brightly gleams, &c. Amen.

DUNDEE. C.M.

567

"O give thanks to Him who alone doeth great wonders."—Ps. cxxxvi. 4.

F 1 COME, Christian children, come and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

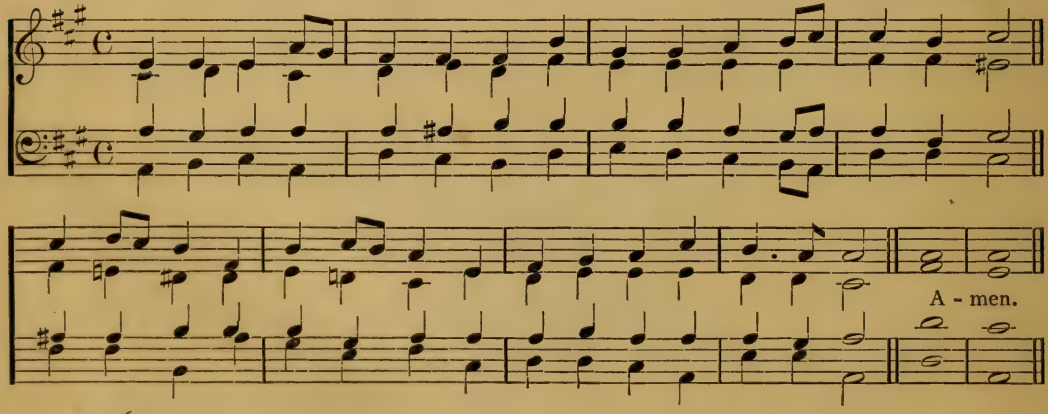
2 Sing of the wonders of His Love,
And loudest praises give
To Him who left His Throne above,
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of His Truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of His Power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of His Grace,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to the appointed place
At His right hand in bliss. Amen.

DAY BY DAY. 8.7.8.7. E. S. CARTER.



568

"Every day will I bless Thee."—Ps. cxlv. 2.

F 1 Day by day we magnify Thee—
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee—
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee—
When, for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy Day in peace;

7 Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemèd host,
May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

COLCHESTER. S.M.

569

"Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits."—Ex. xxii. 29.

1 Fair waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

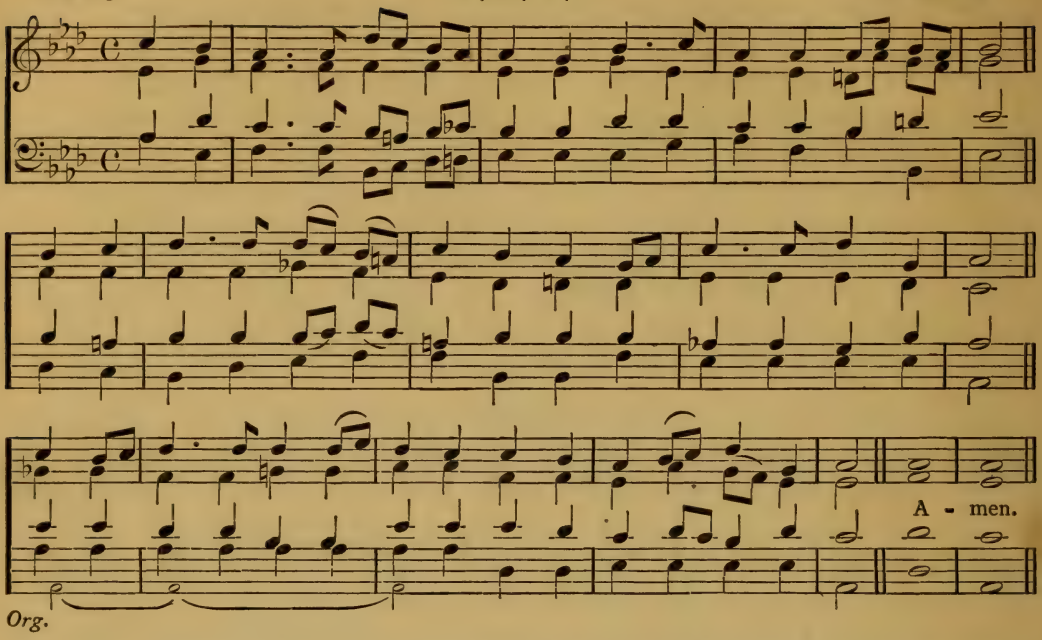
3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven. Amen.

REQUIEM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. SCHULTES.



570

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—Isa. xl. 11.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee:
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may we be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended;
From all want and danger free.

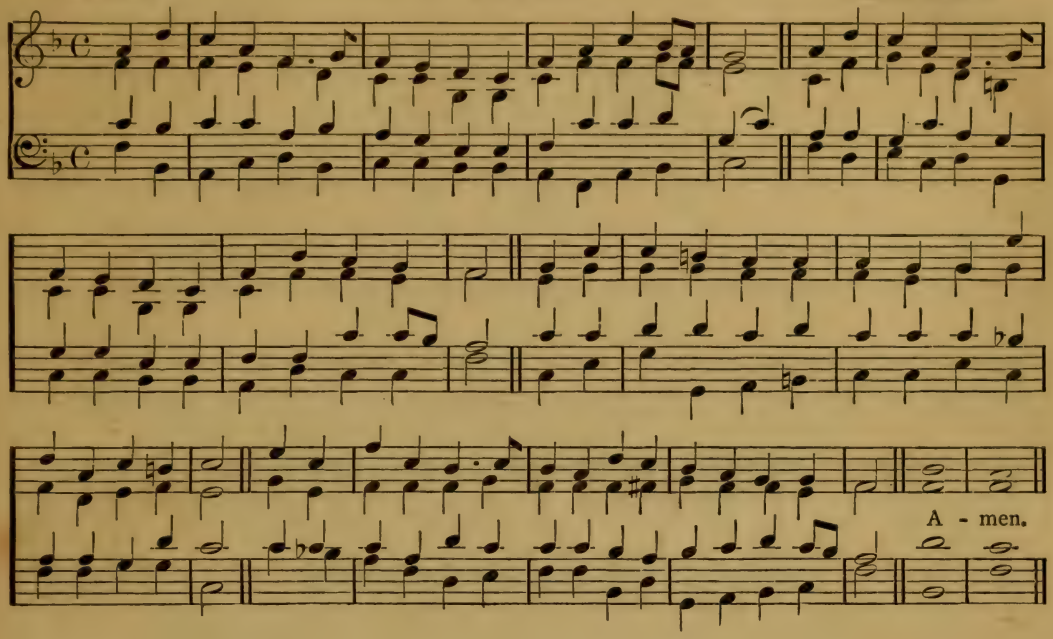
2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,—
Mingled stream of Blood and Water
Flowing from Thy wounded Side:
And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thine own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy holy word instruct us;
Keep our spirits pure and bright;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and heart unfeignèd
May we our thank-offerings bring;
f Then with all the saints in glory
f Join to praise their Lord and King! Amen.

BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART.



571

"Be ye followers of God, as dear children."—Eph. v. 1.

1 HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear;

May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

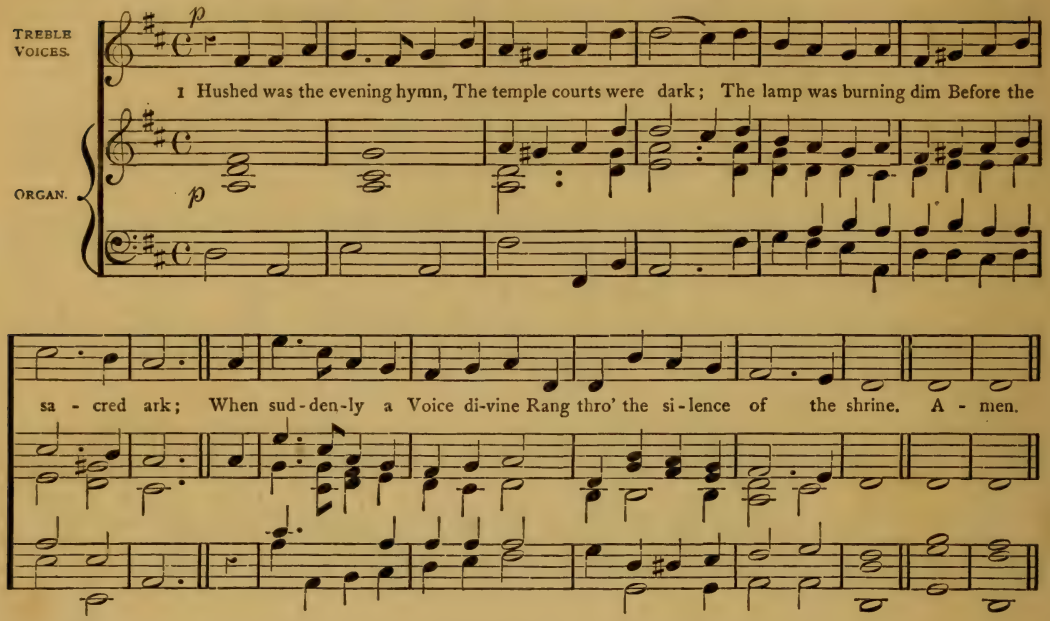
2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee;

Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast,
Through life's desert dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:

Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

"HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN." 6.6.6.6.8.8. S.


TREBLE VOICES.
ORGAN.
1 Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim Before the
sa - cred ark; When sud-den-ly a Voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. A - men.

572

"Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth."—1 Sam. iii. 9.

P 1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a Voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

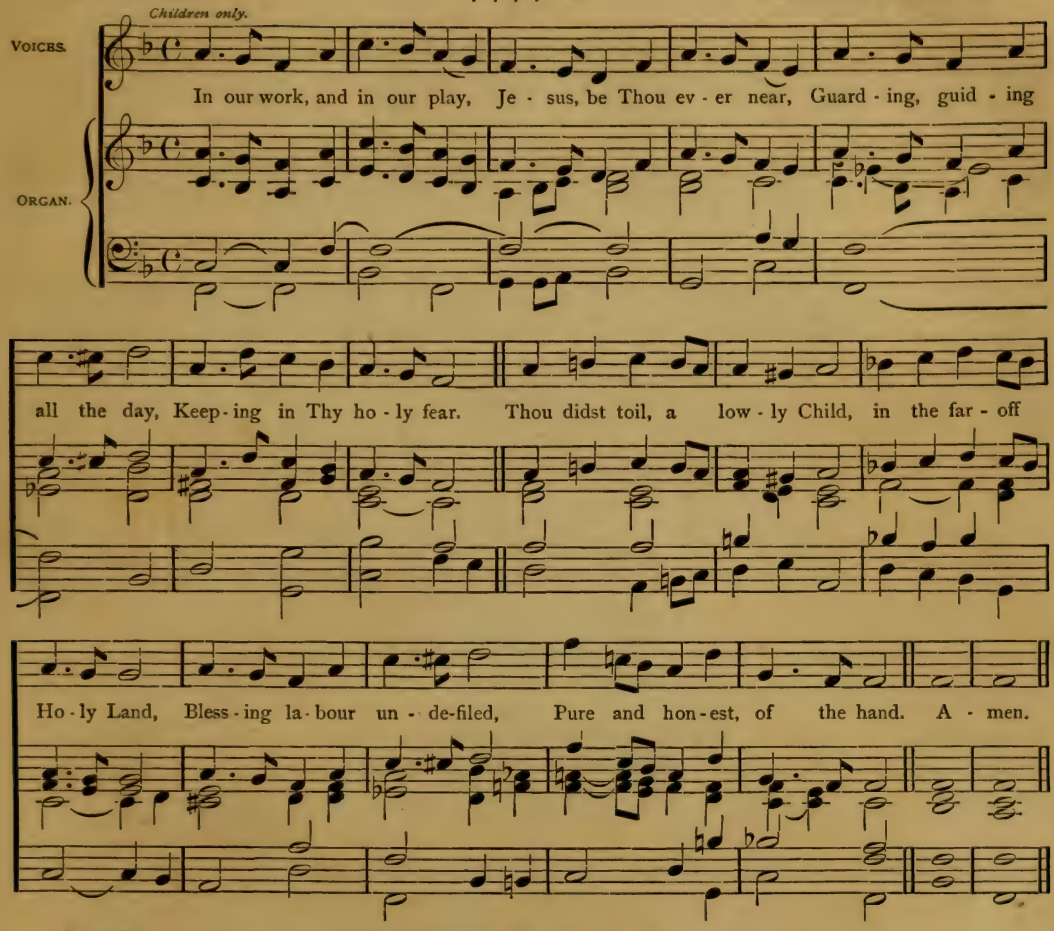
P 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy House Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.

NAZARETH. 7·7·7·7. D. FREDERICK WESTLAKE.


Children only.
VOICES.
ORGAN.
In our work, and in our play, Je - sus, be Thou ev - er near, Guard - ing, guid - ing
all the day, Keep - ing in Thy ho - ly fear. Thou didst toil, a low - ly Child, in the far - off
Ho - ly Land, Bless - ing la - bour un - de-filed, Pure and hon - est, of the hand. A - men.

573

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."—Ps. cxxi. 7.

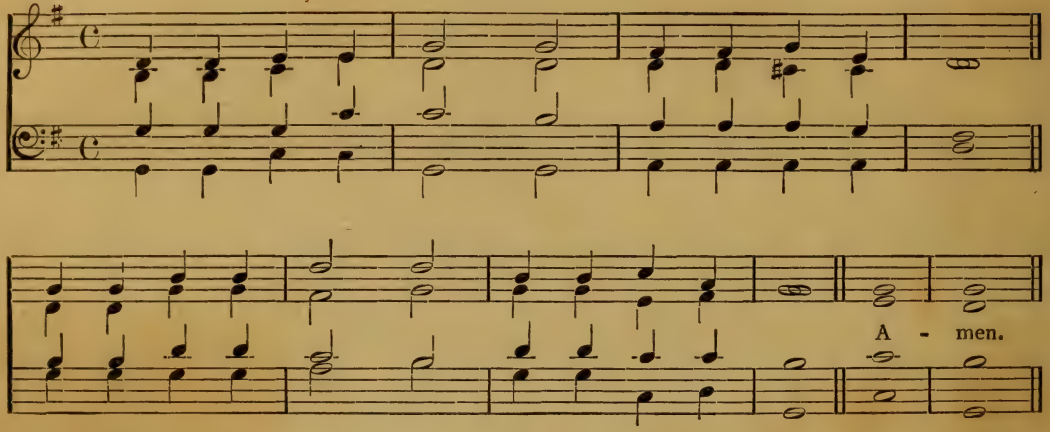
1 IN our work, and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.

2 Thou didst toil, a lowly Child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.

3 Thou wilt bless our playhour too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 Oh! how happy thus to spend
Work and playtime in His sight,
Till the Rest which shall not end,
Till the Day which knows not night. Amen.

NORTH COATES. 6.5.6.5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



574 *"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."*—St. Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear,
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

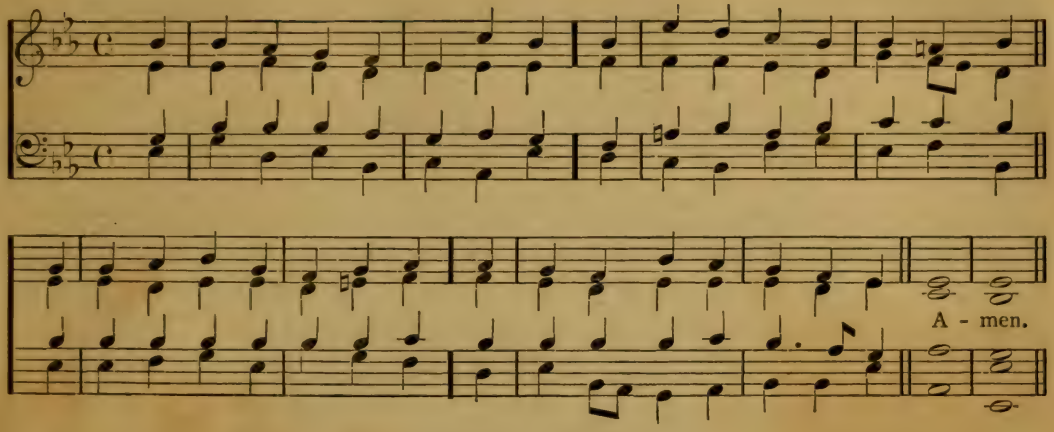
2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come." Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



575

"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."—St. Luke ii. 52.

1 O HOLY Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place;
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

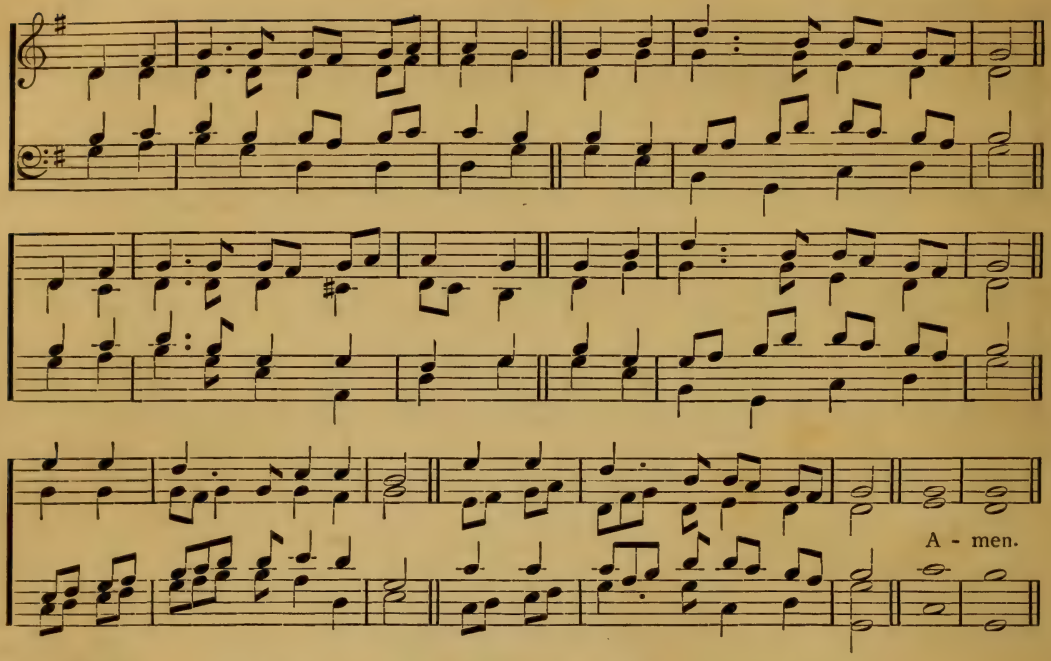
2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

3 Oh! let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour with both God and man. Amen.

IRBY. 8.7.8.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



576

"He came to Nazare'h, and was subject unto them."—St. Luke ii. 51.

1 ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
cres. We shall see Him; but in heaven,
f Set at God's right hand on high;
f When like stars His children crowned,
f All in white shall wait around. Amen.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. L. G. HAYNE.

577

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. v. 8.

P 1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

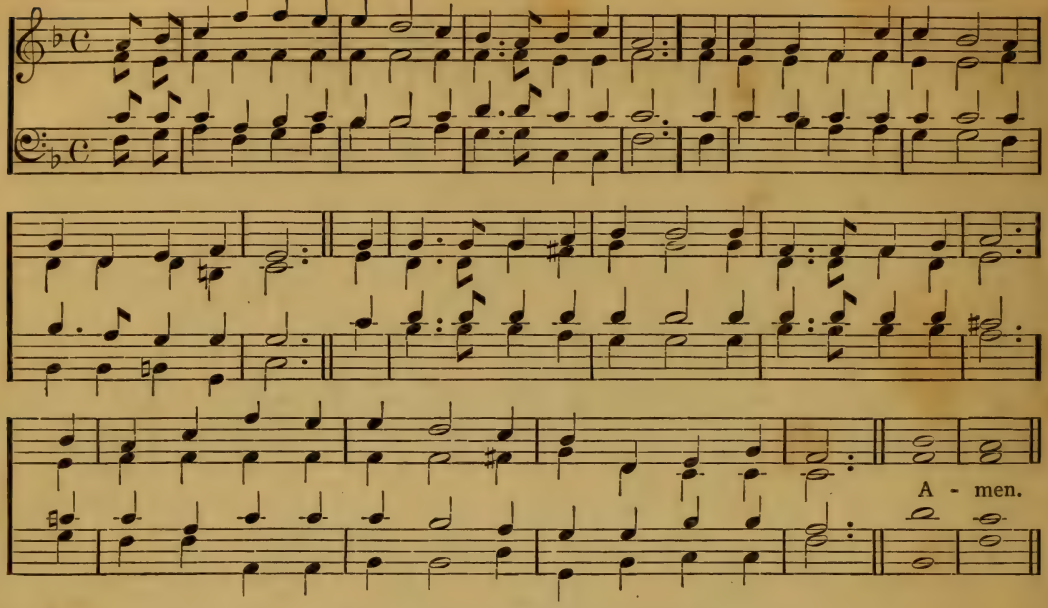
2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

EDEN GROVE. 7.6.7.6. D. SAMUEL SMITH.



(This may be transposed a note lower, if found too high.)

578

"And He took them up in His arms."—St. Mark x. 16.

1 THERE's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die:
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

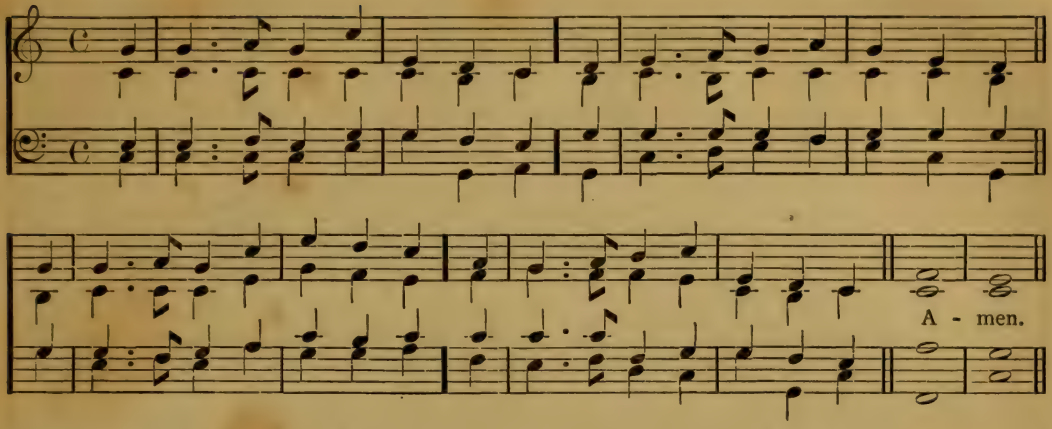
2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to His Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There are crowns for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look to Jesus,
Shall wear them by-and-by,
Yea, crowns of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There are songs for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And harps of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone:
Oh come, dear little children,
That all may be your own! Amen.

ALSTONE. L.M. C. E. WILLING.



579

"If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."—Tobit iv. 8.

1 WE are but little children weak,
Not born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high and good and great?

2 We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

3 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make:
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

4 Oh! day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within:
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin:

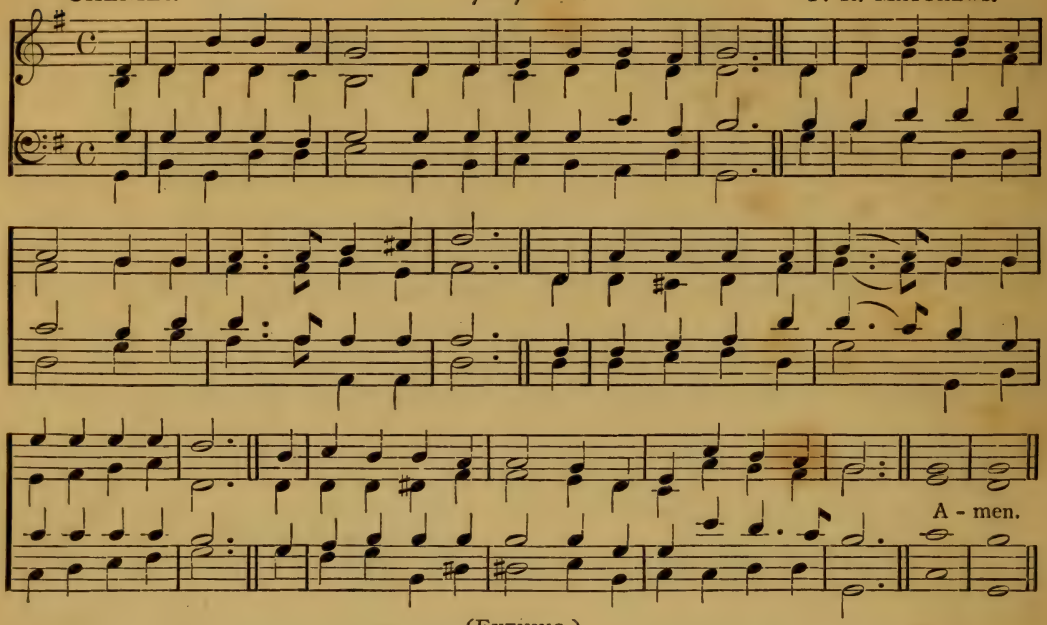
5 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

6 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

7 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

8 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHENIES. 7.6.7.6. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.



(EVENING.)

580

"*Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer.*"—Isa. lxiii. 16.

1 THE hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;

For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy Name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

2 For life, and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;

For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

3 But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art;

Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin,
Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

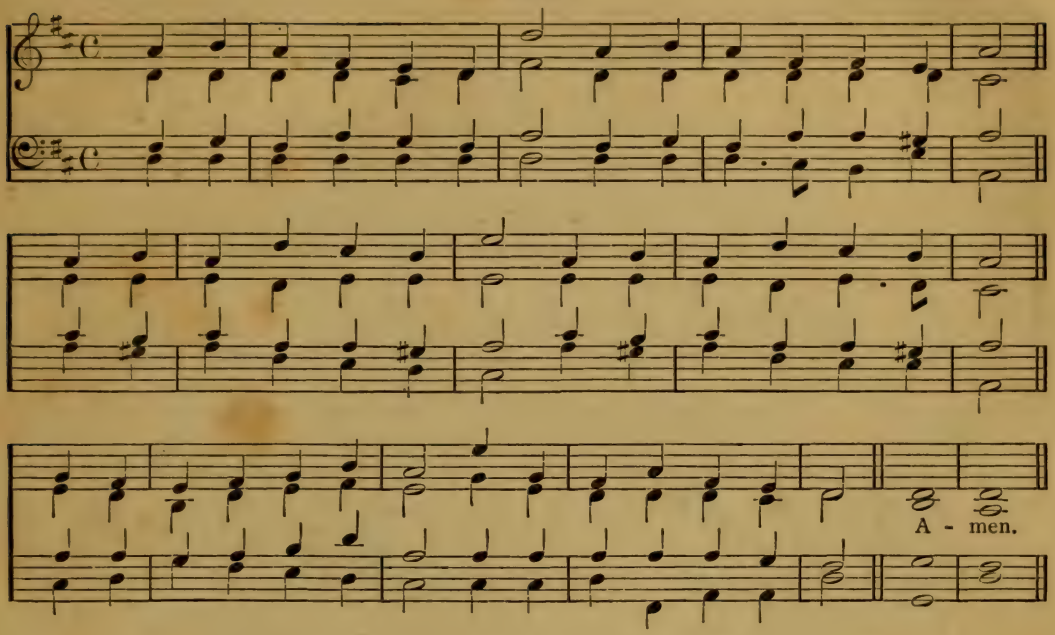
4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most,—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;

The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The Home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

5 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;

With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come! Amen.

LITANY. 7·7·7·7·7·7. J. W. ELLIOTT.



(See also the tune "ROCK OF AGES," Hymn 490.)

581

P 1 By Thy birth, O Lord of all,
In a stable's lowly stall,
Where Thou didst vouchsafe to rest
On a human mother's breast;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

2 By Thy humble bed of straw,
Thy obedience to the Law;
By Thy forty days of woe
Wrestling with the mighty foe;
Guard Thy children, &c.

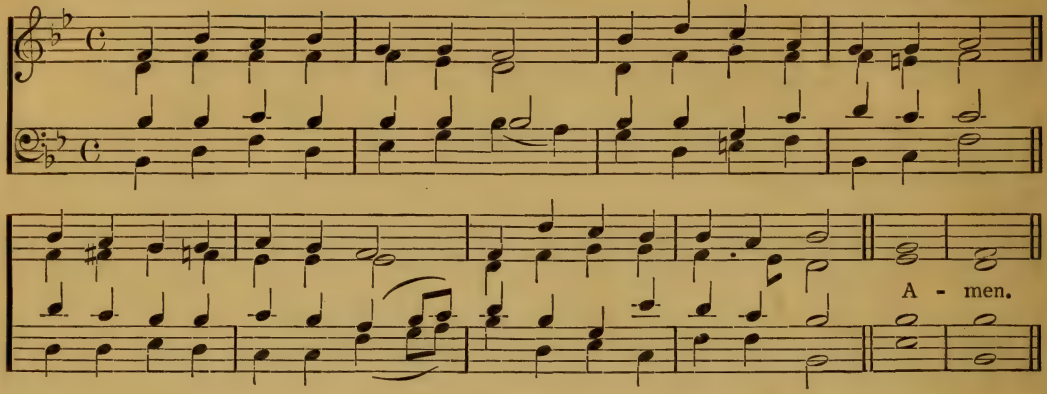
3 By the hallowed water poured
On Thy sacred Head, O Lord,
When Thou Jordan's wave didst bless,
And fulfil all righteousness;
Guard Thy children, &c.

4 By the anguish laid on Thee,
Kneeling in Gethsemane,
By Thy Cross and precious death,
By Thy last expiring breath;
Guard Thy children, &c.

5 By the word of pardon blest
To the dying thief addressed,
By Thy cold and rocky bed,
By Thy sojourn 'midst the dead;
Guard Thy children, &c.

F 6 By Thy Resurrection bright,
By Thy wondrous heavenly flight,
By the Throne where Thou dost stand
At Thy Father's own right hand;
p Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
p Chanting this their Litany. Amen.

LONSDALE. 7·7·7·7. F. A. J. HERVEY.



(See also "INNOCENTS," Hymn 165.)

582

P 1 GOD the Father, God the Word,
God the Holy Ghost adored,
Blessèd Trinity, One Lord;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, David's Root and Stem,
Jesu, Bright and glorious Gem,
Jesu, Babe of Bethlehem;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, at whose infant Feet,
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, unto whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, to Thy Temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, forced away to flee
By King Herod's cruelty,
From the roof that sheltered Thee;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Jesu, whom Thy mother found
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Jesu, Lord of life and death,
Who, to her who gave Thee breath
Subject wast at Nazareth;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 From all childish sins that stain,
From all words that might give pain,
From all evil thoughts and vain;
Deliver us, O Jesu.

12 From each proud and sullen mood,
From all tempers rough and rude,
Hardness and ingratitude;
Deliver us, O Jesu.

13 From a will that disobeys,
From all selfish works and ways,
From all guile and falsehood base;
Deliver us, O Jesu.

14 By Thy Birth and childhood's years,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
By Thine infant wants and fears;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

15 By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

16 By the Name we bow before—
Human Name, which evermore
All the hosts of Heaven adore;
Save us, Holy Jesu.

F 17 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy never-fading light,
By Thy mercies infinite;
p Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

LONSDALE. 7·7·7·7. F. A. J. HERVEY.

(See also "ANCIENT LITANY," Hymn 55.)

583

P 1 HEAVENLY Father, from Thy throne
Look in love and pity down,
On each kneeling little one;
Father, Lord, deliver us.

2 Jesus, Saviour undefiled,
Once on earth a helpless Child,
Thou on little ones hast smiled;
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

3 Blessèd Spirit, gentle Dove,
From Thy home in heaven above,
Come and fill our hearts with love;
Holy Ghost, deliver us.

4 Heavenly Father, Spirit, Son,
Glorious Godhead, Three in One,
Thou canst hear, and Thou alone;
Three in One, deliver us.

5 By the great and tender love
Thou didst once for sinners prove,
Love which brought Thee from above;
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

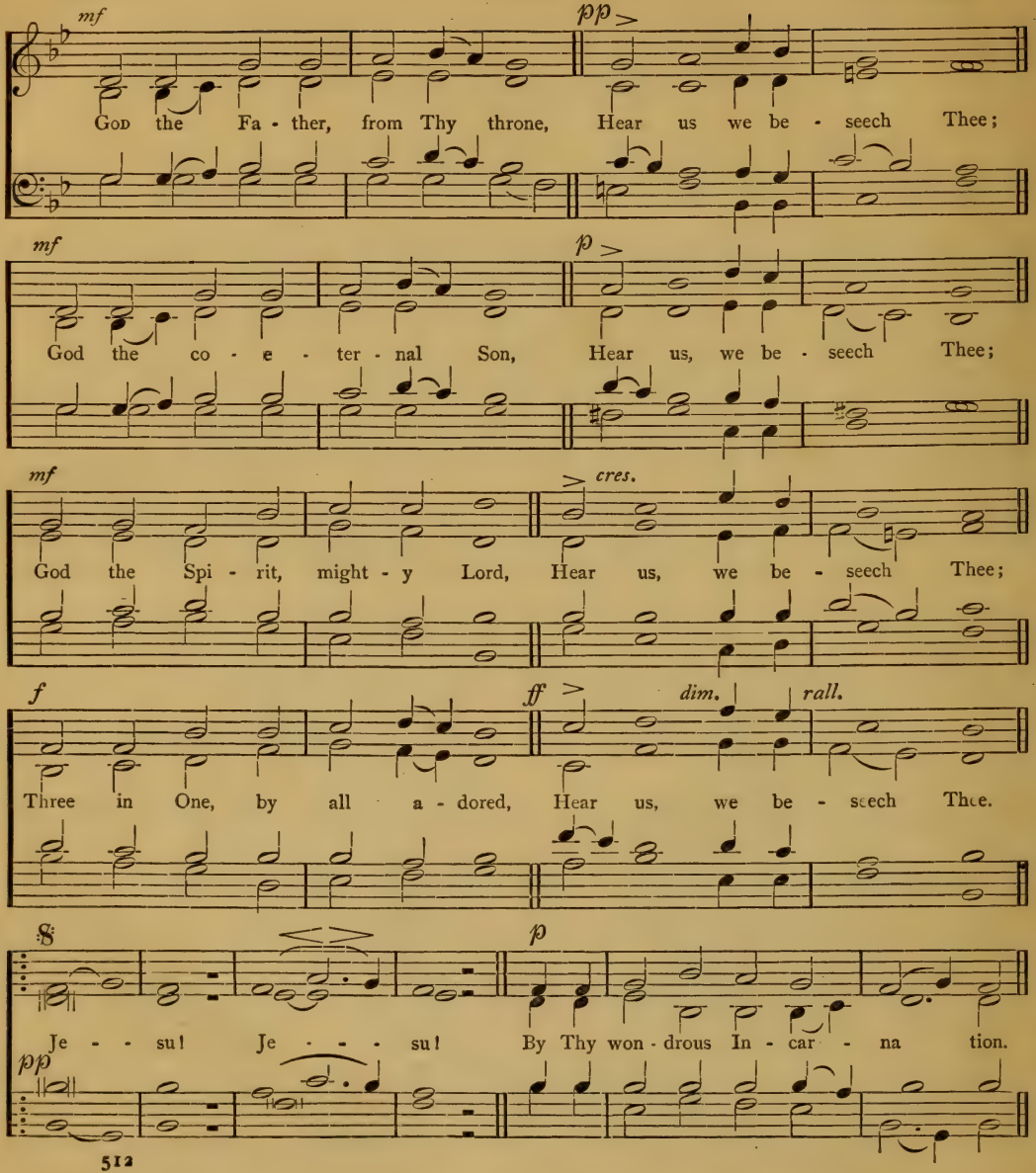
6 When the evil spirits throng,
Whispering words and thoughts of wrong,
Let our prayer be all along,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

7 When they tempt our feet to stray
From Thy pure and perfect way,
Teach us from our heart to say,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

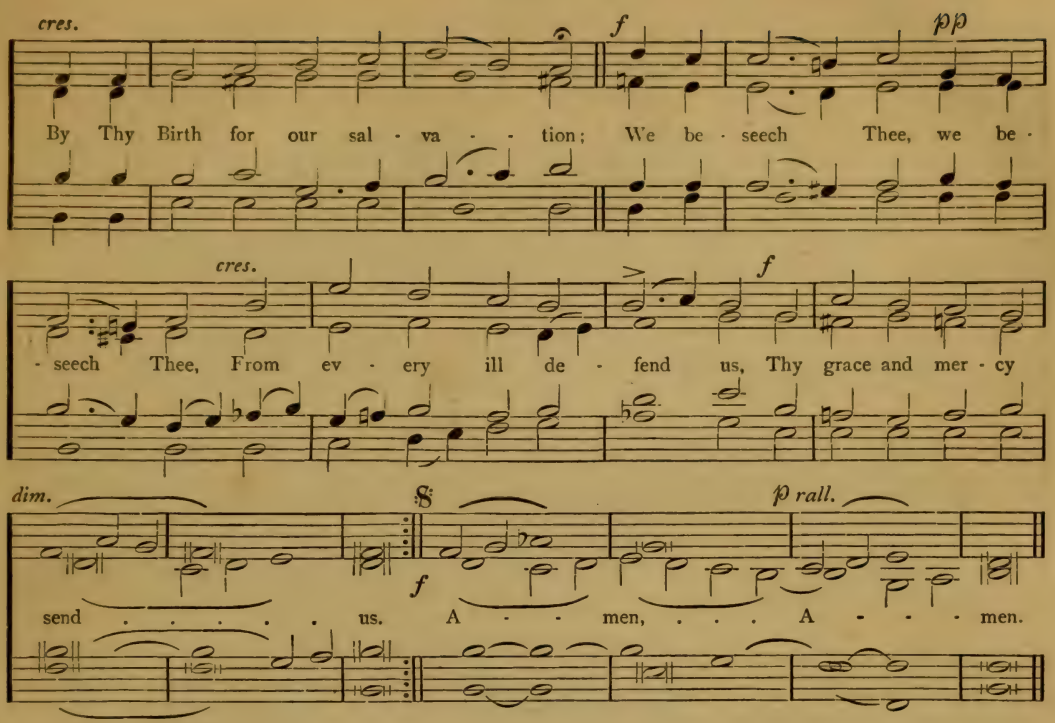
8 When we yield our feeble breath,
When the awful hour of death
Calls us to the tomb beneath,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

9 When Thy voice shall bid us rise,
When we meet Thee in the skies,
By Thy perfect Sacrifice,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us. Amen.

LITANY. Irregular. J. B. DYKES.


mf
pp
God the Fa - ther, from Thy throne, Hear us we be - seech Thee;
mf
p
God the co - e - ter - nal Son, Hear us, we be - seech Thee;
mf
cres.
God the Spi - rit, might - y Lord, Hear us, we be - seech Thee;
f
ff
dim.
rall.
Three in One, by all a - dored, Hear us, we be - seech Thee.
8
p
Je - - su! Je - - - su! By Thy won - drous In - car - na tion.
pp

LITANIES.


cres.
f
pp
By Thy Birth for our sal - va - - tion; We be - seech Thee, we be -
cres.
f
- seech Thee, From ev - ery ill de - fend us, Thy grace and mer - cy
dim.
8
f
p rall.
send . . . . . us. A - - men, . . . A - - - men.

1 GOD the Father, from Thy throne,
Hear us, we beseech Thee;
God the co-eternal Son,
Hear us, we beseech Thee;
God the Spirit, mighty Lord,
Hear us, we beseech Thee;
Three in One, by all adored,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

2 Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy wondrous Incarnation,
By Thy Birth for our salvation,
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

3 Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy Fasting and Temptation,
By Thy nights of supplication,
We beseech Thee, &c.

4 Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy works of sweet compassion,
By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,
We beseech Thee, &c.

5 Jesu! Jesu!
By Thy Blood for sinners flowing,
By Thy Death true life bestowing,
We beseech Thee, &c.

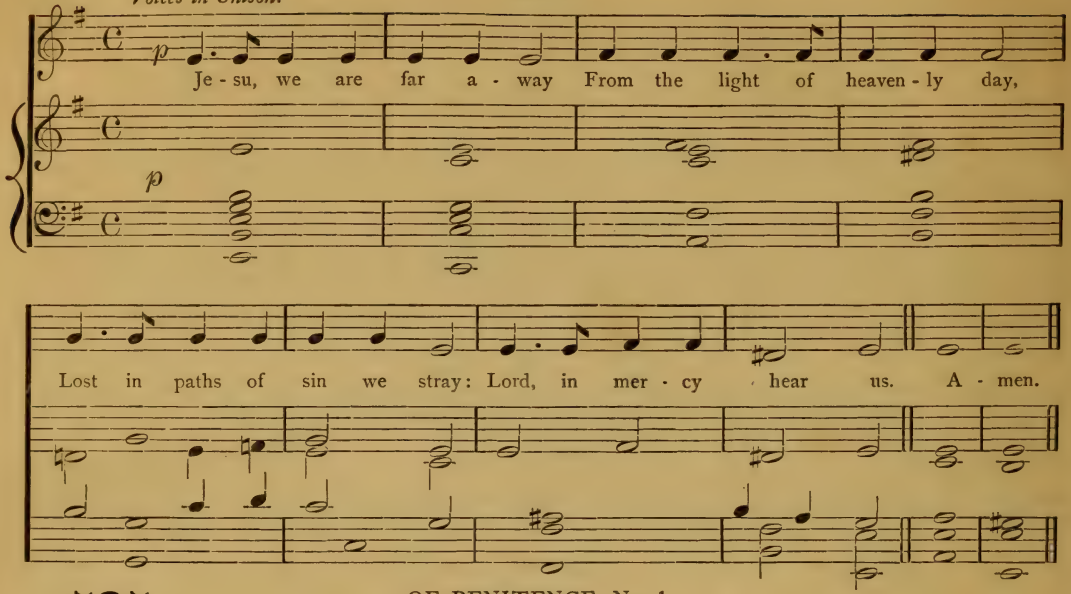
6 Jesu! Jesu!
f By Thy glorious Resurrection,
f Earnest of our own perfection,
We beseech Thee, &c.

7 Jesu! Jesu!
f To the Father's throne ascended,
f All Thy pain and sorrows ended,
We beseech Thee, &c.

8 Jesu! Jesu!
Advocate for sinners pleading,
With the Father interceding,
We beseech Thee, &c. Amen.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6. S.

Voices in Unison.



585

OF PENITENCE, No. 1.

P 1 Jesu, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, O leave us not alone:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Thou our great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward, earth-bound heart:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 Foolish, weak, and sad we lie;
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

5 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

10 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

11 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow creatures' weal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

12 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

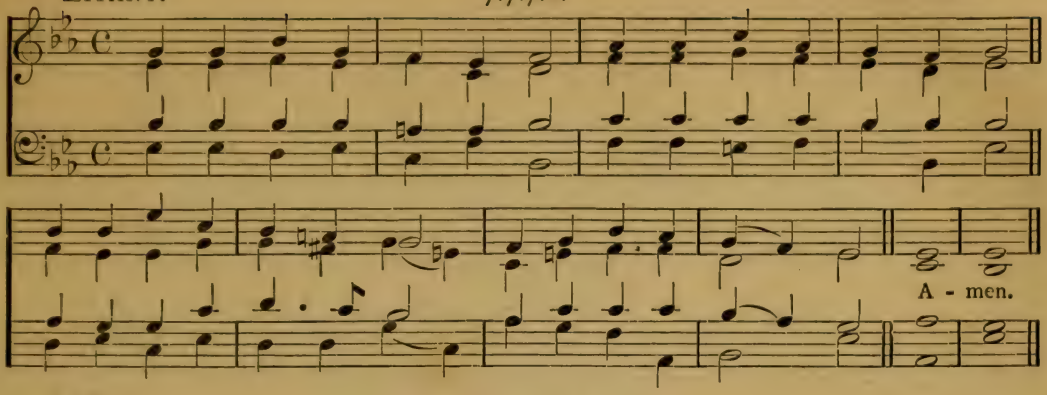
13 Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

14 Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

15 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

16 So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And for ever blessèd be:
Lord, in mercy hear us. Amen.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



586 OF PENITENCE, No. 2.

P 1 FATHER, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy Name;
We beseeeh Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected, and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, come to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Hearing every contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared man's guilt and fall:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong,
And our day of grace prolong:
We beseech Thee, hear us,

13 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the gifts that shew Thee near,
By the stripes of love we fear,
Warning us Thy voice to hear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That, with loving sorrow torn,
Truly contrite we may mourn:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what indeed is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it burn away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us Faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

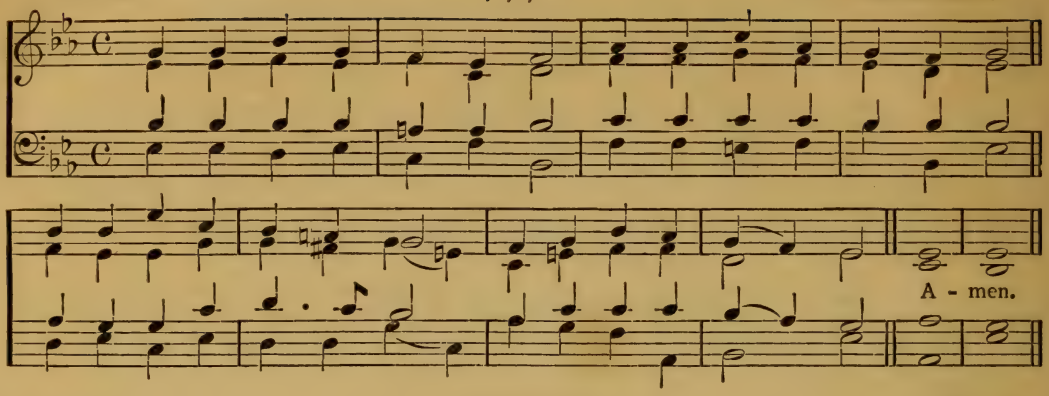
21 Grant us Hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 Grant us Love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

24 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy Face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



587 OF THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

P 1 JESU, dwelling here below,
Teaching man his God to know,
One with all our toil and woe:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Lamb of God, revealed to save,
Thou to whom by Jordan's wave
John the Baptist witness gave:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Driven by divine command
Far into the lonely land,
Satan's onset to withstand:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Faithful to Thy Father's will,
Firm its purpose to fulfil,
Sorely tried, yet holy still:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Bringing sin-bound souls release,
Bidding doubt and tears to cease,
Giving pardon, light, and peace:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Bidding children come to Thee,
Guiding meek souls tenderly,
Hating all hypocrisy:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 As a King in triumph borne,
Yet in heart with anguish torn
For Thy city doomed to mourn:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Scorned and hated and unknown
By the world, and by Thine own
Doubted, fled from, left alone:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 For our life content to die,
Calm among the crowds who cry
"Crucify Him, crucify;"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Pierced by nail and spear and thorn,
Loaded with Thy creature's scorn,
Yet by might of love upborne:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 Raised from death, no more to die,
Hailed with songs of victory,
And in triumph throned on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 By Thy feeble childhood's tears,
By Thy growing manhood's fears,
By the grief of all Thy years;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy thoughts of holiness,
By Thy words of gentleness,
By Thy deeds to help and bless:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy shame and agony
Borne upon the cursèd tree,—
Woes our evil laid on Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 By Thy heart so calm and brave,
By Thy firm resolve to save,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 By Thy going up on high,
By Thy promise to be nigh,
Hearing when Thy people cry:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

17 By the Name in which we pray,
By the love that bids us say
God "Our Father" day by day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

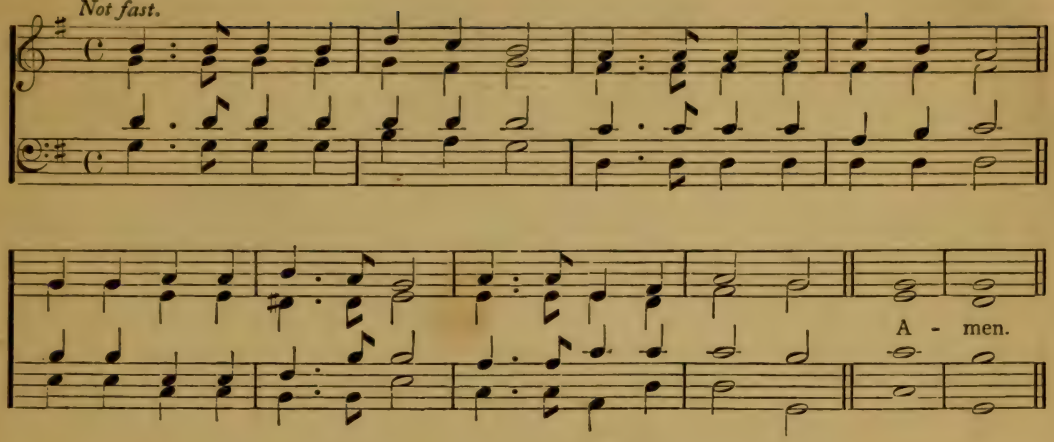
18 When the clouds of sorrow lower,
When we dread the tempter's power,
In the awful dying hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

19 Be Thou near us, Lord, we pray,
Turn our darkness into day,
Help us on our heavenward way:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

20 All that we have lost restore,
Change and form us evermore,
In Thy presence to adore:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

EVELYN. 7.7.7.6. S.

Not fast.



588 OF THE PASSION.

P 1 God the Father, seen of none,
God the sole-begotten Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One:
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 By the kiss of treachery,
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 By the words of Caiaphas,
Dooming Thee for all Thy race,
By the spitting on Thy Face:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 By those sad rebuking Eyes,
Moving Peter's tears and sighs,
When he had denied Thee thrice:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 By Thy being bound in thrall,
When they led Thee, one and all,
Unto Pilate's judgment-hall:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 By the insult of the Jews
When Barabbas they would choose,
And would Christ, their King, refuse:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised their wicked cry,
"Crucify Him. Crucify!"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy nailing to the tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 By the parting of Thy clothes,
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 By Thy seven words then said,
By the bowing of Thy Head,
By Thy numbering with the dead:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, whose death hath been our life:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

17 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss,
But Thee only on Thy Cross:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

18 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past,
We may see Thy face at last!
Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6. FREDERIC CLAY.

589 TO JESUS IN GLORY.

1 God the Father, throned on high;
Saviour, who didst come to die;
Spirit, who dost sanctify:
Save us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Prince of life and light,
Dwelling now in glory bright,
Ruling all things by Thy might:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Jesu, evermore the same,
Who didst take our mortal frame,
Who didst die the death of shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Thou whose death did death destroy,
Who through pain didst pass to joy
Endless and without alloy:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Thou who must in glory reign,
Conqueror of sin and pain,
Till no enemy remain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, who art glorified
In the very Flesh that died,
With the pierced Hands and Side:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, though enthroned on high,
Still for our infirmity
Touched with human sympathy:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, in our time of need
Our High Priest to intercede,
Living still Thy Death to plead:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Jesu, who, to heaven upborne,
Didst not leave Thy Church to mourn,
Orphaned, comfortless, forlorn:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Thou who, still our Saviour Friend,
Didst the Holy Spirit send
To be with us to the end:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 Jesu, who, through bread and wine,
Blessed by mighty words of Thine,
Dost impart the Life divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 Only Balm for souls distressed,
Happiness of all the blessed,
Peace of those who long for rest:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 Thou who, as Thou once didst rise,
Shalt be seen by human eyes
Coming through the parted skies:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 Thou who then on quick and dead,
All for whom Thy Blood was shed,
Shalt pronounce the judgment dread:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 Jesu, God's Incarnate Son,
By Thy work for sinners done,
By the gifts for sinners won:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 That while pilgrims toiling here,
We Thy Name may love and fear,
And to death may persevere:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

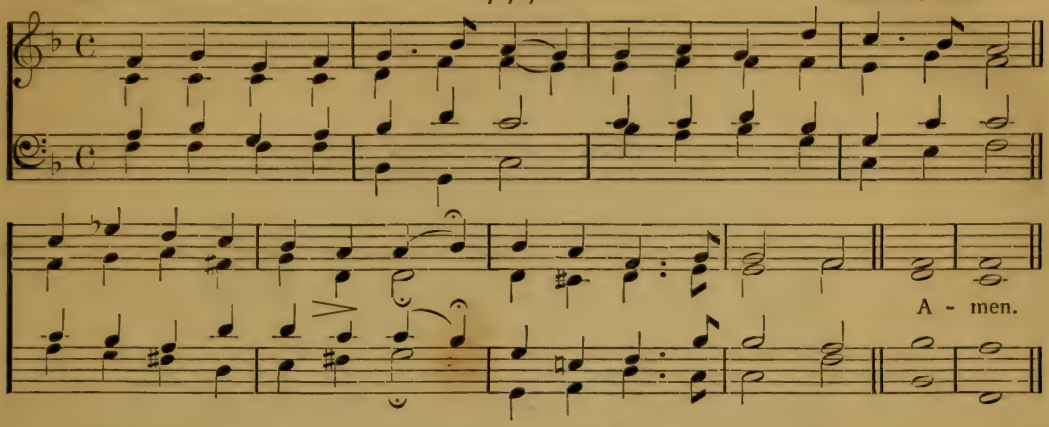
17 That Thy grace our lusts may kill,
That we may subdue our will
All Thy pleasure to fulfil:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

18 That unto Thy saints who pine,
Longing to be wholly Thine,
Thou wouldst send Thy power divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

19 That in mercy Thou wouldst come,
Seeking those who careless roam,
Bringing wanderers safely home:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

20 That when earthly toil is o'er,
We, in rest for evermore,
May enjoy Thee and adore:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6. FREDERIC CLAY.



590 TO THE HOLY GHOST.

1 SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Spirit guiding to the right,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou by whom the Virgin bore
Him, whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Thou, whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Thou whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on Baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 All Thy seven-fold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Come, to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

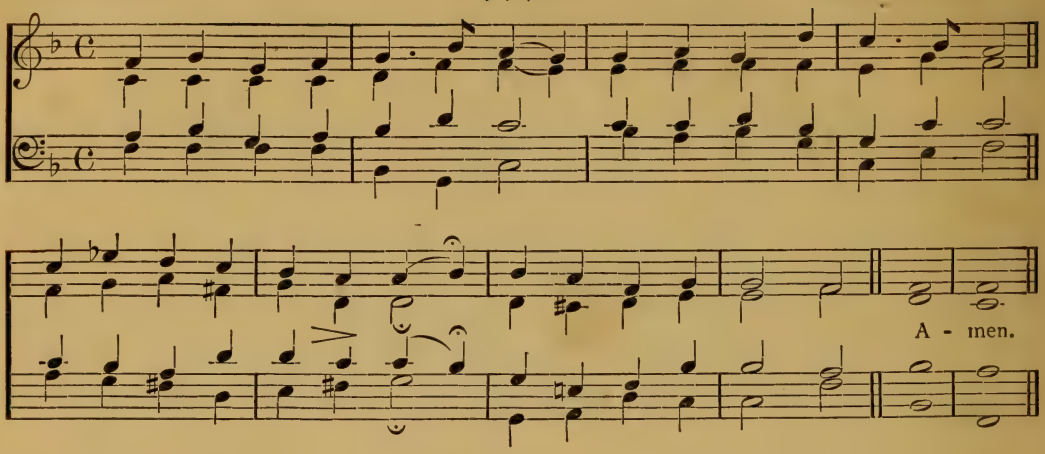
14 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

15 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit. Amen.

LITANIES.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6. FREDERIC CLAY.



591 OF THE CHURCH.

1 JESU, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Calm her in the time of woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Keep her life and doctrine pure
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 All her ruined works repair,
Build again Thy temple fair,
Manifest Thy presence there:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 All her questions reconcile,
Let not Satan's touch defile,
Let not worldly snares beguile:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where they call, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May they live the truths they know,
And a holy pattern show,
As before Thy flock they go:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 May the grace of Him who died,
And the Father's love abide,
And the Spirit ever guide:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

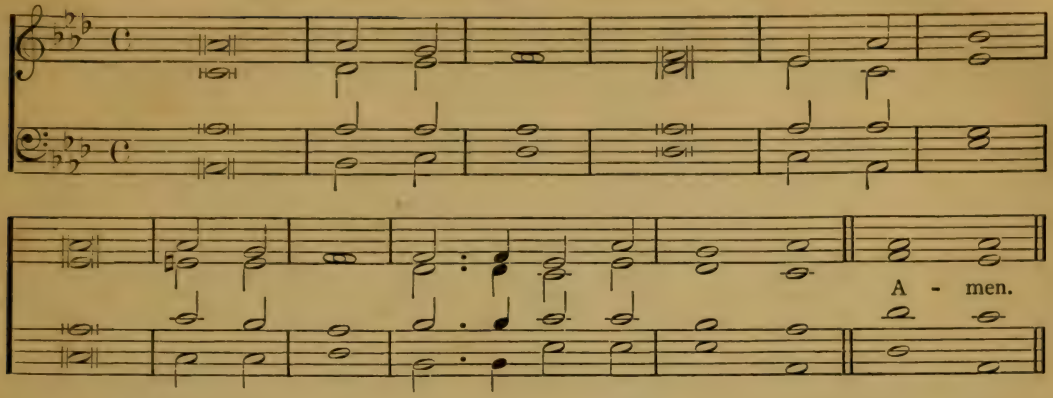
15 All her evil purge away,
All her doubts and fears allay,
Hasten, Lord, her triumph day:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 Help her in her time of fast,
Till her toil and woe are past,
And the Bridegroom come at last:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 May she then all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Fit her all Thy joy to share,
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessèd there!
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6.



592 OF THE FOUR LAST THINGS.

P 1 Jesu, Life of those who die,
Advocate with God on high,
Hope of Immortality:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Thou, whose death to mortals gave
Power to triumph o'er the grave;
Living now from death to save:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Thou, before whose great white Throne
All transgression must be shown;
Pleading now for us Thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Thou, whose death was borne that we,
From the power of Satan free,
Might not die eternally:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Thou, who dost a place prepare,
That in heavenly mansions fair
Sinners may Thy glories share:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Death.

6 We are dying day by day,
Soon from earth we pass away!
Lord of Life, to Thee we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Ere we hear the Angel's call,
And the shadows round us fall,
Be our Saviour, be our All:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Wean our hearts from things below,
Make us all Thy love to know.
Guard us from our ghostly foe:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Shelter us with Angel's wing,
To our souls Thy pardon bring;
So shall death have lost its sting:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 In the gloom Thy light provide,
Safely through the valley guide;
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died!
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Judgment.

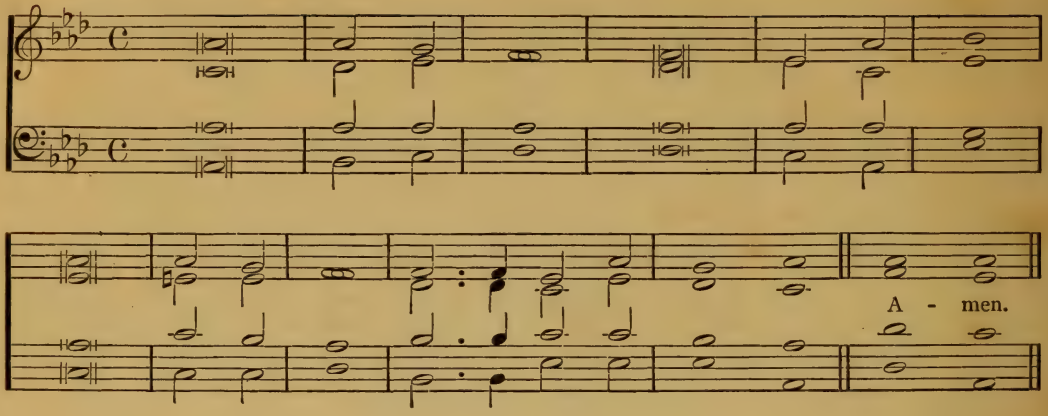
11 When Thy summons we obey,
On the dreadful Judgment Day,
Let not fear our soul dismay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 While the lost in terror fly,
May we see with joyful eye
Our Redemption drawing nigh:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we see Thee on Thy Throne,
As the Saviour we have known
And have followed as our own:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 May we, then, among the blest,
Who Thy Name on earth confessed
Hear Thee calling us to rest:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANY. 7.7.7.6.



592—CONTINUED. OF THE FOUR LAST THINGS.

Hell.

PP 15 From the awful place of doom,
Where in rayless outer gloom,
Dead souls lie as in a tomb:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

16 From the black, the dull despair
Ruined men and angels share;
From the dread companions there:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

17 From the unknown agonies
Of the soul that helpless lies,
From the worm that never dies:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

18 From the lusts that never tame,
From the fierce mysterious flame,
From the everlasting shame:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Heaven.

MF 19 Where Thy saints in glory reign,
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Pure from every guilty stain:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

20 Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling cease,
Where the weary rest in peace:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

21 Where the pleasures never cloy,
Where in Angels' holy joy,
God-like men their powers employ:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

22 Where in wondrous light are shown
All Thy dealings with Thine own,
Who shall know as they are known:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

23 Where, with loved ones gone before,
We may love Thee, and adore
In Thy presence evermore:
Bring us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

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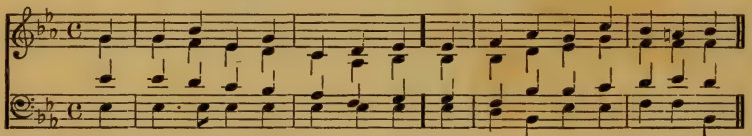

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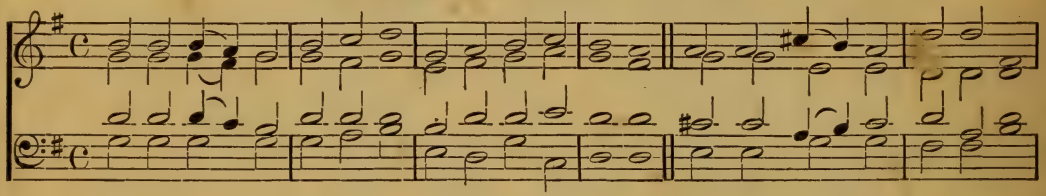

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